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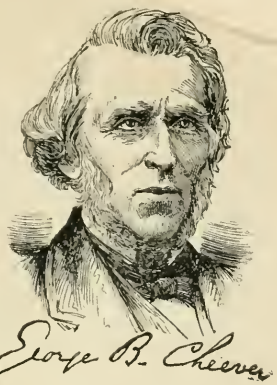
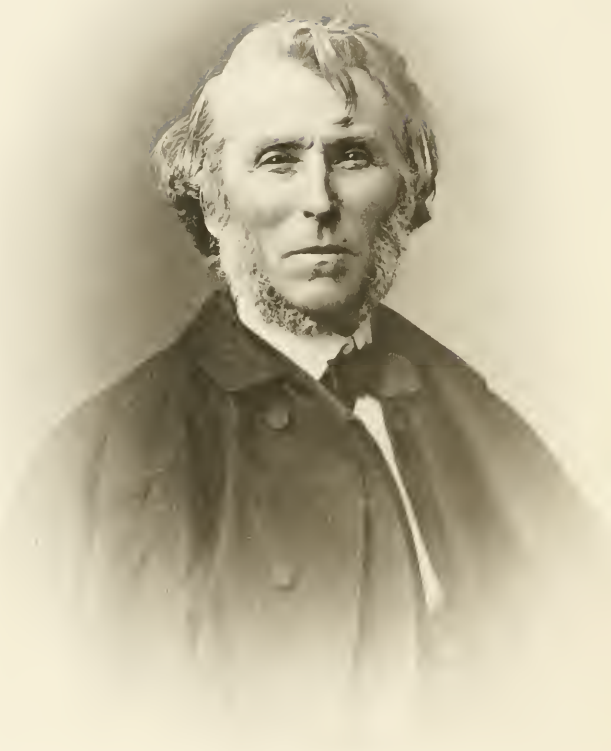



echoed throughout the country. The metropolitan press published his sermons, but a prominent religious weekly intimated that the preacher had gone mad. Many of Mr. Cheever's parishoners objected to his course, and to the hospitality he extended to the Church Anti-slavery Society, an organization which favored non-fellowship with slave-holders. In the summer of 1860 he again went to England with a commission from his church to represent to British Christians its position in regard to emancipation in America. A year later he returned home and continued his warfare upon slavery, preaching upon several occasions in the U. S. senate chamber, and in the hall of the house of representatives, on "The Rights of the Colored Race to Citizenship and Representation." Just before Pres. Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, he received a call from Mr. Cheever accompanied by William Goodell and Nathan Brown. The president cordially received them, and is said to have welcomed them as "prime ministers of the Almighty." In 1870 Mr. Cheever resigned from the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans, donating his house in New York to the American Missionary Association, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for their joint occupancy, and retired to a delightful residence he had built on the Hudson river palisades, near Englewood, N. J. There he passed his remaining days in a peaceful round of rural work and study, cheered by the companionship of the wife of his youth, to whom he was devotedly attached. In 1886 she died, and his subsequent life was one long decline, during which he, day by day, looked more eagerly forward to the time when he should join her, never again to know a parting. So the strength of this strong man, victorious in so many battles, ebbed slowly away, until he breathed his last on the morning of Oct. 1, 1890. He was laid by the side of his wife in Greenwood. Though he wrote occasionally during his later years for the magazines, his chief literary work after the death of his wife was a memorial to her, which he entitled "Memorial Offerings of Faith, Hope and Love," and notwithstanding his advanced years and failing strength, he was accustomed to devote to it all of ten hours a day. His published works are numerous, and by them and his pulpit utterances he made a deep impression upon the thought of his time.



*Geo. B. Cheever*

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

# Memorabilia

OF

# GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

*LATE PASTOR OF THE*

CHURCH OF THE PURITANS

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

AND OF

## His Wife

# ELIZABETH WETMORE CHEEVER

*IN VERSE AND PROSE*

---

Only they are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted:
MAKING NATIONS NOBLER, FREER.

LONGFELLOW.

---

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*Publishers of Evangelical Literature.*

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By Henry T. Cheever.

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Memorabilia of Rev. Dr. Cheever.

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NOT FOR ONE AGE ALONE BUT FOR ALL TIME.

—*Ben Jonson.*

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## INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

George Barrell Cheever was born in Hallowell, Me., April 17, 1807; second son of Charlotte Barrell, of York, and Nathaniel Cheever, of Salem, Mass. His father acquired the art of printing in the office of Isaiah Thomas, under the guardianship of his uncle, Rev. Dr Aaron Bancroft of Worcester. In Hallowell, he became a leading man, of great integrity, energy, and force of character. He was printer and publisher, founder of the *American Advocate and General Advertiser* of Kennebec County, Me. He early published an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," for the people of his State, believed to have been the first book of the kind issued in the then District of Maine. The moulding influence of this work was marked upon the character and life of the son. Through his father's book store he became an early and eager devourer of books.

His grandfather was Nathaniel Cheever, of Salem, of whom it is recorded in the Maine Reports,* that his was the first blood shed in the Revolution, he being one of a party of Provincials who resisted a company of British Regulars sent from Boston by Gov. Thos. Gage to seize the Salem powder-mill, just before hostilities began between

* Vol. xxxiii. page 593.

the colonists and the mother country. At a certain bridge near to Salem the resistance was so stout that Mr. Cheever received the thrust of a British bayonet, whose holder was at once thrown into the stream by the angry Provincialists, and the British force retreated without effecting their object.

George was educated at Hallowell Academy and Bowdoin College, Brunswick, being of the class of 1825, to which belonged the poet Longfellow, the writer Nathaniel Hawthorne, Congressman Jonathan Cilley, the historian J. S. C. Abbott, U. S. Senator J. W. Bradbury, and Patrick Henry Greenleaf, D.D. He studied for the ministry at Andover under the instruction of Prof. Moses Stuart and Drs. Robinson, Woods, Murdock, and Ebenezer Porter.

While in college and the theological seminary he began his life as author by frequent contributions to the *U. S. Literary Gazette* and the *American Monthly Magazine*. He also compiled the popular "American Common-place Books of Prose and Poetry," and edited the "Select Works of Archbishop Leighton," with a much admired critique on his life, writings, and character, and "Studies in English Poetry for the Schools." Articles from his pen appeared in the *North American Review* on "Lowths' Hebrew Poetry," in the *Quarterly Register* on "Greek Literature," and in other periodicals, on "The Genius of Edmund Burke," and a deprecatory essay on the "Removal of the Indians" in review of "The Letters of William Penn" (Jeremiah Evarts).

On leaving the seminary he preached as substitute for absent pastors at Newburyport and the Essex Street Church, Boston, in connection with the evangelical labors of Charles G. Finney; and was finally settled over the Howard Street Church, Salem, in 1833. His fervent and impressive ministry there is remembered with deepest interest by some who survive to this present, by more who "have fallen on sleep."

The writer of this sketch has frequently heard his discourses referred to by men now far in the vale of years, as having made a powerful impression upon their minds. Conscience and Christ were his recurring themes; and his appeals to innate ideas and intuitions, with reasonings from the nature of things, "made his hearers solemn and thoughtful over themselves, and given to feeling after a Saviour, if haply they might find him."

Settled in a city where Unitarianism was predominant, he early engaged with enthusiasm in defence of "the faith once delivered to the saints," beginning with an address at the religious celebration of the Fourth of July in Salem, entitled, "Worldly Principles and Maxims as they Appear in the Light of Divine Truth."

It is an interesting psychological fact that this wide-reaching address contains in embryo the thoughts and principles of many subsequent discourses on the temperance, anti-slavery, anti-popery, Sabbath, social, and political reforms.

The sharp criticism and controversy evoked by this extraordinary production led to a series of spirited articles in the public press of Salem

under the caption, "Cudworth Defended and Unitarianism Delineated," also to divers controversial papers in *The Spirit of the Pilgrims*, *The Quarterly Observer*, and *Christian Spectator*, and to a pungent letter to the conductors of the *Christian Examiner*, headed "The Course and System of Unitarians Plainly and Solemnly Surveyed."

Mr. Cheever early entered the lists as a champion of the temperance reform, aiming at the root of the evil, and striking powerfully at distilleries, of which there were no less than four in the immediate vicinity of Salem, that produced 500,000 gallons annually of New England rum. He wrote an imaginative article for the Salem *Landmark* under the guise of a dream with dramatic accessories and machinery, entitled, "Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery." This at once flashed through the country at large, was caught up and pictured by the artists, and created a commotion in Salem and vicinity, the like of which had not been known since the days of witchcraft. Its publication was immediately followed by a nocturnal attack upon the *Landmark* office, and by a personal savage assault on the author at mid-day in the public street, by the foreman of a Salem distillery. This was succeeded by an indictment of the author for libel upon the owner of the distillery, and his speedy trial and sentence to thirty days in the Salem jail,* notwithstanding the support of very able counsel and the "absence of proof that the article was written with any malicious or injurious intention whatever." He was there confined in the cell next to that occupied by one of the murderers of White.

* And a fine of $1000 paid by E. C. Delavan, of Albany, N. Y.

in whose trial Webster made his celebrated plea. This whole affair, together with his exhaustive defence before Chief Justice Shaw in abatement of judgment for his having shown up the pernicious business of distilling, and a similar arraignment of brewing by his widely circulated story of "Deacon Jones' Brewery," gave great notoriety to the author and made an era in the temperance reform.

Soon after serving out his sentence he had leave of absence from his people for a voyage to Europe, and became correspondent for a year from Spain and the Orient, for the New York *Observer*. Returning, he was at once invited to the pastorate of the Allen Street Presbyterian Church, New York, in 1839, where he delivered the celebrated lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on Hierarchical Despotism, defending the principles of the Puritans—"a church without a bishop, and a state without a king." He also maintained a public debate with J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq., for successive evenings in the old Broadway Tabernacle upon Capital Punishment, proving its right, obligation, and expediency, from Scripture, reason, the nature of things, and the history of mankind. These, together with a volume under the name of "God's Hand in America," showing a governing and retributive providence among the nations, were at that time given to the press

His health becoming impaired by exhaustive labors in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the press, he revisited Europe for recreation as correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* in 1844, and gave the result of his travels to the public in vol-

umes entitled, "Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mont Blanc and Jung Frau," issued in repeated editions both in this country and Great Britain. Returning after an absence of nearly two years, he became associated in the editorship of the *Evangelist*. At the same time he yielded to the overtures of personal friends and coadjutors and united in the formation of the Church of the Puritans in New York, which proved such an impregnable fortress of Freedom in the times that tried men's souls, soon after its stately walls were providentially reared on Union Square in 1846. Not long after this he became associated with the New York *Independent*, as a contributor, along with Leonard Bacon, Richard S. Storrs, J. P. Thompson and Joshua Leavitt, who, over their several initials, gave it the richest results of their independent thinking, at a time when its merchant proprietors tersely informed their Southern buyers and their pro-slavery Northern backers that "*they were selling their goods, not their principles.*"

This period was one of great spiritual activity and productiveness. Beside numerous literary lectures, special discourses, and the exactions of pulpit and parish, he carried through the press, "Powers of the World to Come," "The Hill Difficulty and Other Allegories," "Windings of the River of the Water of Life," "Voices of Nature to Her Foster-child, the Soul of Man," "Voyage to the Celestial Country," "The Journal of the Pilgrims," "Lectures on Cowper," "The Right of the Bible in Common Schools," "God Against Slavery and the Duty of the Pulpit to Rebuke It."

When the repeal of the Missouri compromise by Congress came, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and finally in 1857 the Dred-Scott Decision of the Supreme Court, denying the right of Congress to prohibit slave-holding in the Territories of the Union, and proclaiming it as the doctrine of our Revolutionary fathers that "the negro had no rights that white men were bound to respect," the thunder of the pulpit of the Puritans was heard, and its protracted peals reverberated through the political heavens. All over the land its voice was heard through the Monday metropolitan press, reporting its burning words, as from one "of the old Hebrew prophets risen from the dead." The arraignment of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, out of the Scriptures, in the name of Jehovah, was terrific but unanswerable:—

> "A prophet's solemn word;
> And in its hollow tones were heard
> The thanks of millions yet to be."

It was whispered, and even published in the New York *Observer* that the preacher at Union Square had gone mad, and that his proper place was the lunatic asylum. But he held on with a lofty courage and tenacity, level-headed and sublime, his feet unmovable upon the Word of God, which he wielded with a majesty and might that gave his hearers a new revelation of the power of the Bible, and its richness of resource to godly ministers and reformers in combating the sins and evils of the times.

Not all the church, however, could bear it; or the stand taken by the pastor in defence of John Brown, and in the hospitality given to the radical Church Anti-Slavery Society, whose anniversaries were held in the Church of the Puritans, and its position of non-fellowship with slave-holders sustained by the pastor. Aided from outside an effort was made to dislodge and silence the preacher by cutting off supplies; and a number withdrew from the church. Early, therefore, in the summer of 1860 Dr. Cheever went to Great Britain with a commission from his church to represent its position to British Christians in regard to emancipation in America, and to procure co-operation and assistance in holding its place. In his absence, an *ex-parte* council held in May, 1861, after hearing the statement of certain disaffected and suspended members of the Church of the Puritans, recommended that the fellowship of the Congregational churches in this country be withdrawn from said church. This was followed by a recommendation at the annual meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, May 29, 1861, "to all Congregational pastors and churches to disregard the advice of said *ex-parte* council, to regard the Church of the Puritans as a sister church in affliction, and to regard the action of said council as erroneous, dangerous, and unscriptural."

On motion of Lewis Tappan it was also resolved. "That we highly approve of the manly and Christian efforts made by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, during his present sojourn in Great Britain, in advocating the Christian Anti-Slavery movement in this coun-

try, and urging also upon the British public the duty and wisdom of not recognizing the Southern Confederacy; and we rejoice that God has raised up and sustained that eminent and beloved brother, to vindicate the cause of righteousness in his own country and in other nations." Rev. Wm. Goodell, in successive numbers of the *Principia*, reviewed in a masterly manner the "result" of the *ex-parte* council here referred to, and proved its contrariety to the genius and principles and usages of Congregationalism, and the conformity of the church and its pastor to the same.

In the summer of 1861 Dr. Cheever returned to rehearse in the pulpit his mission to Great Britain, to resume the moral war with slavery, and to prove and apply his interpretations of God's will and Word, by the stern events of actual war. He preached also in the Senate Chamber and Representatives' Hall, Washington, at different times on "The Rights of the Colored Race to Citizenship and Representation;" and was admitted to a hearing by the President conjointly with Rev. Messrs. Goodell and Joselyn ("Prime Ministers of the Almighty," as Lincoln archly called them), just prior to the issuing of his memorable Emancipation Proclamation. At the same time he put to press an elaborate and exhaustive volume of four hundred and eighty pages, entitled "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slave-holding Demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures;" the substance of which had previously appeared by instalments in the Bibliotheca Sacra.

The necessity of toning public sentiment and of

You know that when a carpenter builds a staircase he inserts at intervals a certain number of iron posts in place of wood: the rest are pine, put in not for strength but only for looks. The iron posts are the real ones. Well, Cheever is one of these iron supports that I feel when I get hold of I have something to rely on while I am striving to ascend the great staircase of life."

It was not in the Divine decrees that the overthrow of proud American Slavery, should be the peaceful achievement of the American Church, as Emancipation in the British West Indies was the glorious consummation of British Christianity. But honor be to the men of God, who, in His name, charged the guilt of slavery and the crime of slaveholding upon the conscience of the Church, rescued the Scriptures from its sanction and defence, rolled the burden of its suppression by moral and legal means upon the Christian Churches, and strove to save the Nation from expiating its sin with blood, by urging timely repentance and national emancipation at the command of God. Few of those moral heroes now survive. It was one of them, beloved and honored, that closed his eventful life in peace, at Englewood, New Jersey, on the first of October, 1890,—STRONG IN THE FAITH, GIVING GLORY TO GOD.

He is gone. Towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast;
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change.

*Arthur P. Stanley.*

# ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL* OF THE REV. DR. GEORGE B. CHEEVER

BY THE REV. DR. H. M. BOOTH,

AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J., OCTOBER 3, 1890.

THE Psalmist's reference to the fruitfulness of old age is beautifully confirmed by the life whose earthly career has just closed. Of the righteous, the Psalmist said: "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," and of Dr. Cheever it may be said that his old age yielded the sweetest fruit of a long and useful life.

This fruit was ripened and picked and tasted and enjoyed here in Englewood, where for twenty years he had his home. He came hither after the war was over—slavery was dead, and the political relations of the freedmen had been constitutionally recognized.

He had won the battle, in which he had been a captain of no mean rank. Old issues were never interesting to him. He had no zeal in the pursuit

* Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian Church of Englewood under the conduct of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Booth. The Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. Dr. F. J. Marling, Secretary of the Chi Alpha, N. Y. Hymns, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Forever with the Lord," by the choir. Interment at Greenwood Cemetery.

of dead lions. The present aroused him. I have often tried to stir up the eloquence of by-gone days by repeating to him some recital of oppression in the South, but without success. He would listen attentively while I was speaking, and then would exclaim, "Horrible! Horrible!" and with the next breath would inquire: "Do you happen to have in your library Dean Burgon's article on the Revision of the Bible, or any of Herbert Spencer's works?" Here is where he was to be found. The new phases of religious thought appealed to his mind and provoked intense opposition. He could not tolerate them. With busy pen he was engaged day and night in efforts to meet the arguments which he regarded as dangerous, and to establish the doctrines whose divine origin was the faith of his entire life. Thus, in addition to many articles for the press, he published three large volumes upon these themes, viz.: "Faith, Doubt, and Evidence," "God's Timepiece for Man's Eternity," and "The Voyage to the Celestial Country." It is understood that he left numerous manuscripts, which contain his best thoughts on the great subjects of present interest.

Since the death of Mrs. Cheever—now four years ago—his literary activity has been confined to the preparation of a memorial which might serve at once as the story of her life and his own. The work was completed and in the printer's hands when his failing strength admonished him that he must lay aside his pen. It will soon be published, and will doubtless be read with interest by many friends and admirers.

Dr. Cheever preached frequently. His sermons were delivered with his accustomed energy, and never failed to interest and edify his hearers. They were his old Gospel sermons, which have seldom been equalled, never surpassed, in the American pulpit. His analyses of sin and his presentations of the glories of redemption had about them the terrific power of Isaiah with the gentle loveliness of John. As pastor emeritus of the Church of the Puritans in New York, he met the duties by a special lectureship on the evidences of Christianity for two or three years, but his unwillingness to be away from home inclined him soon to give up all public duties in the city, and to confine himself to work at his desk and in the neighboring pulpits.

The fruitfulness of his old age was appreciated by every one who shared Dr. Cheever's hospitality. At his own table he was always genial, entertaining, and instructive. It was his pleasure to bring together men and women of keen intelligence and large sympathies; and then, in apparent unconsciousness, he would become the centre of the little group, pouring out his earnest thoughts in strong, terse sentences, and often forgetful of the physical necessities of his guests in the enthusiasm which would possess him. Arresting the service of an entertainment, dropping the knife and fork with which he was carving at the table, he would lose himself completely in discourse, until some pleasant reminder of his wife would recall him to things material and the proper demands of the hour. No one who has been welcomed by him

will fail to remember this unusual but most cordial hospitality. His table-talk, if it had been recorded, would rank with Luther's or Coleridge's.

Meanwhile his character, through these years, was mellowing. He loved everybody here, and everybody loved him. Strangers who had heard of the bitterness which he had once aroused could hardly believe that this gentle old man was a volcano over which grass and flowers had begun to grow. Yet they had only to provoke or arouse him a little to hear the roaring of internal fires and to see the flashes which evidenced the presence of volcanic heat.

Only a week or two before he died we went to his room to attend to some necessary business. After the business had been satisfactorily adjusted he was extremely weak; his head was thrown back upon the pillow and his eyes were closed. It was suggested that prayer should be offered. To this he gave earnest assent. Before engaging in prayer, his pastor repeated the beautiful verses in St. Peter's first epistle, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," etc. (1 Peter, i. 3). Dr. Cheever listened eagerly and with an evident desire to speak. As soon as the pastor ceased speaking his eyes flashed, and he exclaimed: "How precious! how precious! And those words of St. Paul, 'God was manifest in the flesh,'" etc. (1 Tim., iii. 16). "Doctor," said his pastor, "you believe that the true reading there is θεὸς rather than ὅς, do you not?" The eyes of the old scholar opened quickly, and they flashed with in-

dignation as his voice sounded out in thunder-tones, "Of course I do!"

The Rev. Dr. Wise, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has resided in Englewood for the entire time of Dr. Cheever's residence, has remarked that he was an unusual combination of the Puritan for strength, the woman for gentleness, and the child for simplicity. This combination gave rare interest to his advancing years, and in his home it was always apparent.

During their entire married life he presented a poem to his wife npon each anniversary of their wedding day. His poetry was devout and Christian, expressive of intense reverence for the Creator as seen in the wonders of nature, which he was always keen to admire. Tennyson's remark, "What an imagination God must have!" might have come from his lips during his many walks over the Palisades.

His book of Alpine travel, "The Wanderings of a Pilgrim," has rare gems, which should have a permanent place in our literature. The same is true of his "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress," and his "Voices of Nature," and his "Wanderings by the River of the Water of Life." He was often mystical, without being mystic. He had the touch of an artist, although his fame is that of a reformer.

The *growth* of this fruitfulness brings one into contact with busy years. Dr. Cheever was a young man, unknown and unappreciated, when he wrote the famous article, "Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery." This was one of the boldest

acts of his life. The distilling interest was strongly intrenched in New England, and it required a hero's pluck and resolution to lead a young man to take his stand in opposition thus to public sentiment in church and state. But the yonng man never hesitated. The article was written and published, and its author was assaulted on the streets and cast into jail, only to find that he had made himself famous. His persecution gave the case publicity. The temperance reform appealed to the public conscience; and now there are few men in Church or State who are ready to press the advantages of unlimited, distilling or to withhold assent to the proposition that the drinking customs of society are largely responsible for crime, pauperism, and degradation. He lived to see the success of his efforts and to rejoice in the steady onward progress of temperance views.

With this reform inaugurated, he turned his attention to questions of liberty—the freedom of speech, the freedom of the Bible, and the freedom of the slave. New York, and other cities of the Union, heard his voice for years in advocacy of freedom. He was denounced and threatened and persecuted, but he held on his way.

The church on Union Square became famous. He was a recognized champion. No sooner had emancipation been declared than he insisted upon suffrage for the freedman and then for civil rights. Not until the protective laws were on the statute-books did he arrest his earnest, vehement appeals. Then he felt that his life-work was accomplished, and he came to Englewood to rest.

Here God gave him this happy old age, during which he must often have looked with gratitude upon the fair land whose flag floats over the free—men free to go and come, free to read and reflect, free to speak and act—and from this land to others the influence of freedom has gone, so that oppressions are ceasing and men are beginning to realize their manhood, as children of our Father God. His has been a supreme service. With men like-minded; grandly equipped; he has led the way, and we have followed. His advance has become our inheritance. We stand, with one consent, where he and others stood in solitude and agony of spirit. God be praised for giving us such men for such a crisis! God be praised that this brave prophet was permitted to see the desire of his heart in the prevalence of liberty!

The *planting* of this growth and fruitfulness was in New England, where he was born at Hallowell, Me., April 17, 1807. His father was a publisher of books, and his grandfather was a soldier-patriot, whose blood was the first that was shed in the War of the Revolution. Early consecrated, the boy soon consecrated himself to Christ. His life was sanctified. God's grace refined it. What it would have been if he had not become a Christian, no one can say. But this may be said, that without grace it would have lost its quality of richness and beauty, whose fruitfulness has made old age attractive. God's grace must explain His servant's graces.

Young Cheever was at Bowdoin College in the famous class of 1825 with Longfellow, Abbott,

Hawthorne, Cilley, Sawtelle, Bradbury, and other distinguished men. He went from college to the seminary at Andover, and thence to preaching service in Newburyport, Boston, and Salem, where he ultimately settled. After a visit to Europe he was called to New York in 1839, and there he remained, in different positions of usefulness, for nearly forty years.

In an important sense he was ever a man of one idea, and that one idea was the burning application of God's truth to human conditions. His intellectual powers were at their best when he was able to focus them upon a great wrong. The denunciations which then poured from his lips were terrific, lashing the consciences of men like a scourge of of loaded thongs. Evil-doers hated him. Horace Greeley said, on introducing him upon one occasion, that "he was the man who made sinners miserable."

The Bible was God's message to him. He accepted its verbal inspiration. A "thus saith the Lord" was an end of all controversy. He was a diligent Biblical student, exhibiting an acquaintance with the letter and the spirit, especially of the Old Testament, which appeared even in his familiar conversation. When he visited President Lincoln, at the head of a committee, his manner drew from the President the remark: "We seem, to-day, to have a delegation from Jehovah." But this intensity of belief was the strength of his conviction, and with the Bible in his hand he was irresistible.

Longfellow once said: "Cheever can write better poetry than I can." However that may be, his

poetry is more than rhyme. He had the poet's sympathy, and a most interesting collection of poems and hymns might be formed from his fugitive pieces which are scattered about his desk.

But he has passed away, and his works do follow him. What an entrance into heaven must his have been! Men jeered him and threatened him here below. He was reproached and assailed. Oftentimes his devoted wife and God, his Lord and Master, seemed to be his only friends. But now the end has come—the hero is ready for his crown—the celestial gate is reached. The angels bid him welcome, and God, even his own God, whose he is and whom he has served, is saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant." And so he realizes that the light afflictions, which are but for a moment, have worked for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

NOTE.

The will of Rev. Dr. Cheever was proved and filed in the surrogate's office of Bergen County, Hackensack, N. J., October 15, 1890. It bequeaths the sum of $40,100 as follows: $14,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; $3000 to the American Home Missionary Society; $2000 to the American Missionary Association; $2000 to the American Seamen's Friend Society; $1000 to the Children's Aid Society for Friendless Boys; legacies to his brother, sister, and four nieces to the amount of $12,500; $2600 to personal friends and servants; for the expense of reprinting certain works of the author, $3000. The homestead real estate is given to the minor son of a nephew of the testator's deceased wife, under the condition that if he die before reaching the age of twenty-five years, the estate is to go with all its accumulations to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The residuary legatees are the only brother and sister of the testator. Executrix of the estate, Mrs. Elizabeth Cheever Washburn; her attorney, Rev. Henry T. Cheever.

# MEMORABILIA OF MRS. CHEEVER

## INVOCATION AND PRELUDE.

O GIVER of all grace, through Christ, Thy Son,
By His dear Presence, make His Life our own ;—
Without such bliss left homeless and forlorn,
As if Heaven's melodies were all withdrawn !
FORLORN ! The word is like a tragic bell,
Muffled and tolled as for the Funeral knell,
What time the dying, slow vibrations tell
Of an angelic being, loved too well :
While weeping mourners lay the beauteous shell
Of that Immortal Essence in the earth,
Of which no mind can gauge the eternal worth.

Lord, let the memory of so dear a spirit,
Snatch'd from our sight, Thy glory to inherit,
Draw us away from every love but Thine,
That, though still mourning, we may not repine ;
But each may say, To Thee I all resign,
And make the songs of guardian angels mine.
They ring us out, they ring us in,
Where years of endless life begin,
With peals of melody around,
To bear us on their waves of sound
Up to the gates where anthems rise
That waft us into Paradise.

Those requiem bells, those sacred flowers,
Memorials of such blissful hours—
Lord, make their loving lessons POWERS
Of endless life beyond the tomb—
Predictions darkened by no gloom ;
Where never sin or death can come,
Where God is our ETERNAL HOME.

Oh lovely flowers, with quaint perfumes,
So bright, so fresh, with vivid blooms!
Ye wear the seals of brighter climes,
As plants for Resurrection times!
Dear, modest flowers, too sweet to last,
E'en in a day your glory past:
Yet never with such light serene,
King Solomon in glory seen!
Ye toil not, neither do you spin;
Your lowly meekness could I win,
Content with breathing God's sweet air,
Mine His adoption, His my care—
I'd wait, the season through, His will,
Nor more than lilies make complaint,
But with my sweetest fragrance fill
The heart of each adoring saint.

O blessed Saviour! let us show
Some proofs of Thy Redeeming Love.
Some tokens of Thy grace below,
Before we reach Thy throne above;
That burdened, darkened souls may see,
What boundless mercy God can give:
What pardoning grace, so full, so free,
That bids the Chief of Sinners live!
Then all the petals of each flower,
On earth but letters of Thy praise,
In Paradise shall sing the Power
And endless glory of Thy grace.

The Morning Star foretells the Dawn,
Till, hidden by the greater Light,
Beneath the veil of glory drawn,
It waits the ministry of Night;—
So doth our lovely rising star,
Forth from the bosom of the deep,
With undiminished rays afar,
Its gentle watch above us keep;

Though hidden by the morning sun,
  As all the midnight orbs are shaded,
Its rosy lustre had begun,
  Ere the first star of evening faded;
And then, how calm, serene, and bright!
  Such lustre over earth and ocean!
Emblem of God's transcendent Light,
  Heaven's radiance for the soul's devotion.

Dear Evening Star, whose sacred rays
  Might sanctify a world of care,
And fill, with sweet ecstatic praise,
  Hearts that commune with God in Prayer!
O Sacred Light, how blest for those
  Who in their Saviour's love repose!
And thus how dear the memory thrown,
  From all the precious virtues known,
Of loved ones from our knowledge flown,
  That worship now before Thy throne!
Though lost from this world's mortal sight,
  They wait the Resurrection Morn;
Their heavenly grace how pure, how bright!
We too may watch, and wait the light
  That shall Eternity adorn.

But now each flower, so dear to me,
  Because on earth 'twas dear to thee,
O loved one from our presence gone,—
  And every fragrant tree that weaves
On each green bough its trembling leaves,
  Are emblems of Thy purity,—
Of all Thy shining graces born,
  Each passing pilgrim to adorn
With all the blossoms of the spring,
  That May-days to the children bring,
And tiniest opening buds that cling;
  And violets dear to each sad heart,
Because in memory there thou art.

The evening breezes, whispering by,
Thy loveliness and grace recall;
The Summer clouds, the Autumn sky,
The crystal dews that softly fall,
With unseen blessings from on high;
The carol of the birds, and all
The scenes so dear that greet the eye—
Reflect a Presence that hath gone,
A sunset light, a rosy morn,
No more our pathway to adorn!
Yet now, O Lord! our hearts ascend
To Thee, who didst such blessings lend.

We wait the Resurrection Morn,
Where all God's Covenant rainbows blend;
Transcendent bliss that knows no end!
In Heaven's Eternity to find
The loved one now from sight withdrawn
Revealed, an Angel!—so designed:
Christ's dying, rising glory shown,
His Robe of Righteousness put on
Eternity's transcendent dress,
The radiant likeness of His face,
Beyond e'en archangelic grace.
Through the whole universe to be
The Wonder of Eternity.

Lord, by such love alone we live,
And Thy Redeeming Grace receive!
The sorrows of a contrite heart
Are pearls Thou only canst impart;
O grant the gift our needs require,
Of hearts with Christ's dear love on fire,
Earth's countless mourners to inspire,
With Faith and Hope and Love indwelling

O boundless Miracle of Grace,
Thine offered mercy to embrace,
And see Thy glory face to face!

Thy sufferings were our Life's beginning;
Thy death shall keep our Life from sinning,
Thy precious all-atoning blood,
Poured forth, to bring our souls to God!
Nor Death, nor Hell, from Thee shall ever
One impulse of our being sever!
O blissful Life in Thine abode,—
THE LIFE THAT'S HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD!

of children, and especially a sense of their need of constant gentleness, and affectionate and watchful kindness. These lovely qualities endeared her to all, and at the same time were an unerring guide as to the right method of their education from infancy. In teaching them she became as one of them, as much their pupil as they each were hers, so that they were unconsciously receiving her example, and the radiance of her character, into their hearts; as unconsciously and unsuspectingly as if she were one of their own playmates. It was a fulfilment of the saying, "And a little child shall lead them."

There was an equally kind and careful regard to the moral and religious welfare of the domestics attached to her own household, whom, as members of the family, she was accustomed to teach, as opportunity offered, by conversation, by the reading of instructive books to them, by religious lessons, and also by the cultivation of a sense of natural beauty, — leading them to notice and admire the landscapes, the sunsets, the flowers, the forests, and the heavens declaring the glory of God; thus awakening their attention and elevating their thoughts and affections, besides making them feel that the household was a home of mutual instruction, and of cheerful,

willing service for all, as equal sharers in the mercy and love of our Father in Heaven.

In the place of her birth, as well as among the companions of her school days and studies, there were given from God the gracious influences of his Holy Spirit, attendant on the ministry of the Gospel, with the teaching of the children by the constant presentation of Divine truth. The life of President Olin, and his experience in the training of his students and his household, presented examples of the Divine blessing upon his faithfulness that were exceedingly animating and encouraging. We can never forget the impression made upon the mind by the remarkable death of his little child in infancy. President Olin was himself sick and feeble, and confined to his house. The babe, just beginning to lisp and understand the earliest words of childhood, was in the cradle, and the father was walking to and fro by its side. The babe had been ill, but was not imagined dangerously so. Suddenly the little one asked to be taken from the cradle into its father's arms. So the President took the child, and continued his walk to and fro, the mother all the while looking on with anxious feeling for both. Dr. Olin paused for a moment, when the little one whispered to him, looking up in his face, "Papa,

kiss baby!" The father gave his child a sweet kiss. Then the little one said again, "Mamma, kiss baby!" And then a few moments after, it looked up to heaven and exclaimed, "Now, God, take baby!" and immediately died in its father's arms.

Of this most affecting incident there could be no question. It had an overwhelming effect upon the afflicted parents! But what a proof — and who could doubt it? — of the communion between the little immortal babe and its ever-living God and Saviour! And who can tell how early in the dawn of the dear child's opening intellect the knowledge of God its Creator had been revealed to the soul?

Our early New England villages were a sweet rural region for the discipline of our childhood in freedom and security, away from many of the great temptations of a modern city. The children of our households were accustomed to the example and discipline of a religious life and education, on which not only the issues of our earthly being, but our characters and places of habitation in the future world, may entirely depend. It was the intermingling of scenes of natural beauty with abodes of domestic and spiritual training, in the habits of industry, and of social enjoyment with Sabbath piety and happiness, to the memory and

power of which the beginners in such a pilgrimage, and even those who afterwards might have become estranged from such endearing circles, always returned; revisiting them even in dreams, however distant might have become their separation from such early and delightful experiences of home, under such affectionate and Christian discipline of heart and mind. Such a life was not uncommon, together with many a sweet Pilgrim's Progress as far as the House Beautiful, even before the beginning of any knowledge of the Valley of Humiliation, or the dungeons of Giant Despair.

So it was that in the charming localities of Middletown and Providence, in Connecticut and Rhode Island, there were to be found those attractive rural scenes, and social privileges, and examples of religious and domestic happiness, which united to form some of the most delightful characters that could be imagined in our earthly existence. The New England educational training of the children in our public schools (the Bible of our childhood not then having been condemned to exile) made conscientious, sturdy and fearless citizens, self-denying, self-relying, and prepared to maintain all the freedom and co-equal rights of men, women, and children, such as our earliest ancestors brought with them in the "Mayflower"

Can we conceive of any arrangement so benevolent, so full of divine mercy to a lost race, as that of social and domestic instruction and intelligence, through the reason, the heart, and the affections, grounded in the gospel of Christ, with its sacred ministrations attended by the Holy Spirit, in the children thus early brought to the knowledge of their Saviour? In the serene parental faithfulness of Christian believers, such a method of training the children for God's work on earth and his presence in heaven was not unusual. Consequently we had the reality of early Christian friendships and attachments, never to be sundered or forgotten, with all their affectionate ties and sympathies entwined and continued through life. The histories and trials of our Puritan ancestors, both in England and America, are very sacred and precious in our memories, especially the constancy and Christian heroism and steadfastness of those who prepared and sustained us in the principles of our Revolutionary conflicts.

So that it might have been said of the morning of our early life, as in the blissful promise of the One hundred and tenth Messianic Psalm, "From the womb of the morning Thou hast the dew of thy youth." Never in the history of mankind was any nation so ushered into the existence of a

perfect liberty and religion; with the children from their infancy, so trained under the government of God, and apparently so conscientiously devoted to his revealed will. For the early reverential discipline of the people in their households, in their schools, and even in their town meetings and political gatherings through the week, together with the sacred Sabbaths of God, and the holy evangelical preaching of their best ministers, attended with revivals of religion through the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as in the time of Edwards in Northampton, and the consequent quickening and refreshment of the religious life throughout the best and most intimately related circles of New England, were such marvels of grace that they might well have appeared intended to bring us to the eve of the long-predicted and prayed-for reign of the universal kingdom of Christ on earth. Indeed, out of all this smoking flax came forth the flame of missionary zeal kindled in Williams College, and now flaming through the world.

So that there seemed for a season no other such scenes and epochs transacted in the world as those that were the results of the training of the children in the keeping of the Sabbath, and the teaching of the Gospel in our daily schools, and the supremacy

of the Bible over all our legislative processes and governmental authorities. But these mercies, and all vestiges and remembrances of them, would soon be swept from the face of the earth by the supremacy of political and social atheism and ingratitude, denying and defying the covenant of God's mercy which requires and depends upon the training of each generation in the knowledge and obedience of God's Word.

Thus by God's mercy it was that in the rural towns of Providence and Middletown the earliest childhood of my dear wife was nurtured; and her love of Nature, together with her habits of early piety were confirmed by the culture and companionship of the pupils in the schools where the gospel of Christ, with its sanctifying and saving truths, was freely and fully taught. There had then gone forth from our rulers no atheistic rescript excluding the Bible and religion from our common schools; and those schools were partakers of the influences of the Holy Spirit, by which the revivals of religion were characterized, and out of which arose so many of the sweet Christian friendships never to be interrupted on earth, and promised to be renewed in heaven.

The letters of friendship in the correspondences that grew out of such early intimacies of the

heart's best affections were sweet proofs of the power of the domestic circles in New England at that period. The infinitely precious influences of the Holy Spirit may be expected to attend our system of common-school instruction, with all the domestic and social blessings consequent thereon, if the Word of God and the regenerating truths of the Gospel be taught, but never without them, never under the rule of the exclusion of the Scriptures. When that ungodly power of irreligious prepossession is granted by popular vote to the despotism of our rulers, our piety and our independence will have ceased, and we shall be a mockery and contempt throughout the world.

"What, my dear cousin," exclaimed my beloved wife, in one of her affectionate letters to her dearest relative in Europe, — "what can be more beautiful than a united, happy family; and what a foreshadowing of that home in heaven, where all is love and joy unending, unalloyed! I am so glad you are so happy in your loved ones."

The writer proceeds with warm expressions of affectionate sympathy in their uninterrupted friendship and love, and delight in the continuance of the happiness of those so dear to her, and in the assurance of their reciprocal attachment, and then refers to some possible mistaken impressions that might

have been received in regard to the discipline and education of a family.

"In one of your letters, dear cousin, I thought you seemed to have received some erroneous impressions of my habit of imparting knowledge and instruction to my servants, as if the habit were a singularity and weakness, and an uncalled-for stretch of benevolence. This could never be!

"I was led to it by reflecting on the neglect, almost universal, of Christian families to provide their servants, whom God had committed to their care, with spiritual and mental food for the elevation of their immortal natures. In many cases servants are left entirely uninstructed and unguarded, as if they were not responsible beings. This is especially the case with Roman Catholic servants, who are left to the entire dominion of their priests, who keep them in ignorance of the Bible, and of the Lord Jesus Christ their only Saviour."

Concerning an impression that seemed to have been entertained as to the kind of reading and information with which my dear wife endeavored to instruct her household, she says: "The supposed fiction and poetry that some would have me drop, dear cousin, are such books as would make important spiritual and historical truths attractive,

—such books, for example, as those volumes of 'Hebrew Heroes,' by A. L. O. E., and biographies of eminently happy and useful Christian men, women, and children in their pilgrimage through an earthly life of mutual enjoyments and trials, blessings and duties; creating a taste for something higher and better than the mass of dime novels now flooding the country, and with which the servants are abundantly supplied, and consequently, for want of better reading and instruction, are in many cases allured and corrupted both in morals and manners.

"I have learned recently, to my great gratification, in perusing the large 'Memorial Ancestral Volume of the Wetmore Family,' that some of my good ancestors in early days were in the habit of rearing and instructing their servants in the principles of the Gospel, and by those teachings were instrumental in making their lives good and useful here on earth, and preparing them for the life to come in heaven. I think I may have inherited the desire from them to be thus useful, and hope I may be as successful in my own efforts for such results.

"For I feel happy in so laboring, and I think their example worth following. The good and gifted Aunt Whittlesey, my grandfather's half-sister, and Fred. Chauncey's grandmother, was an

example, and her household was esteemed a model Christian home, and she was treated by the servants with the greatest deference and respect. I wish you could see the volume to which I have referred; for it dates far back, and gives a most interesting account of Colonial times, and of the early settlers in the Connecticut Colony."

In the same volume (pages 320 to 324) there is a record of the life of Judge William Wetmore, of Middletown, Conn., who, with his wife and four children, emigrated to Ohio in June, 1804: "The Indians were then very numerous in that section of the country; but Judge Wetmore's conscientious dealings with them made them his faithful friends. It was his practice always to have the Indians, in a trade, name their own terms. If the terms suited, he would conclude the bargain; if not, he would not; never allowing himself to banter with them. In this way he retained their confidence, and avoided the charge of 'cheating poor Indian.' As might be expected, he enjoyed their friendship and esteem; so much so that they considered it a crime to steal from him.

"At the commencement of our war with England in 1812, a British officer, in the disguise of an Indian, came to the chief of the Indian village situated on Lake Pleasant, not far from the resi-

dence of Judge Wetmore, and proposed to the chief to join the English, and for such services they would restore all the land that the American Government had bought from them, to which they assented. But when they were told it was necessary for them to massacre Judge Wetmore and other Americans in the neighborhood, the chief and his warriors refused, saying that he '*had been good to poor Indian.*'

"Up to the time of his death he was a general counsellor in matters of the law, especially for the poor, although he never appeared at the bar as an advocate. His counsel was always *gratis*, and was in effect generally for his clients to keep out of the law and settle amicably.

"He was much respected in Northern Ohio, and like his brother Seth, was truly conscientious, never pursuing the wrong when he knew the right. Among other enterprises the Judge was engaged in was that of distilling. On a certain Sunday morning he was observed by his family to be reading a tract with much apparent interest. After dinner he returned to a perusal of the same, and at supper-time his assiduity in perusing the tract was explained. Soon after sitting down at the tea-table the Judge said, 'Boys!' addressing his sons, 'what sort of a sheep-pen will the

still-house make if moved upon the rising ground?' The question puzzled his sons, but after a little conversation it was explained, and it was decided to commence the following morning removing the still-house for the purpose of a sheep-pen, instead of lighting the fires at midnight, as was the custom. This was brought about, as the sequel proved, by the Judge having been engaged during the day in reading the now antique tract entitled 'Enquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'"

The reading of that very tract proved afterwards one of the providences on which depended so greatly the future happiness and usefulness of my whole life. It led to my first acquaintance with Miss Wetmore, through the circumstance of her becoming — by the friendship of her very dear friend Mrs. Washington — a pupil with a class of young ladies attendant on a course of lectures by myself, on the History of English Literature from Alfred and Wycliffe and Tyndale and the Reformers and Bunyan and Sir Walter Raleigh and the poets and prose-writers, down to Addison and Irving and Goldsmith and Burke. The preparation of those lectures was a constant delight to me. But who could have imagined that it might become the determination of my happiness through

life! I am reminded of Cowper's beautiful poem, so exquisitely beautiful and true!

"Mysterious are His ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour,
When minds that never met before,
Shall meet, unite, and part no more.
It is the allotment of the skies,
The hand of the Supremely Wise,
That guides and governs our affections,
And plans and orders our connections;
Directs us in our distant road,
And marks the bounds of our abode.
So day by day, and year by year,
Will make the dark enigma clear;
And furnish us perhaps at last,
Like other scenes already past,
With proof that we and our affairs
Are part of a Jehovah's cares.
For God unfolds, by slow degrees,
The purport of his deep decrees,
Sheds every hour a clearer light,
In aid of our defective sight,
And spreads at length before the soul
A beautiful and perfect whole,
Which busy man's inventive brain
Toils to anticipate in vain.
Say, loved one, had you never known
The beauties of a rose full blown,
Could you, though luminous your eye,
By looking on the bud, descry,
Or guess, with a prophetic power,
The future splendor of the flower?

Just so the Omnipotent, who turns
The system of a world's concerns
From mere minutiæ can educe
Events of most important use,
And bid a dawning sky display
The blaze of a meridian day.
The works of man tend, one and all,
As needs they must, from great to small;
And vanity absorbs at length
The monuments of human strength.
But who can tell how vast the plan
Which this day's incident began?
Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion
For our dim-sighted observation.
It passed unnoticed, as the bird
That cleaves the yielding air unheard;
And yet may prove, when understood,
A harbinger of endless good."

A deep, exquisite, grateful delight in the beauties of natural scenery was always a source of happiness in my dear wife's habitual traits of character. She enjoyed the cultivation of a sense of the beautiful and grand in the opening minds of children. The love of Nature was a ruling element of her own creative imagination, — a power which, in whatever degree it may be possessed, is an original endowment of the soul, a divine gift, along with that of the idea and sense of Eternity, and combining, for its highest exercise, clearness of perception, purity and power of conscience, judgment,

refinement of taste, and deep religious veneration. It is thus a faculty greatly dependent for its development on careful discipline, example, and instruction, but always essential to the highest genius, and a source of the purest intellectual and devotional pleasure.

A delicate, judicious perception of the qualities of excellence in literature and art is more dependent upon this mental and emotional endowment, and its careful education, than almost any other possession. Besides being essential to the perfection of a moral and religious nature, it is a pure and life-long fountain of domestic happiness, and will always take a commanding authority among all the means of usefulness in our earthly state. It is next to a spiritual acquaintance with the word of our Heavenly Father, when we have learned to look through Nature up to Nature's God. In neither case could we have done this, unless God had originally set the idea of his own eternity in the human mind and heart. There could never have been the idea of God without the kindred idea of eternity.

The following stanzas are in my dear wife's handwriting, and were the simple expression in brief of her own feelings:—

How thankless art thou,
Child of Man,
For favors that abound!
Thy God hath given thee eyes to scan
The glory all around,
Yet seldom for this priceless sight
Hast thou been heard to praise aright.
This world 's not all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given;
For, from his station here below,
Bright prospects rise, high duties flow,
That show him heir of heaven!

Writing immediately afterwards to some dear correspondent, appreciating her own delight in the beautiful scenes unfolding all around her, she adds her own experience, as follows: —

"I cannot tell you how I enjoy this rural life. To me beautiful fields and flowers and May weather and lovely walks are almost as intoxicating and reviving as they were in early youth; and the far brighter sun of another life seems to illumine all. In every sweet and lovely view I sit and look over the leafy woods, the running stream below sweetly murmuring in my ear. A peace and rest mingled with sadness, even my lonely rambles and revellings in the luxuriant beauty of these lanes and fields, how soothing, how enchanting! How I wish you could see the loveliness of Nature all around! At this time one always fancies every

spring more beautiful than before, but surely it is so this spring. The perfume of the flowers, the birds among the trees, their morning notes and evening! To-day is perfectly lovely! Alone here, in this peaceful nook, with the cloudless sky above, and the sweet new-mown grass, and the thousand birds warbling in one's ears, and bright flowers around, it makes the soul bound upward with delight. The gleams of sunshine playing through the dark foliage, and the beautiful dawning of the summer mornings, and the glorious sun that sheds its light on all around, seem truly the outward types of the blessed resurrection, always renewed that it may be habitual in our view. The scenery is surpassingly lovely. It combines all I could wish to enhance this quiet, peaceful life. What if the thread of our existence were snapped asunder, and the thinking soul translated to the realms of light before it had become conscious of darkness! How the endearing ways of children twine themselves around my heart! I cannot refrain from sending you a small offering at this season, when I have so much cause for thankfulness. Marriage is a type of the union between Christ and his Church, as being the closest and most enduring of all those relations which God has appointed here below."

## CHAPTER II.

THE RIGHT OF THE BIBLE IN OUR COMMON SCHOOLS. — ESTABLISHMENT OF THE HOME FOR FRIENDLESS BOYS IN NEW YORK CITY. — VISITS TO THE POOR WOMEN IN THE CITY PRISON. — THE POWER OF SYMPATHY. — RECOLLECTIONS AND PORTRAITURES OF MRS. CHEEVER'S CHARACTER AND LIFE BY SOME OF HER DEAREST FRIENDS.

MY dear wife's convictions were heartfelt and profound in regard to the necessity and blessedness of a prevenient, foreseeing, forewarning religious education of children from the earliest infancy, as being both a gift from God and a primal duty and divine heritage for every household and community.

In her view, such a protecting, preoccupying education belonged only to God's benevolence and mercy to reveal and command; and it was accordingly entailed in his law as the first duty of parents to their children, and the first claim of the little ones, in the name of God. It was God's offer of his own covenant of eternal wisdom and love when he said: Ye shall teach my Word to your children, and your children to theirs, and to

the end of time, the next generation to the next; so that they may never live nor die in ignorance of the law and love of their Heavenly Father, nor of the way of salvation. Obedience to this blissful law of the prepossession of every new-born soul with the knowledge of God's truth and love in the Gospel would speedily have made the whole world holy and happy in Christ, and on the way to heaven.

For this purpose "Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, which ye shall *command your children* to observe to do, all the words of this law. For it is not a vain thing for you; BECAUSE IT IS YOUR LIFE" (Deut. xxxii. 46, 47).

How great, then, is the cruelty, and how blasphemous the crime, that would forbid the freedom of God's Word, or deny the duty and necessity of providing it as an inalienable possession from the earliest childhood, in our common schools!

In the Old, as well as in the New Testament, God has declared, "All souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine;" given to the parents on earth, to be brought up, from earliest infancy, in the knowledge and love of their divine Redeemer. It is impossible to begin too early with a baptism in the experimental

knowledge of a Saviour's love. That is the first injunction from God in the Hebrew covenant, as to the teaching of his Word from generation to generation; and the same is in the Law of Love by our blessed Lord Jesus, — "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Compare Ps. lxxviii. 6, and cxxvii. 3; Is. xxxviii. 19.)

But how are the children to be gathered into our common schools, and how can the merciful provisions in the commandment of the Saviour be secured and fulfilled in the teaching of each generation? This problem had been discussed more and more carefully in our churches; and because of the attempted exclusion of the Scriptures, friends of the ragged and neglected little ones in the streets were soon found, who would undertake its heavenly solution.

The work began in a quiet and lowly form of benevolence, that soon became a delightful attractive magnetism, and a power of social Christian effort, like that which resulted from the first institution of Sabbath-schools. It was a benevolence both giving and receiving; laden, as the trees of Paradise by the River of the Water of Life, with fruits of perpetual life-giving mercy.

And yet, to this day, the right of the Bible

to be taught in our common schools, with prayer to God for his blessing, is denied; and its exercise is affirmed to have been an oppressive violation of the law of love and of the freedom of conscience, under a human government!

Government, it is asserted, (and even by some ministers of the Gospel,) has no authority or right to teach religion to the children, or to see that they are educated in the knowledge of God, and taught the way of salvation. As the children are born and cradled without the interference of government, so the common school must take them and bring them up in freedom to choose for themselves what religion they please, if indeed they come to the knowledge of any. Perhaps nine tenths of the children in the United States get their only education in the common schools; where, by edict of the Government forbidding the Bible and prayer, and all instruction in regard to Christ, their only Saviour, they necessarily become infidels.

Yet, on the pretence of guaranteeing the rights of conscience in respect to religion against encroachment, it is now affirmed that the State has the right, and is under obligation by the Golden Rule, to guarantee the schools and the children against any instruction from the Bible in religion.

But the exclusion of instruction in religious truth can be nothing less than a usurpation of God's authority, and a violation of the rights of conscience towards him. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those which are revealed BELONG TO US AND TO OUR CHILDREN FOREVER, that we may do all the words of this law" (Deut. xxix. 29).

If religious liberty is the liberty of going without religion if we please so to do, it is equally the liberty of choosing and proclaiming for ourselves and our children the religion of the Bible; and the right of maintaining such teaching is as much more sacred than the right of forbidding it, as the freedom and obedience of truth are more sacred than the privilege of living and dying in ignorance and crime.[1]

[1] In connection with this, one should read the insolent and despotic edict issued under authority of our Government, by which the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has undertaken to exclude the Dakota language from the schools maintained by missionary societies on the Indian reservations: "The Dakota language must neither be taught nor used." The entire Bible has been translated into that language, and is printed at the Bible House. And yet the Government, undertaking to make good citizens of the Dakota Indians and to educate them in virtue and morals, excludes every Dakota book from the public schools, and forbids the missionaries to teach the Ten Commandments to the children in the only language they understand. Even the native teachers are forbidden from teaching the Gospel of Christ in Dakota, — the

With these views, Mrs. Cheever became, a few years after her marriage, an originator of the earliest asylum for the education and care of poor friendless boys in New York; and, with the encouragement and bounty of Messrs. Morris Ketchum, Gilman, Phelps, Boorman, Harper, and other generous friends, succeeded in establishing what resulted in one of the most useful and truly benevolent institutions in the city.

"In the year 1849 or 1850 [we quote from the record of May 1, 1883], after a discourse from yourself in the Church of the Puritans, Mrs. Cheever, together with several other ladies, organized a movement for the rescue of vagrant children in this city, and opened a Home for Friendless Boys in Bank Street. In 1851 or 1852 this

only language they know, and their only medium of communication with the children.

A description of this edict may be read in the June, August, and September numbers of the American Bible Society Record, where will be found clearly traced the wickedness, cruelty, and papal despotism of such an intolerant decree on the part of the United States Government; — thus closing up and sealing the Century of our Dishonor, through hundreds of sacred treaties broken with the Indians, by an act of violence unequalled, all things considered, in any so-called civilized nation at this day.

If our social anarchists could have their way, it is plain enough that never a child in Christendom, educated in the public schools, should get a glimpse of the divine light and love in the face of Jesus Christ, the knowledge of whose radiance of mercy and grace might become their heaven.

was merged in the New York Juvenile Asylum, with Hon. Luther Bradish as its president, and a board of directors composed of some of the best names in the city.

"It has occurred to some of us that it might be gratifying to Mrs. Cheever and yourself to witness the present magnitude of the Institution, after the lapse of more than thirty years. Certainly it would be regarded as a great pleasure to us if you can favor us with an acceptance of the accompanying invitation for Friday the 18th instant."

These dates and records are of interest as to the gradual yet rapid progress of some of the many benevolent charities established and successful, and so greatly needed in so vast a city of increasing immigrations from the whole world. Blessed beyond measure are they who were permitted to lay the foundations of such charities, deep and secure, in and for the training of the children in the knowledge of the Gospel and the love of Christ!

From one of her dear friends and co-laborers in this work Mrs. Cheever received the following letter, congratulating her on the success of her efforts in accomplishing the establishment of this charity by charter from the Legislature of the State.

DEAR MRS. CHEEVER, — I see, by the morning paper, that your petition for the Charter has passed the Legisla-

ture. Will you allow me to congratulate you on the fruition of your hopes? I know, with your elevated feelings, the praises of your fellow-creatures are but a small consideration, but I cannot refrain from expressing to you my veneration and respect. To your unfaltering efforts *alone* do these poor children owe their preservation from ruin and misery. How often have you said to me, There is no end to the good we may do, if we succeed! How happy, how enviable, must your feelings be! I will not say more; you will understand me. But let me, for the bright example you are ever setting me, and for your kindness to my little Annie, offer you the grateful thanks of

Your sincere friend,

MARIE L. COLES.

Mrs. Cheever was also one of the earliest and most active directors and managers of the Woman's Orphan Asylum, always taking a great interest in the poor colored children. By her tenderness and gentleness she won the hearts of all the little ones.

In the training of the children committed to her care nothing could be more attractive and beautiful than the mingled tenderness, winning affection, and prayerful watchfulness, combined with childlike simplicity and exquisite playful humor entirely her own, in the sportive and yet serious discipline she exercised over them. She

treasured up every suitable and instructive narrative, whether in poetry or prose, for them; conveying the lessons of our blessed Lord to them in the simplest language, with a sweetness like the falling of the dew and the early rain, with the sunshine and the rainbow. She seemed inspired with the sweetness of our Lord's blessed charge, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

For some years she was a constant visitor of the poor women in the Tombs prison. The simplicity, self-forgetting earnestness, and diligence with which she engaged in these works of mercy made them, instead of a toil, a happiness for which she was always grateful.

Of her virtues, social and personal, so sweetly manifested, yet so artlessly and unconsciously, in their growth and blossoming, as the violets of the garden or lilies of the field, all who have known will testify; and the closing remark of a letter of one who knew her well will find a full and hearty indorsement from her many friends: "I doubt if the world can furnish a brighter example of pure and unselfish devotion to the good and happiness of others than she has left to us."

In all this we are reminded of the exquisitely beautiful and heartfelt tribute of love and admira-

tion by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, on the character of his beloved and sainted sister. "I never saw," says he, "a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind,—intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom of twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child, but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth, to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib nor changing her posture; and preserved through the valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, and from every cloud of impaired reason, which might have marred the beauty of Christ's spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come within one hundred degrees of her place in heavenly glory!" Who would not join in so ecstatic a breathing of prayer, in view of such a marvel of God's new creating and transporting radiance of grace and love?

From Mrs. George D. Phelps, an early and very

dear friend of Mrs. Cheever, and a most affectionate and ardent co-worker with her in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, the following interesting recollections are especially in place. They are the grateful tribute of a long and delightful Christian friendship never to be forgotten, — the recollections of their earliest and most precious associations together.

"During my illness and seclusion in the house I have thought much of the dear friend of my younger days who has now passed into the heavens, — of my early associations with her, in the Church of the Puritans, in Christian work and in the sweet ties of friendship. I thank God upon every remembrance of her! It was soon after my marriage when our acquaintance was formed; and I can truthfully say that her influence has affected my subsequent life. You know that when Mrs. Cheever resigned her place as manager in the Protestant Half Orphan Asylum, she recommended me as her successor, and then with her gentle power compelled me, as it were, to accept it, thus giving me a good part of my life work. In God's good providence I am entering my fortieth year of service there.

"That was in 1847. How well I remember her then, as my pastor's wife, and the interest she took in the New Church Enterprise, — how she opened her heart and her house to all, meeting every one on the same footing, and entering so heartily into all plans for the good of the church!

"I remember so well the impression she made upon me in her own parlor in Fifteenth Street; her gracious kindness of manner, her loving, winning ways, and her sweet simplicity made her very attractive. Above all, was to be noticed her unaffected, whole-souled piety, — her loyalty to her work and to her God. It was plain to see that she dwelt in the serene atmosphere of a loving child of God in close union with him.[1]

"Though obliged to give up her place in the Half Orphan Home, from the pressure of more immediate duties, how well we all know that her interest in children never flagged! It was not long before she began to express the sympathy that had been growing in her heart for the hitherto almost neglected boys of the New York streets. Somehow or other she seemed to hear of special cases, — now it was of one poor waif sleeping in a barrel, then of another found half frozen in a box, then of another and another. Their childish woes so appealed to her feelings; the hard, wan faces of the street boys seemed to rise before her, and the throbbings of her heart in their

[1] In allusion to your parties in Fifteenth Street, and the pleasant evenings passed there, I recall the names of some choice spirits, in whose presence it was a delight to be thrown so informally, — Alice and Phœbe Cary, Gajani, the Italian patriot, Pasteur Pilatte, and many others. Delightful gatherings were these, over which Mrs. Cheever presided so gracefully. On one of those evenings some seven missionaries from various parts of the world were present, and I believe the Lord's Prayer was chanted in seven different languages. The Rev. Dr. Goodell was present from the mission in Constantinople. These were occasions of very great and sacred enjoyment.

behalf could not be stilled. I think I can see her now pleading their cause, — with what pathos she would warm and glow; how her voice would tremble, and the tears would seem ready to flow; and how animated and joyous would she be, as she made others enter into her feelings, desires, and plans. On the first Sunday in April, 1849, through her means, a Boy's Sunday Meeting was opened in Wooster Street. One hundred and twenty boys were present, — a wild set, as I well remember. Soon it was found that a home must be provided, if any permanent good was to be done for these homeless wanderers. A well-organized society was formed in Mrs. Cheever's parlor; a large, old, comfortable house was hired in Bank Street, and a superintendent engaged. The First Annual Report of the Asylum for Friendless Boys (the name given to the new Institute) says: 'Through the exertions of Mrs. George B. Cheever, $1,258 were raised for its support.'

"As Recording Secretary of this Society, an office which brought me into close contact with her, I had the opportunity of seeing the beautiful traits of character brought out in this work, — her unselfishness, her retiring disposition, her loving nature, and her active zeal. Her joy and happiness at the success of this effort, I need not mention to you. Her impulses, so fresh and spontaneous, moved others; and the work went on and grew. You will know whether I am correct in saying that in point of time, side by side with this new Society, there was forming another for the same object, — the care of both boys and girls on a larger scale, — a bill being before the

Legislature for the charter of the New York Juvenile Asylum. Soon a proposition came to merge the two Institutions in one great and strong one, — a measure wisely acceded to. Our children gathered in the Bank Street Mansion, the superintendent, teachers, and all belongings, were taken under the broad wings of the new Society. From that day to this, the boys in New York have been cared for. The Children's Aid Society,* with its lodging-houses, Industrial Schools, etc., to say nothing of the homes in the West it provides, springing up soon after, need only be mentioned, in passing, as illustrative of this great movement. We who remember Mrs. Cheever then, cannot fail to give her the place we believe she filled; namely, that of the first human inspirer of this heaven-born work. So much for the early days, past and gone, the memory of which is very sweet to those who survive *her* whose record is on high.

"During the many years that have followed, owing to removals and absence from the country, and residence in different places, our meetings were often after long intervals. I remember, with pleasure, our crossing the ocean together in 1860, when I was impressed anew with her trust and hopefulness. She was so happy to be again revisiting the Old World, and strong in her confidence that the journey would be a prosperous one. Again, you know, we used to meet at Saratoga, where her greetings were always warm and hearty. But in your lovely home at Englewood she was indeed, as you say, 'the angel of the house.' I shall never forget the impression her home life made upon me there; it seemed

* To this Society Dr. Cheever left a legacy of $1000.

ideal, and yet so practical, her affectionate interest in all around her was so apparent, her hospitality so generous. Her relation to her servants was so truly Christian, her continual habit of reading to them so unusual and evidently so appreciated. A rare combination was found in her, — an indescribable calmness, serenity, sweetness, a strength of principle, hatred of wrong, especially the wrong of keeping the Word of God from the masses. One could not spend a day with her without feeling how deep was her pity for the ignorant, and how indignant was she against the system that keeps the Bible from the people.

"To me Mrs. Cheever's conversation was very entertaining, and never did I more realize it than during her visit in my home. She was full of anecdote of people whom she had met in this and in other lands, — of reminiscences of distinguished people and places. In telling stories she always delighted in dwelling upon the best side of character. She had a vein of humor too, and appreciated it in others when it was kindly. When native character is so transparent and true, it might be thought hard to discriminate between it and Christian traits; but I never met a person who seemed more simply and truly Christian. It seemed painful to her if she was so situated that she could not speak on what was dearest to her soul. Her looks, her words, her actions, all said, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

"Such are some of the memories I have of her, my sweet friend.

"And her passing away, — how was it in keeping with

all her life, and how lovely was she in death! When I looked upon her beautiful face, it seemed to me as though at the last blissful moment, above the songs of the welcoming angels, above the voice of the harpers harping with their harps as the voice of many waters, she had heard that of her beloved Master saying, 'Behold, I come quickly!' And she had replied with confiding love and joy, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus!'"

To the preceding letter we add the following tribute of many years' acquaintance and friendship from Miss Annette L. Noble, one of our dearest circle of faithful, long-tried, and loving friends:

"No one could know Mrs. Cheever at all well without remarking a certain characteristic of hers, peculiar to the loveliest and most lovable of natures: she invariably found some sympathetic point of contact with the people next to her, no matter what their class or condition. Her own place was of course with the most cultivated, the most truly refined; and in discussing the gravest questions, she was always ready with her clear-cut opinions and her wise simplicity of thought. But if the next moment brought into her presence the humblest person, she would meet him so 'humanly,' as Carlyle would say, that he must leave her feeling warmer at heart and raised in his own self-respect. All this made her so charming a companion! I shall never forget the last visit I made to Englewood one winter, a few years ago. She was an ideal hostess in an ideal

home; and I well understood the meaning of a friend's words, in speaking of the exquisite taste of all her household arrangements: 'Mrs. Cheever's rooms remind me of a bride's apartments, they are always so daintily adorned and so pleasant.' It was during this visit of a few days that I was struck by her large-heartedness and the wide reach of her sympathies.

"She read me a number of exceedingly interesting letters from friends abroad; falling later into a detailed story of her own travels through classic scenes. She told me of distinguished people she had met, whose friendship had long been retained, and all in a most frank, delightful way. She showed utter indifference for the honor, titles, and wealth the world values irrespective of moral worth; while everything she said revealed

> 'A marvellous gift to know and cull,
> From our common life, and dull,
> Whatsoe'er is beautiful,'

and the still rarer trait of giving

> 'Gentle words where such were few,
> Softening blame where blame was true,
> Praising, where small praise was due.'

"Some children had been visiting her, and she had entered into their enjoyments most keenly, treasuring up all their quaint and comical sayings, to repeat afterwards in her own way, half merry, half tender. But the thing that I recall most clearly now, was not her enjoyment of her flowers, blooming luxuriantly when all outdoors was under the snow, — not the lovely views which she con-

stantly called me to the windows to see, — not the beautiful, boundless hospitality that was instinctive, — but the long talk with her about a course of reading which she was pursuing with her servants.

"The evening before, there had met in her parlor a literary club, and I had seen her taking eager share in a conversation on Coleridge and Wordsworth. But the next morning, she was even more interested in telling how for a long time she had daily read, to those in her service, such books as she thought might give them an uplift, and open to them broader views of life and Christian truth. My first thought was that some of the books she mentioned were beyond their mental grasp; but she soon showed me her wisdom in seeing that the simplest need the highest truth. What this noble woman was to every servant who ever lived with her, and forever after loved her, I have heard many times. She never visited us in New York, that she had not, among her other errands, something to do, or cause to have done, for the welfare of an old dependant, or somebody poor, ill, or in trouble whom 'I used to know.'"

The following brief memorial is added from a Christian lady who was at intervals for many years a beloved and invaluable assistant and friend to Mrs. Cheever in her government and teaching of the dear children committed to her charge.

"It is difficult for pen to do justice to the Christian character of the late Mrs. E. H. Cheever, the dear saint

and friend of a lifetime, to whose beloved memory these few lines are inscribed.

"A number of years ago, the writer had the privilege of living in her family for some time, and of being closely connected with her in the education of two interesting children of a near and dear relative of hers, who by the blessing of Providence were placed in her care for a season. One of them, who became a lovely Christian, has already passed away to her eternal rest, in the full assurance of a glorious immortality, and of what God hath prepared for them that love him. She was instrumental in bringing this dear child to the knowledge and love of her Saviour.

"Her Bible teachings and prayers were peculiarly sweet and impressive, and those dear children would, even in their play-hours, introduce scenes from the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress.

"When in the city some years ago, she was continually doing good, exerting herself in every way to benefit her fellow-beings and to promote their spiritual welfare. She would go, with other good ladies, to visit the Tombs Prison, read and pray with the poor, despised, and forsaken prisoners, administering to their temporal as well as to their spiritual wants, and causing them in many instances to seek pardon for their sins at a throne of grace. Many of them, no doubt, live now to bless her memory.

"She was very active and energetic in getting up a home for the friendless, collected large sums of money from her friends for the purpose, and was the leading

spirit in making this institution a success; where the friendless were well cared for, well instructed, had the Gospel preached to them, and when prepared, had good positions provided for them.

"Well indeed may it be said in regard to her, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'

"In her own beautiful home at Englewood she never wearied in her readings and exhortations to her household; pointing out to them the way of salvation, and showing them the beauty of holiness both by example and precept.

"She was an angel of mercy to the destitute and suffering; and the poor, who came to her door, always went away happier for having seen her. Nothing pleased her more than to welcome her friends to her hospitable home, where they were cheered by her bright smile and loving presence; and they will ever cherish in their hearts pleasant memories of the hours thus spent.

"She took great delight in reading over the anniversary tributes which her beloved husband dedicated to her from year to year; and her friends earnestly wishing to have copies, she had them just arranged for publication when so suddenly yet peacefully summoned to her Heavenly Home.

"Though we can never see her again in this world of sorrow, we have the consoling hope and precious promise that we shall meet her in that blessed world where there is no more parting, and where sorrow and death can never come.

"However unaccustomed to writing, I cannot but consider it a sacred duty to record my testimony to the piety and worth of her who was so much to me in life, and whose memory is now so precious; knowing, as I do so well, the angelic sweetness of her disposition and the depth and beauty of her Christian character.

"ANNA T. OWEN."

## CHAPTER III.

MRS. CHEEVER'S DELIGHT IN THE WORK OF PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION FROM THE BIBLE. — VIEWS OF DR. MACLEOD CONCERNING THE EDUCATION OF LITTLE CHILDREN. — ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ANECDOTES WITHIN MRS. CHEEVER'S OWN EXPERIENCE. — ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HER LETTERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*How early can the Little Child be regarded as of the Kingdom of Heaven, and what should be the Education of the Little Ones accordingly?*

IT was a great source of happiness and usefulness in Mrs. Cheever's life, to have had for some years the whole care of several dear and lovely little ones, — the orphan children of her beloved sister, whose husband had been lost at sea. Their daily life and hers used to be so lovingly and delightfully entwined, even in all their thoughts, desires, and daily sports and lessons, that it seemed to be almost a realization of a Pilgrim's Progress towards heaven. For they became so fond of the story of Christian and Hopeful and Faithful, and their adventures of travel from the City of Destruction to the Celestial Land, that they were accus-

tomed to make out of John Bunyan's spiritual allegory their happiest practical plays. One of them would sometimes take the burden of the Pilgrim, another the position of the Guide; meantime, in the course of their childish drama, making the house ring with their frolics and merriment. Their plays were full of childlike fun and humor, in which their dear aunt participated, with equal enjoyment, as a child herself; and it might have been difficult to say whether the drollery and fun or the sacred lessons of the allegory were deepest and most attractive.

Dear little Fanny was gifted with a melodious, expressive voice, and had learned to sing with exquisite pathos and simplicity some very beautiful hymns, such as —

"I think, when I read the sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold, —
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me."

These lessons, so sweetly attractive, were attended with the divine blessing; and the dear child became, before her early death, a bright example of a

youthful Christian's experience and life, through faith and hope in Christ her Saviour, manifested in her love to him, and faithfulness in his beloved service.

Dear, precious little child! Her character, from the beginning of its development, was a combination of gentleness, tenderness, thoughtfulness, quickness of perception, deep sensibility, earnestness and decision, roguery and sport; keenly sensitive to reproof, of ready native wit and humor in reply; so full, indeed, sometimes of humor and gentle sarcasm combined, that it would require a Shakspeare to delineate the photograph of the rapid scenes and lights of character in suitable language.

On one occasion, when their dear aunt was waiting upon her little children for their night's repose, when Fanny having said her prayers was ready to bid good-night to all, her little brother saying his prayers by the bedside, happening to remember some wrong things that Fanny had said or done that troubled him, went back recounting them, and praying for his dear little sister, that God would pardon her. "Now, Johnny," exclaimed little Fanny, sitting up in bed, "you 'd better stop praying; you 've said quite enough. Let poor God alone!"

The children on one occasion were playing on the sidewalk, when a gentleman passing by, not knowing his right direction, inquired of Fanny, as she was playing, —

"My dear little girl, can you tell me which way the numbers run in this street?"

"They don't run at all, sir," replied Fanny, very seriously; "they stand still."

The mother wit, playfulness, quickness of perception and thought, susceptibility of deep and lasting impressions, truthfulness, simplicity, generosity, were qualities that only needed corresponding qualifications in their teachers, and the wisdom of love, and love of wisdom, inspired by the Gospel of Christ, to make the household as nearly a heaven upon earth as ever can be expected in our mortal pilgrimage. They that thus dwell together in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. The Ninety-first Psalm is their heritage as truly as it ever was that of Christ and the Holy Family.

In the biography of Dr. Norman Macleod, one of the brightest lights of theology and piety in Scotland, along with Leighton, Chalmers, Guthrie, Halyburton, Candlish, Erskine, and others of like genius, we find the following record: —

"*Oct.* 3. This afternoon my boy was born. The moment I heard of his birth, I solemnly dedicated him to the Lord. I followed and carried out a theory of education founded on God's teaching in the Bible, in the Pentateuch specially, which was to be read each year to young as well as old. An education based upon and saturated with Christian principle, a godly home education, is one that trains up the child by the earthly father to the Heavenly. That a parent may be AS GOD *to his child*, he must first be AS A CHILD TO HIS GOD. What a father on earth wishes his child to be towards himself, that God wishes the parent to be *towards his Father in Heaven*."

This was assuredly the dictate of Heavenly wisdom and love. Two years afterward (1854), we find the following paragraph in reference to the birth and education of his little daughter: —

"How strange that as yet my child knows not God! I have resolved that she shall not hear his name till she has language to apprehend what I mean, and that no one shall speak of God to her till I do so. This is a moment in her life which I claim as mine own. I shall have the blessedness of first telling her of Him who I trust shall be her all in all forever after. For a time I must be to her as God."

The next utterance in regard to the progress of this little one, and the way in which she seemed to have come to the knowledge of God, is as follows, under date of 1855: —

"This day I heard my little girl mention for the first time the name of God. I had requested no one ever to speak to her of God until I first had this honor. *But the new servant had done it.*"

A welcome treasure for the household, and faithful from the earliest moment to her immortal charge, was such a servant; protecting her earthly master's property as God's, for God and heaven!

"So [says Dr. Macleod] I took the little child on my knee, and asked her several questions as to who made her and everything, and she replied, 'God.' Oh, how indescribably strange and blessed to my ears was the sound! It cannot cease forever. My daily prayer is that she and all my children may be holy from their infancy, and grow up Christians."

Afterward we find him remarking, on Chapter VII. in Baxter's "Saints' Rest:"—

"Press on and on! Why? What do we expect? To be glorified with Christ, equal with John and Paul, — this, or devils! To press on is to realize more blessedness and glory, more joy and perfect peace. Oh, how weak am I, a very babe! *But it required Omnipotence to make me a babe!*"

Again, in another record, "Attempting to reform Presbyterianism is like endeavoring to skin a flint." This seems to have referred to the impossibility of possessing a true, heart-searching,

and fruit-producing faith, without a loving and divine Redeemer as the soul and inspiration of such a Faith by the Word and Spirit in the heart. For he goes on to say:—

"Even the Divine Word, by human interpretation, *without the Holy Spirit,* is no better than a sun-dial by moonlight. These speculators resemble the sparrows on the telegraph wires. They are saying one to another: 'We are the judges. There is no inspiration unless it finds us, and the ultimate judge is our reason.' So there are men who no more grasp the truths which they seem to hold, than the twittering birds that have lighted on the metallic lines that convey the lightning, and yet sing on, unconscious of their danger. 'He heard the trumpet, but took not warning: his blood shall be upon him.'

"The dear little birds are innocent and safe, for not a sparrow falls to the ground but by God's providence. But the ignorant and unbelieving and presumptuous must take the consequences of the divine telegrams, which they deny by virtue of their reason. They are responsible. 'And he that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' 'He heard the trumpet, but took not warning: his blood shall be upon him.' The Proverbs and the Prophets carry the same divine messages to all mankind. 'But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.'"

That is God's lightning on the telegraph of his Word by the Prophet Ezekiel. "But he that taketh warning *shall deliver his soul.*" From what shall

he be delivered? FROM DYING IN HIS SINS, — the most dreadful penalty that God himself could threaten against a wicked immortal being. Plainly, the loss of immortality is in itself no penalty; but an immortality of evil is the most terrific of all realities that the human mind can possibly conceive.

And therefore God has revealed the consequences of sin in the plainest words that human language can command, whether in the Old or New Testament, whether in Hebrew or Greek, — the two primary languages in which the knowledge of God and of the eternal world was ever conveyed by divine inspiration to mankind.

An anecdote occurring within the experience of our own household, entitled "Packing up for Heaven," is an illustration of the simplicity and confidence of faith and trust, in the minds even of babes and sucklings, in regard to the teachings given them at the very earliest period, concerning God and heaven.

The little child was playing with its mother, and they were talking about heaven. The mother had been telling the child of the joys and glories of that happy world, — the beauty and glory of the angels with their shining wings, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl, the golden crowns, the harps, and the white robes, and the songs of redemption.

There is no sickness there, no pain nor death, nor sorrow nor sighing, for God shall wipe away all the tears from every eye; and there is no sin there, which makes all our trouble here, but perfect holiness. All will be holy, just as the Lord Jesus is holy, and all will be perfectly happy in heaven. All the good children will be there; for Jesus himself has said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Oh, what a happy world! There we shall see God, and love him, and rejoice in him, and God himself shall be with us and be our God.

> 'There we shall see his face,
> And never, never sin;
> And from the rivers of his grace
> Drink endless pleasures in.'

Oh, what a happy world! and how happy we all shall be when we once get there!"

"Oh, dear Mamma," said the child, jumping up at the thought of such a bright, happy place, and such happy company, "let us all go now; let us start now! Let us go right away to-night!"

"Oh, but we can't get ready to-night; we must wait a little! And besides, God is not ready for us to come yet; but when we must come, he will let us know."

"But why can't we get ready now? Oh, I should like to go now right up to heaven! Dear Mamma, let us go to-morrow."

"But, my dear child, we are not ready yet; and we must wait God's time, and when he is ready he will send for us."

"Well, dear Mamma, let us begin to *pack up now*, at any rate."

By the writing of this anecdote I was reminded of my own early experience in being quarantined from Constantinople in the plague-season.

"Here am I," my diary says, "in quarantine for my return to Europe, and for another oceanic voyage on my way HOME! Oh the beauty and the sweetness of that beloved English word *Home!* Shall I ever again realize it? *La Peste! La Peste!* It was supposed when I landed here, and had been well smoked, according to the laws of purification, that I had not yet escaped the plague, as my illness on board ship had revealed some dangerous indications of that terror! Have I then really been preserved from it? If we touch any late comer, our whole quarantine has to be renewed, or at least lengthened out enough to make it as long as his, the latest possible victim, or we cannot be regarded as fit for any healthful society. How then can it ever be known, in

this world of sin, misery, and falsehood, that we have ever been so purified as to be fitted for the society of heaven?"

What an instructive admonition for pilgrims journeying heavenward! When shall we be ready for heaven? Never on our own merits, nor on the testimony of all the quarantine or church certificates in the world; far less on the hope of another probation more merciful than that of the present life. We must be in Christ now, and find all our readiness and fitness in and from him, and only through his infinite mercy.

### *Letter from Mrs. Cheever to her beloved Niece in Shanghai, China.*

My very dear Annie, — Many thanks for your sweet, affectionate letter just received; and I hasten to tell you that I will copy the lines you so much desire and send them with an additional poem in a few days. I want to hear from China before I venture to forward them, for you may be banished from Shanghai, if a spirit of retaliation should be stirred up against foreigners for the inhuman treatment of the poor, unoffending Chinese in our country. I am bursting with indignation, and feel that it is a burning shame that it should have been allowed, and that our Government has been so indifferent to their sacred obligations of protecting them. We have suffered all the scums of Europe to come to our shores, for which we are now

paying dearly, and the industrious, honest Chinese are to be driven away. The command of Irish votes, under the control of the Papacy, is the whole secret; and our people are afraid of the Irish now that they have so much power by their votes. I have long felt that we were living over a volcano ready to burst at any moment; and the recent riots in New York and elsewhere are verifying our predictions.

The labor question is only a pretext for the introduction of Romanism to our country. The Pope has declared that he will have dominion here through Catholic-Irish votes, and it is too true. You will see by the papers how things are working. I suppose you see the American papers? But the "Herald" is all Irish, though I am glad it has lately been outspoken in favor of the Chinese. But the whole world is in commotion, and I think we are on the eve of some great crisis in the world's history, some fulfilment of the prophecies but little understood. Our only comfort is that the Lord reigns, and must overturn and overturn till He whose right it is shall reign forever.

I was glad — or rather delighted — that you had your dear uncle to preach for you, and wish you could in reality hear one of his close pungent sermons; such preaching is needed in these days. I want to send you and Shepherd one or two of his books, if you will direct me how to forward them. You both, I 'm sure, would enjoy the contents. I wrote dear Cousin Ann, and desired her to send you her photograph. I have a beautiful one of her taken before Mary's marriage to the Prince, which I hope he will send you. I hear from her quite often.

She writes charmingly. Is now over eighty, but bright and vigorous as ever. I have desired John Taylor to send you one of himself and wife, and also requested your Aunt Fanny's and the girls'. I wish you could see our darling Wyatt, who is now with us. He is John Taylor's youngest child, and a bright, beautiful boy. We love him dearly, and think he is a none-such. His prattle is charming.

I quite long to see your good, faithful Ahmar. What a valuable servant she must be! And yet such are not allowed admission to our country! It is outrageous. Tell her that I am always pleased to hear of her, and hope God will reward her for all her kindness to you and Shepherd, and that she will be among the redeemed in glory some day. Just think of sending back to China a Mandarin of wealth and position, because the Irish had forbidden him to land! Surely there will be trouble. I hope, dear Annie, that you and all your household will be kept in peace and safety, and ready for a better home in heaven, when summoned from this to join the bright spirits above. God bless you, is ever the prayer of

Your loving

AUNT LIZZIE.

*From a Letter of Mrs. Cheever to her Beloved Cousin in Germany concerning little Wyatt.*

DEAR COUSIN, — I don't see that there is any difference in our views on the question of instructing the poor; for we each and all feel and know that if the masses of the people anywhere throughout the world were instructed

and educated in the knowledge of God's Word, through faith in Christ our Saviour, all would be equally educated towards heaven. For the rule of heavenly love is, "Where there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but *Christ all and in all.*" Such a state on earth can never be possible unless those that are high become lowly, and all are willing to follow, in spirit and in truth, the wonderful declaration of our blessed Lord: "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet; for I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you!"

But not with the infinite hypocrisy and washing of the Pope and his Cardinals (imitated, as we have seen recently, by the Emperor of Austria) gathering a company of dirty beggars in public show for admiration, and then, themselves in purple robes, stooping to apply their royal fragrant towels, moistened from golden ewers, to feet already washed in preparation for this monstrous caricature! (See the description, in the Observer of the 12th of April, of that scene of ROYAL FOOT-WASHING.)

Does it not, dear cousin, seem incredible that any set of rational beings should seize upon the most wonderful symbol of Divine condescension, compassion, and love, and pervert it into a claim of human authority and power, in God's pretended Vicar on earth, to trample under foot the souls of the poor and needy? Just so the offering up of the Mass, as the sacrifice of the Son of God for the sins of the world, is an actual sacrifice of the deluded *masses*, in their ignorance, guilt, and superstition, to the

Man of Sin and Son of Perdition. Such profane and blasphemous falsehoods in assumption of the power on earth of forgiving sins, and absolving in the name of the Most High God, and with the claim of his infallibility, all souls that he can persuade, as in the time of Luther, to believe in such impostures! All this, along with the exclusion of the Bible from our common schools, at the bidding of the Romish priesthood! An insurance for life, that the children shall all grow up in the ignorance of their fathers, and sin on, in the same perversion of God's offer of salvation!

But now I must tell you something about the bright little cherub, our nephew's dear boy, Wyatt, who has taken possession of all our hearts so completely by his winning ways, as never any child of our acquaintance did before. I mention this, because I enclose for you a little photograph of him, taken in the Isle of Jersey about a year ago, and at this day quite a perfect likeness; and because my dear husband has found in him so remarkable an instance of the power with which the idea of God may seize and possess the mind of a child from the earliest period, though presented first only in the book of Nature, and in the question and its answer, Who made you? His aunt, I believe, was the first person that ever put the question to him, or attempted to instruct him in its answer; but the simplicity of his faith, and the wonder and solemnity, yet almost affectionate reverence and confidence, with which he has learned to refer sun, moon, and stars, father and mother, brother and sisters, and all good people and things to God, are a very beautiful proof that religion and the idea of God, if taught from the earliest

period, would be found as intelligible, in the dawnings of our infantile reason, as the workings of self-consciousness itself.

The other day little Wyatt, having unknowingly taken cold, was standing at a window, looking up toward the sky, his mother not dreaming of any illness; when he suddenly turned his face to her, and said, "Mamma, do you think if Wyatt was to die, God would take Wyatt up to heaven?" and without a moment of further warning fell down in a convulsion, which deprived him entirely of sense and motion. You may well suppose his parents were terrified beyond measure; but he was put immediately into a hot bath, and when the doctor arrived, was found quite restored to life and to his senses, and has since recovered to all appearance completely. Could any agency but that of the Spirit of God have been working in the mind and heart of the little fellow by that window of the mind looking up to heaven, co-present with a sudden sense of illness and nearness to death, when he asked that question? "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." God in Christ may often be dealing with children in their unuttered thoughts and questionings, which, when learned by the parents, if followed up with something of the divine tenderness, and love of Christ, accompanied with earnest prayer, would bring them very surely into his fold, and keep them from the paths of the Destroyer. That process of faith in the heart of every Christian mother would soon carry it out perfectly in faith and prayer, and by a mother's love teach the love of Jesus from earliest infancy; would itself still

the Enemy and Avenger by removing his intended victims beyond reach of his power, even amidst all temptations! When shall it once be?

Little Wyatt is certainly one of the brightest, sweetest, most captivating and attractive little minds ever set in its frame of immortality. So artless, yet inquisitive; so full of sensibility and feeling; so quick and intelligent in his perceptions; so rapid in the acquisition of language, and so swift to catch the meaning of new words, and so evidently thoughtful and correct in their use, when he can hardly pronounce them in his prattle; and he is so manly and at the same time so childlike, and not precocious, but so confiding and affectionate toward those who love him, and so quick to perceive and value their sincerity; such a lover of pictures and animals, from Jumbo down to our own chickens; discerning the artistic merits of the show; and asking the why and the how and the purpose of everything, — that we sometimes think, if his life is spared and he is not spoiled by over indulgence and affection, his promise will develop into some bright form of commanding and enduring genius. God grant it may be so!

So for dear little Wyatt's attractiveness as a child, and the expectations of his promised greatness. Now for one of his dear aunty's letters to the child when absent from her charge.

My dear, darling little Wyatt, my very dear boy, you don't know how much we love you, and how sorry we all are to hear of your sickness. But we hope, by our dear Lord's

tender mercy, you will soon be much better, and that we may see you again in health, and rejoice in all your prattle and *fun*. You well know how the dear Saviour loves little children, and all that he does for them is for their good; so you must not be troubled or afraid in your sickness, because Jesus himself is with you and watches over you. You remember how he once became a little child for your sake, and he knows the heart of a little child, and besides has given charge to his loving angels to take care of you and keep you as one of his little lambs. If he wishes to take you up to heaven while you are a little child, it is because he has a bright and blessed infant-school up there in the New Jerusalem, where he will put you in one of his dear loving classes, and hold you by the hand, and teach you, and show you all the bright treasures that he has in store for you.

There it will everywhere be so beautiful and bright and holy, that the city and the country everywhere will be safe and lovely, and so full of glory and of happy youthful saints, the children of his kingdom, that he says in the Bible that the very streets of the city, which are of pure gold, as clear as glass, shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof. The angels will love to play with you. Still, you need not be in a hurry to go, but only to have everything just as the Lord pleases, *when* and *how;* and we all want you to stay with us here just as long as God can spare you to us, and so we earnestly pray for you that our loving Jesus, who is the great physician for us all, may give you life, health, and strength, to make us all yet more happy in your happiness, and in all your sweet and winning ways with us on earth, and then, when-

ever he pleases, he will take us all to heaven, if we only learn to trust him and love him, and try always to please him while here below. Meantime, may our dear merciful Saviour make you sweetly patient, gentle, submissive, and happy under his loving discipline, which older people find it very hard sometimes to bear.

My darling child, if I were not afraid of tiring you by too long a letter while you are so ill, I would tell you something about your bright and cheery little bantam, and how he goes about among the hens, crowing like the biggest rooster and shining like a peacock, — his wings are so beautifully colored, red, yellow, and gold. He is one of the prettiest, sweetest little fellows you ever saw, and he stands up so firm and soldier-like when he crows, and pours forth his musical voice with such evident pleasure and artless pride that it is a sight worth coming from Stamford to see. And now, dearest boy, may God grant you new health and strength to come and see for yourself, as soon as you are well enough, what a blessed robe of loveliness the spring season is throwing over everything. The birds are building their nests already, and the buds will soon break forth in blossoms, oh, how sweet and fragrant! God bless you and keep you, dear Wyatt, and your dear parents, and all the dear children, and make you all well and happy forevermore. This is the prayer of

Your tenderly loving, anxious Aunt and Uncle.

*Another Letter during Wyatt's Absence.*

My darling Wyatt, — I am very lonely, and long to see you. We all miss you, and hope you will be ready to come back in *two* weeks, for we cannot live all winter without seeing your *dear*, *bright* little face. Your dear uncle wants you back too, and we hope you will feel willing to come, and will be a good little boy and a comfort to us. Your little bantam comes every morning for some crumbs, and reminds me of your dear little self. H—— says it seems very lonely at the barn and wood-house without seeing you. John arrived last evening, and we hope to see him to-day; if he brings anything for you I will send it. I am sorry you did not take your ship in the bag, so as to let Hiram see it. It was a beautiful gift from Maria. Let your mamma see your book from Mrs. F——. We have the toys you left, all in a safe place with the tools, which you will need when you come back. I was in hopes we should have some snow yesterday, so you and Hiram could enjoy coasting. I will have a new sled for you when you return, and other things. Good-by. Evelina and Maria send you a great deal of love, and your dear uncle sends a thousand kisses with mine.

Ever your loving Aunty.

Beware of dogs; and don't take cold.

*His Aunty's Letter of Invitation.*

When will you, my own dear little Wyatt, be ready and willing to come back to us? We cannot wait till spring, for we want to see you so much; we are very lonely

without you, and want to see your bright little face and hear you talk. We hope you have done with striking, and are willing to obey. You can be the best little boy in the whole world if you will quit all naughty little ways. God will love and bless you, and everybody will love you, and you will grow up a good and useful man, if God spares you. So try, dear little Wyatt, and tell Hiram to try also, and Zenobia, and Bessie.

We will not mind your noise, and would rather hear it, if you are not too boisterous, than the stillness now in our house. The servants say so too; and they want you back. Maria and Evelina send their love to you, and will be delighted to see you. We are all ready to welcome you back. The ice is thick on the pond, and we have plenty of snow, and you shall have a beautiful sled, and choose it yourself, and there will be plenty of boys and girls to skate on the pond.

I must now tell you something that will make you laugh. Our little kitten is getting very playful and mischievous. She lately jumps on Daisy's back and plays with Daisy's tail. Daisy was very uneasy at first in having her tail pulled by the kitten, but does n't seem to mind it now. The kitten follows the man-servant all about, and goes into the chicken-house and jumps on the roosting-poles with the chickens. Your uncle says she is the prettiest and most playful little kitten he ever saw, and he loves to watch her at play. Now, do come back, dear little Wyatt, as soon as your dear mamma and papa can spare you? You can go home again for a visit any day, and I will pay all the expenses of your trip. We are having a good many eggs now, and you can sell them, for we

can get fifty cents a dozen; and you shall have the money. We want you to find the eggs and chase away the pigs. Love and kisses to you all from your loving Aunty; and Uncle sends you his kisses the same with hers.

My dear little Wyatt, — I want to tell you what your dear uncle dreamed about you last night, which will, I am sure, please you. He told it to Zenobia and your aunty this morning.

He dreamed that Wyatt's papa and himself, with dear little Wyatt, went out on the river in a boat sailing, and a terrible fog came on, and they could hardly see, and were afraid they would never reach land; but they all pulled hard for the shore, and God brought them safely home at last. When they got home, all felt very tired, and their clothes were all wet, and Uncle said little Wyatt must be put in bed, for he was so tired and sleepy. But not so! Little Wyatt said, "I must pray to God first;" and down he went on his little knees, and with uplifted hands thanked God for his kind care.

Uncle said dear little Wyatt looked like an angel, with his little white nightgown on, and his dear little hands raised to Heaven.

*A Child's Prayer, written for Wyatt.*

O merciful Heavenly Father, may a little child like me venture to call thee mine? Oh, make me thine, thy dear, loving child, cleansed from all sin and forgiven for Jesus' sake, who died for me that I might live forever in heaven with the angels of God and all the dear, loving

children in thy heavenly kingdom. Oh, take my heart and make it pure and holy, and take away all evil thoughts and feelings out of it. Teach me, O Lord, and give me grace to love my God and Saviour with all my heart and soul and strength, and my neighbor as myself. May I be meek and lowly, and of gentle mind and manners, and loving God and his sweet and blessed word in the Bible, as Jesus did when he was a little child on earth, and lived and died for us, that we might be like him, and love him, and be kept and loved by him forever. Make me always loving and obedient to my dear father and mother, and tender and gentle and loving to my dear brothers and sisters. Make me good and kind and patient and true to all my playmates, and to everybody around me, for Jesus' sake. Show me how to believe in him, and teach me to pray always, in his dear name, trusting in him. Keep me always in his love, and give me more and more of his blessed Spirit, every day on earth; and when I die, take me, O Father, washed in his most precious blood, a lamb of his fold, to be forever with him, and with all his redeemed little ones in the kingdom of heaven.

## CHAPTER IV.

Letters on the Sickness and Death of our Beloved Mother. — Description of her Character and Example in Life. — The Death and Burial at Sea of her Youngest Son, Dr. Nathaniel Cheever.

WE change the scene and argument of these Memorials to an experience of sorrow and a discipline of divine mercy and grace. It was the sickness and death of our beloved mother, and the visions of heavenly hope and happiness given for our comfort. As justly descriptive of her character, we copy a notice written by a relative in Cambridge, Mass., on the event of her death in Greenport, L. I.

The writer says "he will attempt a portrait of her, as the picture appears distinct and beautiful before his own mind. With such an example before them, let the mothers in Israel, left with children to care for and educate, take courage and go forward, putting their trust in God."

"Mrs. Cheever was born in the ancient town of York, in the State of Maine. This town was settled by some of the best families that England contributed to the New

World. The name and family of Barrell was one of the most honorable and numerous. This was Mrs. Cheever's maiden name; she was married to Mr. Nathaniel Cheever, of Hallowell, Me. This was the place of Mrs. Cheever's residence for the greater part of her life. Here her character was matured, known, and loved; here with her the great battle of life was fought and the victory won; here she experienced the sunshine and the storm which gave strength and beauty to her many excellences.

"Her husband, one of the most estimable and excellent of men, was soon established in a prosperous business; and she became the happy mother of seven children. Life was all brightness and hope. Then came her first heavy sorrow, — a son, a very promising and lovely lad, eleven years old, suddenly dropped through the ice while skating, and was drowned. No blow to a fond and doting mother could be more terrible and prostrating than this. The shock was severe and the mourning was perpetual; but by the grace of God renewing her soul, she was brought thereby to a serene and tranquil resignation to the divine will. Four years after this event her husband died of consumption, in Augusta, Ga., — whither he had repaired for his health, — and left a sad but not desponding household. There the true and genuine woman, the sincere Christian, the devoted and tender mother, shone forth in the life of Mrs. Cheever. Administering with great wisdom the moderate but sufficient fortune left by her husband, she was at once the protector, guide, example, and teacher of her children. For many years the mansion under the elm was the abode of cheerful industry, the

centre of the warmest affections, a source of streams of piety and knowledge, now and long hence to make the hearts of many glad.

"Mrs. Cheever during all this period seemed to live a fourfold life, in each of which she accomplished more than many devoted to a single one of them. She had a life 'hid with Christ in God.' In the exercises of devotion, in the acquisitions of religious knowledge, she did the work of an ordinary life. In domestic cares, by wisdom in planning and great skill in accomplishing, she did the work of a day in a few hours. There, as teacher of, and scholar with, her children, she did so much that to a stranger it seemed the whole business of life. In all the social relations Mrs. Cheever was a bright, radiant centre. In conversational powers and intelligence she had but few equals. There was a radiance of countenance, flashes of wit, pleasant repartee, that delighted all, while they wounded none. She had the patience of the most schooled and disciplined of philosophers, with all the buoyancy and sprightliness of the most joyous poets. Her presence was a perpetual sunshine; her memory like those beautiful clouds on which the last rays of evening fall, but not, like those clouds, ever to fade from the memory of those who knew and loved her. Her duty was always her delight; the harvest of her labors a rich reward. There were four elements that constituted the strength and glory of her character, — her piety, sincerity, perseverance, and cheerfulness.

"Her last severe trial, — the death at sea of her invalid son, the 'beloved physician,' — and the suffering consequent upon it, were remarkably sanctified to her. The

work of grace was evidently deeper and her faith stronger; the promises of God were sweeter than ever before. In her residence with her son at Greenport, though transplanted like a noble vine to a stranger soil, she is said to have taken root downward and borne fruit upward. She endeared herself greatly to the people of God there by her cheerful tone, her genial benevolence, earnest devotion, and youthful zeal in the cause of her Master. Her loss to the Congregational Church, as a mother in Israel, is very deeply felt. Her memory is hallowed. She departed in the full possession of all her faculties. Her death-bed was bright and glorious by the presence of her Saviour.

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that leads to heaven.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look:
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book;

"The measure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love."

In connection with the above notices we present some extracts from a volume by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, prepared from the journals, diary, and letters of our beloved brother Nathaniel, — a work

published, in two editions, by Mr. Charles Scribner, in New York, in 1851, — a work that we could wish might be found, on account of its sacred, educational, and prayerful lessons, in every Sabbath-school library and in every household. From our brother's youthful experience, later sufferings, and peaceful death and burial at sea, we choose a few paragraphs, introductory to the letters from Greenport, where our beloved mother had resided a few years with her son Henry, then the pastor of the Congregational church in that village: —

"His first vivid religious impressions under preaching are believed to have been when eight years of age. He then spent much time in prayer by himself, and he would talk and pray with his schoolmates one by one. In due time God delivered him from all disquieting fears, doubts, and regrets; and cheerful activity in his Master's service, at every relaxation of disease, characterized his course for many years. He used to visit a cabinet-maker's shop, where were several young men, and one or two lads near his own age, in the hope of engaging their attention to serious things. One morning, coming in from them, grieved at having heard profane language, and feeling that he ought to have said something to the person uttering it, he could not be satisfied until, finding the 'Swearer's Prayer,' and going back with the tract to the shop, he gave it, with a few words of expostulation, to the young man. They gave him the designation of 'The Little Mis-

sionary,' by way of ridicule; but this did not prevent his earnest desires for their conversion, and ingenuous efforts in their behalf.

"His regard for the Sabbath all through his youth was peculiar; his grief in its profanation often expressed; and he was frequently known to take a tract upon the claims of the Sabbath, and go out to give it to persons who were desecrating the holy day. No one could refuse to listen to a word of remonstrance from one so young and interesting in his personal appearance. In the absence of both his brothers at this time, he resorted, as by a social necessity, to more intimate self-communications with his mother and sister; such being the frankness and affection of his character by grace and nature, that his mental exercises and emotions must be shared by others in order to be enjoyed by himself.

"Many hours were spent at his bedside, after he had retired for the night, in delightful converse. We have often regretted that some record was not preserved of those nightly conversations. So attractive and heavenly would he often be, it was difficult to leave him. His mother sometimes in his early sickness would express her sorrow in leaving him alone through the night. Once, in particular, he sweetly answered her, in the words of Scripture, as was his manner, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in the Lord.' His early development of faith and devout emotion was no less remarkable than his religious activity. His Christian character, at the first youthful period, when the hand of disease was laid on him so heavily, was signalized by a great love of personal labor for the conversion of those to whom he could gain access. With a

few tracts in his hand he would pursue his walks, and speak fervently to those to whom he presented them; and the very sight of one so young and so feeble, engaged in such a work with such simplicity and earnestness, had great power.

"So deeply had this habit taken possession of his being, that at times it seemed uppermost even in his dreams. His mother was accustomed to leave a cane by his bedside, that he might knock in the night, should any assistance be needed, under a paroxysm of disease. One night a loud knocking was heard; and the family, having hastened to him, found him still asleep, but with the cane in his hand, as if calling for assistance. When it was inquired what he wanted, 'Mother,' was his earnest, unconscious exclamation, 'I can't make sinners hear! I can't make sinners hear!'

"On one occasion his sister had been out for the afternoon, and did not return till the latter part of the evening. It was in the summer. He had retired, being fatigued with the day's exertion, though at that time better than usual in health. As was always our custom, his room was the first place sought in coming home. She went to tell him of the visit, and convey the messages of Christian friends. He was full of animation and hope; had been to Gardiner to visit the iron-foundry during the day, and his mind was much excited with the thoughts started by what he had seen. In giving an account of it, said he: 'When looking into the heated furnace, with the red ore, I thought of the three worthies who were cast into the one seven times heated; and I felt, as I gazed upon the burning flames, that if Christ should call me, I could go through

them without fear.' Such was his joyous experience at that time of the love of Christ. A little after this, while suffering severely under an attack of asthma, he was asked by one of the family, who was going to visit a beloved relative, what message she should carry from him. 'Tell her,' was his immediate reply, in the manner peculiar to himself, — 'tell her, with my love, that the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me, yet I rejoice in him daily.'

"Sacred music, by the voice and piano, was a delight and solace to him in his affliction. The hallowed language of praise and adoration was often upon his lips; and his voice, thrilled by feeling, was full of melody. One morning, when he was more than ordinarily under the power of disease, and panting for breath, his mother had left the room upon his partial recovery from a severe coughing-spell. It was but a few minutes after that she was arrested by the sound of singing from his apartment; it was his own voice, lifted in praise for relief, warbling its gratitude in that verse of Watts: —

> 'I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life and thought and being last,
> Or immortality endures.'

"The scene has closed in mid-ocean. At sea in that little cabin, amidst the storm, and in extreme weakness, though, by the mercy of God, with but little suffering, and in a spirit of calm, sweet confidence in the Redeemer, the last dying struggle of life has been passed through, and the soul has winged its way to heaven. What a blissful

change, from an existence the protracted effort of which was a conflict with disease and suffering, and one continued trial of faith and patience, to the unclouded presence and perfect likeness of Christ, in a world of uninterrupted holiness, happiness, and glory.

> 'Now planted in a world of light,
> Unfolding into perfect bliss,
> Oh, who shall mourn the early flight,
> In Christ so beautiful and bright,
> That drew him from a world like this?'

"One after another the treasured hopes and expectations of our dear brother were disappointed till the last that was left was the longing desire to see once more his beloved mother and sister, and, if it might please God, to die among his kindred. But even when every earthly hope is taken away, how completely and calmly can Jesus satisfy the soul! Here, at length, God made it easy for him to dismiss the last desire of life, and submissively and serenely to know that never again on earth would he see the faces of those so dear to him. There was no conflict at last; all he had to do was gently to fall asleep in Jesus.

"Once, early in life, amidst the sufferings of his disease, our beloved brother wrote an essay on the characteristics of true resignation to God's will, in answer to a question proposed by his sister. In the course of it he alluded to the trying event of a death and burial at sea, and the glorious hope of the Resurrection, — the same hope for friends far away, as for those whose green grassy mounds we visit in the graveyard of our native village. It is affect-

ing now to read that passage; it seems a long, yet not sad presentiment of what might be his own fate. What matter where, since Christ is still the same, in his grace and saving power, on the sea as on the land? How many dear forms lie shrouded there for the Resurrection! But the sea shall give up her dead; and God's angels can watch them there as securely as beneath heaven's crystal atmosphere. The voice of the ocean is a great cradle hymn, by the music of which the dead may slumber. In the roar of its tempest thunder, or in the calm and mighty sweep of its undulating billows, or in the beating of its surges on a rock-bound shore, or in the solemn tramp of its tides upon the long white lonely beach, it is a perpetual requiem.

"O thou that goest forth upon its waters, drooping and sad, so embark that if thine appointed resting-place should be a bed beneath the deep, thou too mayst sleep in Jesus! Go forth, trusting in him; into his hands commit thy spirit; day by day, while thou breathest the air of the sea, let the breath of prayer ascend to God by faith in Jesus. So shalt thou be at peace; and whether in storm or calm, all winds and waves shall be to thee the voice of God in mercy. 'Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God.'"

GREENPORT, Monday evening, January, 1853.

DEAREST, DEAREST LIZZIE, — Our dear mother still lives; and by the wonderful manner in which the grace of Christ has been vouchsafed to her and manifested in her, we have all been carried quite to the verge of heaven. I

could fill several sheets of paper with her expressions of ineffable peace in God and confidence in her Redeemer, but I am almost too much exhausted to collect and note them down. They have dropped from an overflowing heart in so natural, serene, and simple a way, and with such a heavenly radiance upon her countenance, that you would have felt it an unspeakable privilege to look upon her and to listen to her. Several times an unexpected occasion or remark has led on to a conversation in which I have witnessed more of heaven upon earth than I ever before beheld in any sick-room or "chamber where the good man meets his fate." Oh, how I have wished that you could have been present! Yet it would have been too much for you; and for your health's sake I am glad you are not in a household of so much anxiety and suffering, though at the same time of so much consolation and peace.

I told you before that dear mother was happy in the prospect of death. She said that the terrors of death were entirely taken away, and that her confidence in Jesus was unwavering and her peace entire. The text was repeated, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on thee." "Perfect peace!" she responded, with a smile of such radiance that it was inexpressibly delightful. "Oh," exclaimed she, "I long to be at rest, —

> 'This mortal tenement to quit,
> That I may be with God!'

You must not pray for my recovery. I take my staff and travel on. 'He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.'

'If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And leads me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.'

I never thought to realize so much of his presence and his love."

She was frequently repeating some of Watts's most beautiful stanzas, and said, —

"'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'"

To-night I said to her, "Dear mother, amidst all your sufferings, your mind does not seem to have wandered from the Saviour at all." "NOT IN THE LEAST," was the answer, in a slow, emphatic, grateful utterance, so full of the expression of deep peace that it was as the voice of an angel. One of us repeated the text, "I know in whom I have believed." "I know in whom I DO believe," was the answer. We repeated the passage, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation," etc. "Oh, blessed, precious passage!" she exclaimed. We repeated the text, "O death, where is thy sting?" etc. Then she answered: "Yes, the sting of death is sin; but praised be God, he has taken the sting of death entirely away. Perfect peace!"

One of those present, thinking to awaken an association of delight in the thought of meeting dear ones in heaven who have gone before, said, "You will meet your dear Nathaniel there." "I shall meet Christ there," was the serene and gentle answer. Then she said, "I long, oh, I long to be there!" Then the expressions of her own unworthiness were most affecting; and her gratitude for the

divine mercy, and for every token of kindness bestowed by those around her, and her words of deep affection for the church and people, and especially for some whose Christian character she had intimately known, were most impressive and delightful. Gratitude was always one of her ruling traits of character. It is impossible to describe how affectingly it has been manifested. Amidst her great sufferings, not a complaint nor expression of impatience has escaped her, but always there has been the same radiant manifestation of peace. Sometimes she would repeat a stanza of an old Methodist hymn, —

> "'Oh, how happy are they
> Who their Saviour obey,
> And have laid up their treasure above!'

That sweet comfort is mine," and there stopped; and on another occasion said that she wished she could tell us some of the things of which her mind was full.

But I give you a most imperfect and inadequate idea of the beauty, sweetness, and serenity of this exhibition of the power of a Saviour's love to take away the terrors of the grave, and afford some little foretaste of heaven. Some one asked if her head pained her greatly, and she said, "Yes, but I shall soon be where it will cease to ache forever." All these things, in her weak and suffering state, and with great difficulty of articulation, have been exceedingly affecting and impressive. And then such sweet messages of love and kindness!

Dearest Lizzie, you cannot tell how affectionately she spoke of you. I told her how much you loved her. "I know it," said she; "I know that she loves me, and I love

her dearly." And then she added, "I can say before God that I have loved her ever since I knew her. I believe she is one of God's true disciples. I love her dearly! I love her dearly! I only regret that she could not have been more with us here at Greenport. I hope that she and George will be happier together than ever." Oh, my dearest wife! I wish you could have heard her accents, — the deep tenderness of them, the depth of feeling and meaning every word carried, and could have seen the ineffable sweetness of her face, the radiant peace and love beaming in it.

And all this amidst anguish and oppression and suffering of body such as we have not been able to understand! For her disease baffles all examination and effort. Nothing has the least effect upon it. Indeed, she cannot swallow anything, not even the smallest quantity of liquid, without great pain, and consequently can take little or no nourishment.

But I will not trouble you with this. We cannot tell how soon the scene will end. Dear mother has not had the least hope of recovery from the beginning, and lately not the least wish. But oh, the anguish of beholding her sufferings without being able to alleviate them! and oh, the bitterness of parting with so dear a mother! I cannot tell when I shall be home. I am to write to Poughkeepsie that I cannot be there to lecture on Friday evening. Dearest Lizzie, be careful of yourself; and may our dear Lord keep you as in the hollow of his hand. I wish I could get a letter from you.

Ever most affectionately your loving husband,

GEORGE.

GREENPORT, Tuesday evening, January, 1853.

DEAREST LIZZIE, — Our dear, dear mother is almost home. Last night was a night of distress, but not so great as before, and caused partly by the great effort of the hour of sacred heavenly conversation in the evening, in which such clearness of mind and celestial light and peace were vouchsafed that nothing in all our experience, and few things that we have even read of, could surpass it. To-day she has been sinking fast, the power of consciousness gradually declining; and now at any moment she may cease to breathe. I shall continue the record which was begun in my letter of yesterday. She said again, —

"'I long, oh, I long to be there!'"

Elizabeth continued, —

"'I long to put on my attire
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir
And tune my sweet harp to his name!'"

Then it was evident that the hymn was passing through her mind: —

"'Hark, they whisper! Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!'"

I told her she was going to Mount Zion above, and to the innumerable company of angels, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and that God had said, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God also bring with him." "Oh," exclaimed she, "that is the best thing I have!"

Allusion was made to her sleeping, as perhaps a favorable symptom. "Yes," said she, "'If he sleep, he shall do well.'" I said, "'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'" "Oh, yes!" was her sweet response, "I am sure of that; I have that assurance!" So many of the hymns of Watts were on her lips at intervals, that Elizabeth spoke of the comfort of having them so early and so long familiar. "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "they are in my soul! I wish I could tell you some of the things that are there!" Once she exclaimed amidst her suffering, —

"'Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive,
And let a mourning sinner live!'"

She said, "I have been indifferent, or had been growing indifferent, but He has brought me back.

'If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim.'"

When the words of the hymn, "Behold, what wondrous love," were suggested, she said, —

"'Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.'"

And then she added, with a lighting up of the countenance by a smile so full of radiant, heavenly peace that nothing can describe it, —

"'A hope so much divine
May trials well endure!'"

There was a poem which she used often to quote, — especially the lines,

> "Infinite Goodness teaches us submission," etc.

Yesterday she repeated the words from it,

> "Death will invade us by the means appointed,
> And we must all bow to the King of Terrors;
> Nor am I anxious, if I be prepared,
> What shape he comes in."

It is an old poem which was written, I believe, during the Revolutionary War; and fifty years ago it used to be still sung in some parts of our country. Into how many hearts religious sayings and impressions are thus sometimes carried, in different and widely remote places, by a single stray poem! It was republished not long since in one of the newspapers, and dear mother was greatly delighted to see it.

In the first of this illness there was mingled an exquisite playfulness in her manner and expressions, a mixture of tenderness, gentleness, resignation, cheerfulness, and love, exceedingly remarkable. She would sometimes answer our persuasions for her to take some medicine or nourishment with snatches of poetry that came to her mind by some appropriate connection, sometimes amusing and then again serious. But she seemed to have a deep abiding conviction that it was utterly vain to attempt to do anything for her recovery, nor did she desire it. As the disease advanced, she seemed surprised that she continued in life so long. Once she awaked out of a deep interval of slumber, and exclaimed, "I am almost equal to Daniel Webster; is it possible that I am still alive?" And at

another time she said, "I have lain here thinking so much of what Mr. Webster said, — 'I still live!'" She repeated the verse, —

> "'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
> Or sinks them in the grave;
> He gives, and — blessed be his name! —
> He takes but what he gave."

and that other stanza, —

> "The dear delights we here enjoy
> And fondly call our own,
> Are but short favors borrowed now,
> To be repaid anon."

And then she spoke of the Lord's unspeakable goodness, and added with a deep and heavenly fervor of grateful love, —

> "'Good when he gives, supremely good;
> Nor less when he denies.
> E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
> Are blessings in disguise.'"

"He is a refuge in distress, a precious Saviour, — yes, a precious Saviour!" Her heart was full of grateful love. The least thing done for her she remembered and spoke of with a thankfulness that was truly affecting. She was continually speaking of the kindness of Henry's people. She had made him from the outset keep a record of everything received, partly that nothing might be forgotten or neglected, and partly to see how kind the people were. Her tenderness and affection towards the servant-girl Catherine were very striking. Catherine was weeping as though her heart would break, while dear mother was

feebly articulating some parting messages of love. "Oh," exclaimed she, "why should any of you weep? Let there be no weeping."

She then told Catherine how she had borne her on her heart, and what full confidence she felt that she would be brought into the fold of Christ, adding that she had long felt this, and had prayed for her. She spoke of the unconverted, and said, "My heart yearns after them." She spoke of her happiness while here at Greenport among Henry's people, and said that she had been perfectly happy, and blessed God that he had brought her here to live. She spoke of one of the most spiritual among the members of the church, and said, "She is one of the salt of the earth. I wish I could now see her and take her to my arms."

She had sometimes expressed a desire, whenever she should die, to be buried by the grave of her father, in the place of her birth and childhood, in the family graveyard on the farm in York. When this was suggested to her, and she was asked if there was any particular place where she desired to lie, she answered, "Oh, no matter where! no matter where!" I then repeated the verse, —

"God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine."

The hymn met her feeling perfectly.

It is the testimony of all who have known her that our dear mother has been growing in grace deeply, remarkably, since she has been here. It is astonishing what a hold she had got of the affections of the people, and with what tenderness and benevolent love her heart cleaved to them. It is a most remarkable instance of so aged a person, transplanted like an old tree, and taking root downward and bearing fruit upward, becoming so endeared to the strange soil. It is the power of heavenly grace, along with that native disposition of strong and grateful attachment that has everywhere and always marked dear mother's character. But of late especially God has been making her useful, and at the same time rapidly preparing her for himself.

Now, dearest love, I must bid you good-night, hoping to write again to-morrow. The Lord be with you, and keep you from all evil.

Your loving husband, GEORGE.

*From a Letter Retrospective, after the Closing Scenes.*

GREENPORT, January.

IT has been a great happiness to dear mother to have Cousin Charlotte with her. I believe the only tears she has shed during her illness were tears of joy when she beheld Charlotte's face. Long ago she had made her promise that if it were possible she would be with her in her last illness, and now it was a remarkable providence of God's mercy that brought her here. Dear mother said to Catherine, as she saw Cousin Charlotte leaving the room for a moment, "There she goes, like a heavenly angel flitting round the house!" It was affect-

ing to see the combined gentleness, playfulness, and tender love with which — though it cost her a severe effort, attended with great suffering — she would yield to our urgent importunity to swallow some little nourishment or liquid. Sometimes when she succeeded in swallowing two or three times successively, I would say, "There, dear mother, that is well done; that is noble, that is good." Then she said, with a sweet smile, "See how George is praising me! He thinks he can succeed in that way." Another time, when we could not persuade her to try again to swallow a spoonful of some liquid after an unsuccessful effort, she remarked, with a gentle, smiling, patient look, on the impossibility of moving a stubborn will, and repeated a stanza from some quaint old ballad, running somewhat as follows: —

"You may mistake the way you take
Your wishes to obtain;
For me to wed against my will,
It is a thing in vain."

Then again, with a great effort, she would conquer the repugnance, which seemed like that of a person afflicted with hydrophobia, and would endeavor to swallow once or twice, but it seemed almost impossible. Yet she did not complain of pain, and could not describe the anguish: we knew it only by the sight of it, and amidst it all her face beamed upon us successively with such a celestial radiance of benignant, compassionate, unutterable love, that I never saw anything which seemed so to realize the expression, "His face was as it had been the face of an angel." It was indeed a truly angelic

smile, such a sense of peace and love conveyed in it as cannot be imagined.

After a night of great suffering, dear mother said to Elizabeth, "I felt in the night as if I had been torn asunder, and thrown about in pieces. My mouth seemed tossed in one place, my nose in another, my eyes in another; but still *I felt that God was whole,* and I could rest my soul on him, my Rock, and was comforted." Not even a temptation to distrust or unbelief, or doubt of God's love, seems to have been presented to her mind. The enemy has been as still as a stone while she has passed over Jordan. It has been unspeakably delightful to witness such serene and undisturbed repose, as of a child, on the bosom of the Saviour.

It is remarkable that not even the parting with her children, though she loved us all with such depth and strength of attachment, has been presented to her mind as an element of trouble or sorrow. The light from heaven has transfigured even that, and, with all her expressions of love, not a pang at the thought of the separation has seemed to be experienced. How entirely the sting of death is taken away, and the darkness of the grave illuminated, by such glory! The painfulness of the blow to us, and the anguish of the separation even for Elizabeth, is so diminished, that our thankfulness to God for such a death, and the sacred, solemn joy of such experience triumph over the desolation and the sorrow. But oh, the loss of such a mother, especially to dear Elizabeth, who has been inseparably with her, through trial and blessings, for more than thirty years!

Dear mother's flowers — the plants that she loved to tend, and watch their growth and budding and blossoming — stand in the windows and seem as if they too would speak and tell us of their desolation. You know how she loved them, and some of them you gave her. I never knew a person who had a more unaffected, untaught, native love of flowers, and as strong and fresh in her age as in her youth, undiminished to the last. And the simplest modest flowers were to her the most beautiful. You know how much she thought of the morning-glory; how she would call me to admire her flowers, to tell me how beautiful they were, and make me share in her enjoyment. "Come and see my morning-glory," she would say. "But you do not look at it: I want you to admire it, — I want you to see how beautiful it is. I have counted at least fifty blossoms that have bloomed upon it this season." There was a lily that she watched, hoping it would bloom by New-Year's Day; but it did not, and to-day the blossom is withering and falling off.

Dear mother's love of Nature, and her deep enjoyment of its scenes, were as fresh and vivid at seventy-five as ever. Oh, how she enjoyed the sight of this moon upon the water, from her window that overlooked the lovely prospect! and the sunsets, and the bright days of autumn, and all the seasons and their changes! Once during her illness, and in the midst of pain, some allusion having brought to mind the scenes of early morning, she referred to one of Mr. Webster's letters from the country as descriptive of her feelings. And again on some occasion, in reference to her enjoyment of animated Nature.

she said, "Oh, yes, I love the fowls that flutter at the door." And indeed she enjoyed everything that God has made, and never more gratefully than during the period of her abode at Greenport.

And now she is gone! The evening before her death it was a lovely sunset. I went out from the sick-room; and as I gazed upon the beautiful sky, so full of glory, it seemed to me very solemn. There was an awe in the evening light that I never felt before, and I thought, if I should see the sunset without a mother on earth, it would never look to me as it did before. To-day it is fitfully snowing, and all Nature is desolate; but dear mother has passed where

> ". . . everlasting spring abides,
> And never-fading flowers."

Do you not suppose that these sensibilities of ours, so keenly alive to the impressions of beauty and loveliness from God's works in this lower world, will thrill with ecstasy, similar in kind but far greater in degree, in the vision of God's glorious works in other worlds? How can there be a doubt of it? And how happy are they to whom communion with God was dear and delightful through his works as well as his word here, when the soul beholds his works no longer through the veil of flesh and sense, and when they behold him, no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face! And oh, if ecstatic communion with God is possible here in the midst of the greatest pain, the most intense physical and nervous suffering, what must it be to commune with him there, not only without pain, but freed from all sin, and with angelic sense and vision!

Dear mother loved the poor, and was always doing them good, and always happy in such benevolence. She spoke of this happiness during her illness, and on one occasion remarked: "I have always been thankful that God never suffered me to live where there were no poor. When we first came to Greenport we inquired about the poor, and some told us there were no poor here; but we soon found them out. I never desire to be where there are no poor." Yet there are no poor in heaven; all are rich. And yet there must be employment there too for this spirit of benevolence, this sympathy with suffering and distress. Who can tell? There is a reward for it, most certainly, whenever and wherever exercised, and a happiness in it infinitely great. There is the spirit that *would* sympathize if ever occasion were presented. May not our Blessed Lord have added: "Secure and improve your precious opportunities of such charity. The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always. And inasmuch as ye have given the cup of such blessing to one of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

The poor, the friendless, the broken-hearted, and the little children, Jesus always loved as his own. The children rejoicing at his presence in the temple, and shouting with their sweet voices "Hosanna to the Son of David!" were many of them little ones that had experienced his loving-kindness and his blessing. On many of them he had laid his hands, saying at the same time to those looking on around him: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as a

little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive *one* such little child *in my name receiveth me.* Take heed that ye despise not *one of these little ones;* for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

If you, O man! of Death are bound in dread,
Come to this chamber, sit beside this bed;
See how the name of Christ, breathed o'er the heart,
Makes the soul smile at Death's uplifted dart.

The air to sense is close that fills the room,
But angel forms are waving through the gloom;
The feeble pulse leaps up as 't would expire,
But Christ still watches the Refiner's fire.

Life comes and goes, — the spirit lingers on:
'T is over! — no, the conflict 's not quite done;
For Christ will work till of life's sinful stain
No spot nor wrinkle on the soul remain.

He views his image now: the victory 's won;
The last dark shadow from his child is drawn;
The veil is rent away. Eternal grace!
The soul beholds its Saviour face to face.

Is this Death's seal? Th' impression, oh, how fair!
Look, what a radiant smile is playing there!
That was the soul's farewell, — the sacred dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just.

Call not the mourners when the Christian dies,
While angels shout him welcome to the skies;
Mourn rather for the living dead on earth,
Who nothing care for his celestial birth.

Death to the bedside came his prey to hold, —
All he could touch was but the earthly mould:
This to its native ashes men convey;
The freed soul rises to eternal day!

## CHAPTER V.

THE POWERS, DUTIES, AND PRIVILEGES OF THE MOTHERS OF MANKIND.—THE TRAINING OF THE CONSCIENCE TOWARD GOD THE FIRST DUTY, BOTH FOR PARENTS AND THE STATE.—ALL LAWS AGAINST SUCH EDUCATION ARE BLASPHEMOUS.

WHEN we consider the qualities of character requisite in heart and mind for the successful instruction of children from infancy,—the gentleness, tenderness, patience, forbearance, sympathy, depth, and fervor of maternal love; the purity and delicacy of taste; the wisdom of experience, and the worth of the habit of self-sacrifice; the sense of justice, truth, and impartiality; the accuracy of observation and judgment in the early development and treatment of character; we find a multitude of elements, the possession and wise exercise of which would be a perpetual source of happiness, making the whole life of the little ones an opening into Paradise. Nothing can be considered more delightful.

It was this that made such an existence, in the merciful providence of God, a conscious joy, almost as that of guardian angels. If we might

conceive of a pure, deep fountain of living water in the desert, every drop of which possessed a self-consciousness of the happiness, the beauty, and freshness of the life it was the means of creating and sustaining, the verdure, the fragrance of the flowers, and the refreshment and invigorating influences upon the thirsty travellers, and the gratitude of so many hearts lifted up to God the Giver of all such good:—there could be no extravagance in such a picture. It would be something like a life portraiture of our Blessed Lord's infancy and childhood, and of the perfect blossoming traits of maternal wisdom, anxiety, and love from the moment when, with wondering ecstasy and gratitude, the happy mother saw her infant in the arms of Simeon, and heard his words of Inspiration and Prophecy in the Temple, and thenceforward laid up all those words, and the uttered thoughts of the child Jesus, in her heart.

From Eve downward, such another mother could never have been known on earth, nor any one so happy in the exercise of all the maternal perfections of wisdom, truth, and love. What a blissful life those parents must have led almost up to the day of the Crucifixion. The exercise of such powers of beneficence might be as great in

their own happiness, as the fruits of such examples, witnessed in the lives of those around them.

We do not think enough of these lessons, nor of their beauty and power, if all men were willing, in training the whole human family in households that might become, not poetical pictures merely, but realizations, let down from Paradise, as examples for us to imitate, even outside of Eden. For such might be still the blessedness on earth of all the families of mankind; foretastes of the Christian Socialism inculcated in the rule of Love, the bliss of that Heavenly world, where not only God is Love, but they who dwell in Love dwell in God and God in them, and their angels do always behold the face of their Father who is in Heaven.

If these three gifts of the Divine glory in Christ, Faith, Hope, Love, abide in us till we die, then dying will be indeed but going home; home to our God and Saviour, and to all the dear ones, that, as Christ's dear children, were so intimately entwined in the purity of our dearest affections.

God be praised for the gracious beauty of the example of such a life! There was nothing ever formal or unnatural in any part of it, but all was as artless and involuntary as the growth of the lilies of the valley that our Blessed Lord taught his own disciples, in their morning and evening

walks with him, to admire and imitate. It was very delightful to see how habitual was my dear wife's desire to have all the members of her household partakers of the same enjoyment that she herself found in contemplating the beauty of the works as well as the Word of God; illustrating each province of light and glory in the Divine Attributes.

In the same way she used to teach them the love of sacred music and melodies and hymns, and of interesting and instructive books of history and biography; endeavoring to warn them against the examples and teachings of evil, to which they might have been previously subjected. Some of her dear friends feared that she was exerting herself with too much time and labor in this way, because it seemed so likely to be wasted. But she saw and knew the benevolence and benefit of such endeavors. And the circles of her servants, under such discipline, might have been trusted as affectionate friends, for she taught them almost as if they were her own children.

It is under the light of such demonstrations that we judge of the usefulness and beauty of the life of such a woman as Mrs. Emily Gould, the originator and protector, by her own piety through the grace of God, of the school for the support

and education of thousands of destitute and ignorant girls and boys growing up in such deplorable darkness and wretchedness in the streets of Rome and other Italian cities.

How small in extent is the work of this kind already accomplished, but how wonderfully open and ready now are all the kingdoms of the world to receive it and protect it! When shall we enter upon these triumphs of the Gospel? Never, till the children of our schools are instructed in the Word of God. And so only we shall have "dominion over the mighty."

How instructive and full of thought and beauty is the title of MOTHERS IN ISRAEL! given especially to those who were the examples of God's grace, and of faithfulness to all his promises and commands, in the teaching of their little ones. "Till I, Deborah, arose, a Mother in Israel!" And the supplications and anxieties of Manoah and his wife in the Book of Judges, in regard to the education of the promised deliverer, Samson, as the champion and ruler of the oppressed Hebrews, suffering so severely for their own sins! Teach us what we shall do with the child! How shall we order the child? "How fulfil the intentions of God in regard to him?" "My heart," said Deborah, "is toward the GOVERNORS OF ISRAEL!

The Lord hath made me to have Dominion over the Mighty!"

Coke on the Provinces of Law and Right somewhere has observed, "I see a disposition to permit Legislators to pass whatever laws they please, and then *compel the people to support them.*" Now let men once be assured that such is the case, and no power on earth can save us from ruin. Let the men in power only feel assured that whatever laws they pass there shall be a support of those laws, and it is all that the most arrogant and determined despotism needs.

If God's law is supreme for all individuals, so likewise and equally for all communities. It is impossible that there should have been one law for the soul, through a conscience in all thoughts and things towards God, and obedient to him, and another for the Government chosen by a community of souls, and governing not by the will of God, but by their own will. If God is not to govern, guide, and control the State and the people, then the Government itself, and the people appointing the Government, control God, and are usurpers of God's authority; so that a despotism by the Godless multitude must be the result which would inevitably produce a hell on earth.

And this perhaps is to be the ultimate conclusion of the proud pretence of our socialistic right to strike God and Christ and his Word out of our political Constitution; and this it may be is the very Niagara, predicted by Carlyle, on the verge of which we to-day are heedlessly plunging among the rapids. There is room and time enough for God to let the experiment be tried, and great necessity for it, if the world is to go on for 365 thousand years at its present rate of impiety and disobedience against God's authority. What can the scoffers at God's Word, and those ministers of the Gospel who would exclude its teachings by law from our schools, be thinking of? If this infatuation be continued, there will remain nothing but an increasing perdition for the nation of skeptics.

The one extreme and all-ruling despotic tenet in the system of Romanism is at this day, as in Luther's and Latimer's day, the blasphemous assertion of the power to forgive sins, as vested in the Pope of Rome; dismissing the conscience from all fear of God, and holding every soul amenable on earth only to the Pope, as declared infallible, and to the Priests at the confessional responsible only to him. This is the greatest of all possible blasphemies, even if there were only a

million of souls on earth, held under the iron scourge of such a superstition. Indeed, if an island were at this day discovered, inhabited by one million governed by a savage despot, under the claim of being God on earth, and holding the keys of hell and Heaven, our missionary societies would be bound to send instantly their most fervent missionaries of the Gospel, with every possible appliance that might be used, to draw the natives away from such inevitable perdition. The master, the keeper, the dispenser of such a power of everlasting destruction, would be denounced with all the flaming attributes of vengeance, and of fiery judgment, ever threatened in the Scriptures against such as work for the ruin of men's souls, making the cross of Christ of none effect but for the accomplishment of such ruin. There would be no hesitation, no palliation, in the endeavor to wake up the conscience of mankind against such inexhaustible wickedness and power of deception.

And whence is all this insensibility, this stupor of neglect as to the claims of a whole generation of immortal beings thrown upon our care? The guilt of such carelessness it is impossible to deny, and the consequences of it are equally impossible to be measured.

For public and personal security, the common

conscience must be enlightened by education, and to that end, it is the right and duty of the State to see to it that the training of the conscience in the common schools, as established by the State, be provided for. This is not an establishment of a State religion, but a provision against the overthrow of the State by ignorance and irreligion; a provision for the freedom and universality of instruction in regard to the sanctions of religion; the only safeguard of the vote, the only possibility of preventing demoralizing suffrage from becoming universal and demoralizing license; the only possibility of preserving the State from destruction by the unenlightened and unrestrained passions of the people. The provisions for a religious education of the people, and the prohibition of any *irreligious* establishment, or any law respecting an establishment of *irreligion*, rest on the same foundation of the true and perfect freedom of the Government, and the people, under a CONSCIENCE TOWARD GOD: the enlightenment and right training of which is the very first and most sacred obligation of mankind. If such obligation is not admitted, every generation is advancing to its own perdition. There is no more possibility of a free and happy existence without God, and a willing submission to his government, than there

could have been in hell itself, under the wrath of such a flaming conscience as was burning in the bosom of Satan when he dared to say, Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven.

> "Me miserable! Which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath and infinite despair!
> Which way I fly is hell! Myself am hell!
> And in the lowest depth a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
> To which the hell I suffer seems a Heaven!"

Few things are more amazing than the madness which seems to have fallen upon the American mind of supposing that there ever can be a quiet and well-ordered Government on earth of which the foundations are not laid in the Word of God, and in a conscience towards him, and a belief in the Supremacy of the Lord Jesus Christ as the "Blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords forever."

Does what is called Home Rule and Freedom from restraint mean an Empire of millions of mankind, constructed and built upon a combination of seventy persons, assuming and swearing that the one person among them, chosen by all their votes, is the only infallible personage in the world, appointed by God as his infallible vicar upon earth, and as such worthy to sit upon the

papal throne, with power to forgive all men's sins, with the delegated authority of Jesus Christ, on the payment of a price in money to the Priest appointed to give universal absolution and pardon for every crime?

Such are the doctrines of the confessional, as a Priestal Receiver, sworn to secrecy, and bound by solemn oaths of allegiance to the Pope, as the infallible Vicar of Christ, for the care and teaching of all men's consciences on earth. And this is the most certain method of soul murder ever contrived by the god of this world for the supremacy of his despotism. His encyclical letters claim divine authority over all the governments and nations upon earth, and over all schools for the rising generations, to exclude the Bible from the knowledge of the children, to compel the priests to forbid them from ever reading it, or being instructed in it, or taught by it the invitation of the Lord Jesus to come unto him and be saved. The Romish Priesthood, by the shutting out of the light of Heaven and of Christ's mercy, are thus constituted the keepers of the consciences of all mankind, and can train the children as they please. In our own country the teaching of the Gospel is forbidden, and under such training it may become as much as a man's life is worth to maintain and

practise the freedom of the Gospel, even in his own household.

For this is Anarchy, and nothing less, when the community are being taught that the Pope can forgive sin at his pleasure, and can save the soul from Purgatory and from hell by payment of a tax of pennies, as in the days of Luther, to purchase what are called Masses for the soul. And this is that blasphemous religion, "that Man of Sin and Son of Perdition, opposing and exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Now such an exclusion of the Gospel from the education of our children may become the destruction of the souls of a whole generation.

For the leprosy of Romanism is both a pestilence that walketh in darkness and a destruction that wasteth at noonday: a palsying of the reason and the conscience of mankind and a destruction of the freedom of the human race.

Is there no need of an alarm sounded in behalf of our children, especially when it is proposed that the Church of the Roman Catholic Despotism be affectionately embraced by the Protestant churches themselves as being "the Ancient Mother of us all"?

It is now the judgment of Solomon, in his wisest earliest period of God's training, that is required against the Sword of the Harlot — Give the living child to the loving and living mother. She is the mother of the child. God's own gift of maternal affection proves it. The parents, in my kingdom, shall be governed by God's Law of Love!

What, it is asked, is "the American doctrine of Civil Government"? The assumption is, "that Civil Government should have nothing to do with the work of administering, sustaining, or teaching religion." And what is true religion but that which is taught in the Gospels of Christ our Saviour, especially and lovingly for the little ones?

"We have in this country," it is affirmed, "a system of secular governments established by the authority of the people, for *secular* and *not for religious purposes;*" for the men and not the mothers.

"*We have established* an American doctrine on the subject of religion, considered with reference to the State;" and "to carry out this doctrine fully, the work will go steadily forward until the last fragment of everything that partakes of the nature of State religion shall wholly disappear from our political and civil institutions."

"The public school, like the State, should be absolutely secular and not at all religious in its purposes, and all practical questions involving this principle should be settled in accordance therewith."

This is the American doctrine, "without qualification or reservation, as the logical result of the argument."

"It excludes the Bible, and declines to inculcate the religion which it teaches." It is the American establishment, by State law, of NO RELIGIOUS TRUTH. And can this ever have been God's foundation for mankind even for a single generation?

And now, can we ever afford to exclude the knowledge of the Gospel of the Grace of God in Christ from the whole range of the education of our children? Will our Government, through such wilful expulsion of Divine Truth, become at length anything better than that of Sodom and Gomorrah? What are to be the consequences, and whose the fault and the penalty, if the dreadful work of being left entirely to the government of our own will comes down upon our own offspring? Who can ever save us from the governmental heritage which we shall have insured for our posterity as a great and dreadful recompense,

in kind, for our own disobedience, ingratitude, and unbelief? A generation of our own children that have no belief in God as our Father!

Surely nothing more than this would be necessary for our destruction. For if God and his laws be forgotten, denied and despised, there is no possibility of mercy. It would be mercy to remove such a generation from the earth as speedily as possible.

*God's Literature and Laws for our Education.*

God has given to man a literature both of prose and poetry sufficient for his education both for Time and Eternity. God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all. And God is Love, and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God and God in him. Here are the fountains of man's being and happiness, in mind and heart; and both are incarnated in Christ for our example and salvation.

What are THE FOUNDATIONS OF MANY GENERATIONS?

God himself answers for us this question.

"Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and shalt be called the Restorer of Paths to dwell in; if thou call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, honorable; and if

thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on my Holy Day: then will I cause thee to ride upon the high places of the Earth; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!"

It is no more necessary for religion to keep aloof from politics than for a man to be a monk in order to be a Christian. It was, and is always, our duty to God and man to carry religion into politics as plainly as into daily life. And above all, if the question was, To obey God or man in our national capacity, there could not be a doubt as to God's supremacy or our duty. And it was for the Church of Christ in such a case to have maintained her Christian authority and power, openly, absolutely, and to have applied the Divine Law.

A more wonderful interposition of God has never been known in the world than his compulsory supernatural destruction of our system of slavery; not since God brought forth the Hebrews from Egypt. No part of this work of freedom was ours, but wholly and entirely God's, and contrary to our own will. Instead of being united under God's Law and Government, we were consecrated to a unity of oppression never to be broken.

The Church of God, so called, was in its favor;

the State, business, society, prestige, wealth, Constitution, law, custom, conscience, expediency—all the forces that, without Christ, carry the modern world were its support. Abolition was a leprosy. To say a man was an abolitionist was enough to ostracize him. Every radical began a speech by saying, "I am no abolitionist; I reject all idea of interfering with the domestic divine Institutions of the South. Let slavery alone where it is."

When Washington declared, that "of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports," he added "that Reason and Experience both forbid us to expect that National Morality can prevail in exclusion of Religious Principle." The religion and religious principle here referred to are the Christian Religion, and none other; the religion taught only in the Christian Scriptures; the religion commanded by our Saviour to be taught to all the children in the land, for their education, not for time and this world merely, but for Eternity and Heaven. In the schools of the whole nation, it is the right and obligation of the people to have their children taught the Word of God and the Gospel of our Saviour. Any people who will permit their government to trample upon this universal Chris-

tian right of religious freedom, by excluding the Bible and its teachings from the Public Schools, will have ensured the destruction of the nation. The government that will attempt to establish its reign by enactments for producing a famine of the Word of God, will speedily have only dead skeletons to govern.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing of the Word of the Lord. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, to seek the Word of the Lord, and shall not find it. They shall fall, and never rise up again. Though they bring up their children, yet will I bereave them; there shall not be one left. Ye have forgotten the law of your God; I also will forget your children." If such terrible denunciations as these, contained in the prophets, Hosea, Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, predicted in the laws of God by Moses, have been fulfilled in the history of the Jewish nation, how much more surely will they be demonstrated in the case of a nation like our own! "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you, desolate!"

THE MOTHERS IN ISRAEL.

Thrice blessed Covenant of Christ's loving Word!
Mothers in Israel! 'Tis your right of birth,
The birthright given when Jesus breathed on earth;
The birthright left when from the grave our Lord,
The Resurrection and the Life, arose,
The Life of Faith, the terror of his foes.

To you the glory of his Life is given,
To train a race of mortals up for Heaven;
To do what potentates and princedoms fail,
As at the teachings of God's Word they rail;
Affirm the Eternal Sovereign's right divine,
I only am your God! ALL SOULS ARE MINE.

Thus, O ye blessed Pilgrims, know your Friend,
The Way, the Truth, the Life, when, all unknown,
He sought you, taught you, claimed you, as his own;
And having loved you, loves you to the end!
Now from his Presence in the Mount go down,
No more the servants of men's praise or frown.

For the whole duty of your life shall be,
From every hindrance of his love set free,
To keep his latest blessing, Follow Me!
To seek and find the lost, as He found thee;
And set new stars in his immortal Crown;
That so, Love's image might in Christ be known,
And its reflection of your Saviour shown.

For this, the Lord of Heaven became a child,
The first-born babe of Bethlehem's Mother mild:
If each beholding household would receive

The supernatural charm, and by it live,
Its growing likeness God's own grace would keep,
In lines and colorings so divine and deep,—

Engraved by pencil of the Mother's faith,
In love divine, beyond the power of death,
That to the latest age none should erase
Such blessed testaments of Jesus' grace,
The dear handwriting of a Saviour's blood,
The Seal of Dying Love, to keep the soul for God!

Such wondrous privilege your Lord hath given,
To guard the spirits loaned you from above;
To lead them daily in God's path of love;
Making each hour of intercourse with Heaven,
A cloud of angels, at divine command,
Till thou with them in Christ's dear presence stand.

O what immortal bliss to parents given,
To train on earth their little ones for Heaven!
And this God's covenant is, if thou but place
Before the infant mind, Christ's loving face;
His everlasting grace, his dying love,
Shall be their new creation from above.

But O the grace! when thou amazed, shalt see
This all transporting bliss ascribed to thee!
Because on earth thou didst for them fulfil
The dying testament of Jesus' Will;
The mother of thy Lord beholding there,
The sure fulfilment of old Simeon's prayer,
The dear reward of your maternal care,
Christ's precious lambs for glory to prepare,
And save whole generations from despair!

## CHAPTER VI.

THE EXAMPLES OF NIEBUHR AND FRANKLIN, RELIGIOUSLY AND POLITICALLY, FOR OUR OWN COUNTRY. — NATIONAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND A CONSCIENCE TOWARDS GOD IN THE EDUCATION OF EACH SUCCESSIVE GENERATION. — ALL TRUE FREEDOM FOR THE STATE DEPENDENT ON SUCH AN EDUCATION IN RELIANCE UPON GOD. —THE LESSONS FROM HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY IN EVERY AGE ON THIS SUBJECT. — THE DANGER OF RUIN FROM IGNORANCE OF THE SCRIPTURES, AND THE CONSEQUENT HABIT OF SCEPTICISM AND UNBELIEF FROM CHILDHOOD.

OH, that we knew what gifts of grace are ours,
Endowed in time with such celestial powers!
The child may now be living that will see
Four hundred million souls enlightened, free,
To choose their pathway to eternity,
As thou mayst give the light conferred on thee.
Oh, awful charge, on each successive race,
The heritage of heaven or hell to trace,
And read the testamental scroll made known,
With each result, before the eternal throne!
One question asked, How didst thou treat the child?
With worldly gifts and promises beguiled?
Or by the Pilgrim's Heavenly Progress taught,
Each to the loving care of Jesus brought,
By the Great Shepherd of God's flock to be
Folded in glory through eternity!

> What soul can stand the judgments of that day,
> That never taught the child to praise or pray,
> But left him wandering on the world's highway,
> Sure from the path of life divine to stray!

THE importance of a right education for our children is so infinite in extent and grandeur, both for this world and the next, that there can be no excuse for neglecting or excluding it from the constant and careful consideration of every member of the community.

We have some of the most instructive lessons on this subject ever given in human society, by the experience of such men as Franklin in America, Niebuhr in Germany, Coleridge and Wordsworth and De Quincey and Ruskin in England, and by the whole history of the Reformation in the Middle and Modern Ages of the World. Nothing can be more conclusive and instructive than the lessons given by such men as Pascal, Latimer, Luther, Hooper, Butler, Baxter, Newton, Bunyan, and every other lover of the Scriptures of God.

The habit of doubt from childhood is scrofulous, poisonous; and some of the noblest natures in Germany and England have nearly perished by it. It fills the whole spiritual system with germs of deadly disease. We could multiply examples profoundly impressive and instructive, from

before and after the revival of learning and the Reformation. The most conclusive and satisfactory of all instances is that of the profound and candid German scholar and statesman, Barthold Niebuhr. His views of education, which he regarded as being valuable only so far as it is the approximation to a true spiritual life, he carried out in the careful training of his son Marcus.

Lamenting his own tendency to scepticism, and his want of a childlike faith in the Word of God, Niebuhr records his determination that his beloved child Marcus shall be protected and preserved from such an evil, "by the fostering of the habit of faith from early childhood, by the discipline of faith in God and his Word as a FACULTY OF MIND AND HEART, beginning in the groundwork of the soul;" even as the book of Ecclesiastes affirms, that *God hath set eternity* in the hearts of men from infancy. All other treatment of the child's mind is only savage cruelty. But the teaching of God's love, by the parent to the child, becomes the sacred germ of a living faith in the love of the Heavenly Father, that by the fostering Divine Spirit shall be proof against all infidelity.

"I am thinking a great deal about my son's

education," says Niebuhr. "*He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about.* Oh, that such a faith may one day be my own portion! The principles of faith in God, which have been early implanted and carefully watched over, so as to gain even all the strength of prejudice, confer extraordinary powers both over the world within and that without. He who begins his course thus armed fights with a weapon which is wanting to those around him.

"His heart," Niebuhr continues, "shall be raised to God *as soon as he is capable of a sentiment*, and his childish feelings shall be expressed in prayers and hymns; such religious practices, so despised and unused in our age, shall be a necessity and a law to him. I wish, I strive, with all my heart, that he may grow up with the most absolute faith in RELIGION; that from his earliest years the way may be prepared for the union of faith and reason. . . . But there are men who really imagine they possess religion, who nevertheless know nothing of it."

We know this illustrious scholar as a man of critical keenness and unrivalled sagacity of judgment and reasoning; with the greatest sincerity

in the pursuit of truth, and power in the detection of falsehood. For this very reason his testimony, over against the public scorn of a religious faith by such teachers as Huxley and Tyndall, is priceless and overwhelming. His bitter sorrow and regret on account of his own want of faith gives a melancholy weight to his parental anxiety for the right guiding of his child's mind. Beautifully illustrative is the remark of Ruskin, that "childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover."

To the example of this celebrated and learned German historian, and hater of shams, we add that of Franklin, the not less celebrated American philosopher and statesman. If the records of all nations were ransacked, it would be impossible to find instances of minds further removed from any predisposition to credulity, or better secured by mental habits and knowledge of mankind from the domination of imposture. The legacies of belief which they have left for their countrymen are possessions for mankind.

The conclusion in the mind of Niebuhr, noted from his own letters in regard to his children, was that they should be educated under the

full power of the most sacred prepossessions of divine truth. There should be formed in their minds, so far as a careful education could do it, an anchoring steadfastness of assurance in God and in Christ, and a power of religious faith and reasoning, which he himself to his infinite sorrow had lost, and feared he could never regain. They should thus be kept from that shipwreck and despair in which he had almost perished.

To the same conclusion Franklin had come, politically, in regard to the nation. The people of the United States should be educated under the full power of the most sacred prepossessions. They should believe in God, and in their responsibility as a nation to him; and in the wisdom of their political Constitution, provided only that they would permit themselves to be so guided by him as to frame a righteous chart of government, under his guidance, in answer to prayer.

The scene when Franklin addressed the assembly of Congress in behalf of the wisdom, necessity, and duty of a national acknowledgment of their responsibility to God, and of daily prayers to him for guidance, was in some respects more impressive than anything else recorded in the annals of history. Never did philosopher or statesman utter the last public expression of his thoughts

more impressively, or on a more important and sublime occasion.

Through an active and observant life, from the age of fifteen to that of eighty-four, Franklin's mind travelled from the doctrine of necessity and fate to that of God and prayer; the latter conviction having delivered him from the habit of doubting Divine truth to that of distrusting himself and rejecting human error.

Thus disposed, Franklin watched the deliberations of the Congress for many weeks patiently and calmly, taking as yet little part in them, except in the application of his mind to the great governmental problems that were laid before the representatives to solve. And the greatest of them was that presented by Franklin himself, — the obligation of a national religious faith in God, and the duty of seeking him in supplication for his divinely guiding Providence and Spirit.

This was Franklin's religious philosophy; and he would have inspired the whole representative Congress with it, if he could have done it. But he could not breathe into those whom he addressed the fervor and sincerity of his own convictions. They regarded him with amazement, and listened much as the Athenian senate of the Areopagites listened to Paul.

He had declared, several years previous to this occasion: "I am too well acquainted with all the springs and levers of our machine not to see that our human means were unequal to our undertaking; and that if it had not been for the justice of our cause, and the consequent interposition of Providence, in which we had faith, we must have been ruined. If I had ever before been an atheist, I should now have been convinced of the being and government of a Deity! It is He who abases the proud, and favors the humble."

Franklin's motion in the Federal Convention, for opening their deliberations with prayer, was introduced after four or five weeks spent in confusion of counsels, without progress, without unity, but with perplexed and opposing interests and schemes. It seemed as if only an interposition of Divine grace could inspire the members with patriotic confidence and wisdom.

"In this situation of this Assembly," said Franklin, "groping as it were in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger,

we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? Or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?

"We have been assured in the sacred writings that, 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.'

"I firmly believe this; and I believe also that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local ailments; our prophets will be confounded, and we shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages.

"And what is worse, mankind may hereafter,

from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

The only notice by Dr. Franklin of the negative result of his motion was that of simple astonishment, thus: "The Convention, except three or four persons, THOUGHT PRAYERS UNNECESSARY!" What the Congress of the nation had refused to God, they would not yield at the petition of their foremost legislator.

We have just now passed the centennial anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution *without prayer;* and in less than another century four hundred millions of immortal beings will be under its rule, if it please God to spare such a people as a nation.

Are we fit for the government of a single generation of immortal beings, if we deliberately reject God's divine law and providential lessons? We may well read and apply the poet Wordsworth's sonnet on the obligations of civil to religious liberty: —

"What came from Heaven, to Heaven by nature clings;
And if dissevered thence, its course is short."

It is a great gain when, in aid of our own investigations, we can bring to the illustration of the Scriptures not merely the notes and discoveries of profound theological inquirers, such as Hooker, Butler, Howe, Edwards, Chalmers, but also the example, experience, and conclusions of such men as Niebuhr and Franklin. So the witnesses and vouchers for God's Word, and the providential demonstrations of its truth, are multiplying, as by compound interest, through every age.

The difficulty of self-government has in every age been admitted. It is the climax of all virtue. The subduing of our own will to God's will is perfection. It is never gained but by divine grace. Self-government is the submission of all things to God; obedience in all things to his loving will, as made known to us in his Word, and in the example of Christ; — the life and rule of the Son of God Incarnate.

But if so difficult, so impossible, for a man without the grace of God, how much more difficult and impossible for a nation! There never was, never will be, never can be, a nation self governed, without the enthronement and acknowledgment of God's will and word as the supreme

rule and guide of the State conscience; in the use of all its just powers as a conscience towards God, not man, for the highest good of the whole people.

Governments derive their just powers, under God the Creator, through the consent of the people; as being themselves governed supremely by Him and for Him. But the governed are rational beings, accountable to God for all their privileges, rights, and powers, and for all the uses they make of them.

The governed are, first of all, in consenting to the formation and support of their own government, responsible to God *for every article in its Constitution*, and bound to act in all things from a conscience towards God, for the good of all their fellow-creatures. Can a nation ever govern righteously without the same individual and united regard to God's will, — a will which begins with the divine eternal affirmation, ALL SOULS ARE MINE? "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. From the children have ye taken away my glory forever. My God will cast them away, because they did not hearken unto him; and they shall be wanderers among the nations." Compare the Prophets Hosea, Micah, Malachi.

## THE CHILD THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

The child the father of the man?
  Oh, who can such a riddle scan?
Mysterious law! Creation's plan!
  Unquestioned truth, from age to age,
Writ down in every human page,
  For generations yet unknown
To watch the seeds for harvest sown:
  Life's autumn from the spring foreshown,—
The law, the will, the work, OUR OWN!

The child the father of the man?
  Then let the parents teach their child,
By Truth redeemed, not lies beguiled,
  From earliest cradle, all they can
To make the hero in the man!
  The Babe the Model of the Man?
Oh, dread creative power bestowed!
  Commissioned by the Will of God!
Amazing Gift! Mysterious plan!

To send the Parent's image down,
  The law of an unchanging soul!
The life it never can disown,
  Nor alienate the dread control;
Hereditary good or ill,
  From youth to age, the seed its kind,
So sure its product to fulfil,
  The sight, the sense, the thought, the mind!
Prophetic to the latest hour,
  Of the first kiss, or curse, or frown,
The ruling fate, the primal dower!—
  Oh, knew we its resistless power!

Such as I am, such thou shalt be,
  For good or ill, forever known,
Thy self-responsive progeny!
  Thyself forever on the throne,

Thy mantle on thine offspring thrown;
  Thy primal ruling impulse there,
Perhaps of faith, perhaps despair!

Nay! if the youth, so bright and dear,
  Taught at God's mercy-seat in prayer,
To rest on Jesus' promise there,
  A child of Grace, thy rich reward!
Oh blissful Crown! Such Gift from God!
  The purchase of a Saviour's blood,
His meek and lowly image shown,
  The Sacred Covenant of the ETERNAL WORD;
God's never-ceasing Love and Mercy known!

So shall each generation bear
  The fruits of thine example, where
The seeds, thus sown in earliest years,
  Reveal in Heaven's unbounded spheres
The glorious, blissful Harvest Home,
  The reaper's work with prayers and tears:
The dew of Christ's Eternal youth,
  Jewels of everlasting Truth,
Diadems for thine offspring there,
  Stars through Eternity to shine,
Children of light, by grace divine,
  The fruits of faith, hope, love, and prayer!

Oh that such grace were understood;
  All nations with its bliss imbued!—
The high, the low, the rough, the rude;
  And earth no more a solitude:
Where Guilt, and Hate, and Death intrude,
  To raise the vile and curse the good!

Oh that we had Ithuriel's spear,
  To touch the Serpent's malice here,
And, as a flash of lightning, show
  His mansion in the Hell below,
His Empire there in guilt and woe!

But God forever hath in view
That which is holy, just, and true.
Justice and Mercy here combine;
And such God's rule, ALL SOULS ARE MINE!
If ye but keep this law divine,
In new creative power to shine,
Its holy grace is given for you,
All generations to renew,
And all earth's governments refine:
The signet-seal, the blossoming rod,
The law of grace descending down,
The covenant of a Father's word,
YE AND YOUR CHILDREN BORN OF GOD!

Oh if the State Christ's sceptred image bore,
Obedient to the glory of his power,
The radiant dewdrops of celestial Truth
Would sparkle in the blossoms of our youth;
Our frames would be, as Christ's own flesh and blood,
The shining Temples of the Eternal God!

So on we pass, attended, as we go,
With radiant proofs of Mercy from above;
The signs more visible we could hardly know,
Of dear parental tenderness and love,
Not even in sweetest dreams more clearly given,
Though brought by choirs of angels down from Heaven,
Descending and ascending in our sight,
Making more beautiful than Morn, Midnight;—
A manifested stair-way for our Faith,
To show a careless world the Escape from Death!
Oh blessed guardians from the paths of sin,
God's pardoning Love, an Endless Life to win!!

Oh from the carelessness that brings despair,
From unbelief, and over-anxious care,
Keep us, dear Lord, in penitential Prayer,
Safe at Thy Mercy-Seat, and happy there!

## CHAPTER VII.

THE PREPARATION FOR OUR CONFLICT.—OCCASIONAL LETTERS FROM MESSRS. CORLISS AND WATERS, AND FROM MRS. CHEEVER TO MR. WASHBURN AND OTHERS.—MEMORIALS OF MR. WATERS' AMERICAN CONSULSHIP WITH THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

MY labors in preparing the volume of demonstrations from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures against slavery were for a time exhausting and confining, especially as we were compelled to provide beforehand for the expenses and circulation of the book by subscription for copies. We were also driven to the necessity of going without a publisher, no one being willing to undertake it. This made its circulation comparatively limited; but we were thankful for having been permitted to bring out before the community from the Word of God itself the grounds on which the churches of Christ and the Government and whole people of the United States, as of the world, were bound to make war against slavery, to abolish it by law, in obedience to God's law; and if battles and prolonged campaigns were necessary, to carry it on

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for years, and never cease until the millions of the slaves were free.

We could not then have dreamed that the time would come when a succession of victories on the part of the Southern rebel slave confederacy would enable an eminent English statesman to congratulate his countrymen on the supposed certainty that President Jefferson Davis had made a new nation in America. But the British people would by no means applaud such a sentiment, — on the contrary abhorred it. My own lectures and appeals to Scripture against it were everywhere successful. Protestations were sent up to Parliament from various towns and associations in Scotland and England against any sanctioning whatever of the new slave-holding republic.

Outside the church and the perils of all this warfare, we enjoyed the unwavering friendship and support of some of the dearest and most affectionate and long-tried friends and fellow-pilgrims ever granted in the Valley of Humiliation amidst the conflicts with Apollyon. An example may be noted in the communion as of a youthful and ardent Hopeful, the memory of whom is that of one of my earliest supporters, through that tempest caused by the temperance and other conflicts in Salem. It was that of Richard Palmer Waters, for

a number of years American Consul in Zanzibar, where the character he maintained so early and faithfully was respected and admired by the Sultan and the ruling politicians. I quote from one of his letters, written soon after his return from that sojourn in the East. It is dated Cherry Hill, Jan. 2, 1852.

My dear Dr. Cheever, — A happy New Year to you and Mrs. Cheever! This morning I sent to Boston the bag of Mocha coffee directed to you, 21 East Fifteenth Street, per Adams and Company's Express. In due time I trust it will come safely to hand, and that you will have the pleasure of drinking it whenever you like. I sent you on Wednesday the Salem "Freeman," containing a notice of your lecture in Danvers. It was written by one of the independent tanners in Danvers, who is accustomed to write a notice every week of each lecture.

So you will see, by this notice of your lecture, what one of the honest people thinks of you. I am not acquainted with the man; but I was so pleased with his notice that I sent him a copy of your book on the Pilgrim Fathers as a New Year's present. Don't forget to send me the "Independent" of this week. If you will pay for it in advance, I will settle with you when I come to New York, as I have settled the bill for your boots, and then we will square accounts. So much for business.

Your flying visit was a very pleasant one for us. The Danvers people were greatly interested in your sermons.

and I do hope and pray that great good may result from them. Hon. Mr. Proctor, the lawyer, says he never remembers hearing a sermon which interested him so much as your afternoon discourse. How I should rejoice to have it prove a savor of life to him! The Lord grant it may be so!

Always affectionately and faithfully yours,

RICHARD P. WATERS.

From the letters, continued through many years of this correspondence, it would be instructive and deeply interesting to note the progress of our efforts in behalf of the slaves, and the violence of the opposition maintained against us. I quote from a letter of much later date, reverting to our mutual labors.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, — Your more than welcome letter, together with Mrs. Cheever's, came to hand day before yesterday morning. I was more than glad to again hear from you both, and to learn you are so happy in your quiet rural home at Englewood. I cannot express my most grateful appreciation of your renewed invitation to make you a visit. Oh, how happy I would be to again meet you, and to spend a few days in sweet converse, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as the poet Pope has it! And what a wonderful amount of precious memories, of departed joys, of conflicts and experiences, we would be likely to rehearse, and recall the wonderful mercies with which infinite goodness has crowned our lives. Now all this would be unspeakably delightful and

profitable, yet somewhat shaded by the remembrances of loved ones gone before us to their eternal rest. But there — not to weary you with this long preamble — comes the parting. Now I am impressed with the thought it would be our last parting, and I am now, in my old age, so saddened in spirit with last farewells, so susceptible to uncontrollable emotion on such occasions, that I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of visiting friends where I am impressed with the feeling that at our parting it will be, probably, a final adieu for the short remnant of life. Notwithstanding, I am much inclined to make the attempt, especially if my friend Whittier could be induced to accompany me. I will see him within a few days and present Mrs. Cheever's kind invitation. He removed into this neighborhood (only two miles' distance from Cherry Hill) three years since, and is often at my house and I at his. He does not enjoy very good health, and is obliged to be very careful of himself. He is a good, humble Christian man, often speaks of you and of your noble service in the cause of freedom to the poor slave.

Next week — old election week — is our Anniversary week in Boston, and I hope to pass a day or two in attendance at the various meetings. My interest in all the benevolent movements of the day is, I trust, undiminished; and while I cannot give to these objects as freely as I once did, yet I love them, and the Christians whom I meet at these gatherings.

We older members of these various societies will soon all be gathered with our fathers, when we will recount the goodness of God in permitting us to have any part in the upbuilding of his cause on earth.

Make my kindest love to Mrs. Cheever, and I shall hope to write her soon.

Yours most affectionately,

RICHARD P. WATERS.

The next letter is from an equally dear friend, — an example of the interest and anxiety felt far and wide, and expressed in so many tributes of affection, and of prayerful sympathy, continued through years of conflict and discouragement.

*Letter from Dr. Hiram Corliss (the Father of the Eminent Engineer of the same name), Feb. 23, 1859.*

MRS. G. B. CHEEVER.

DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD, — I shall always remember my visits at your house. Your kindness in urging me to take an additional coat that bitter cold night I was last at your domicile I appreciated very fully before I arrived at my lodgings. I was most happy at that social gathering at Mrs. Story's. I wrote your good husband a long letter, — so long, I fear he will never desire another. I now address myself to you, as he must be very much engaged in discussing the slave trade. Don't let him be diverted by me in the least. He has the great bull of slavery by the horns. God grant him strength according to his day; for he is in the world's amphitheatre, and in the midst of all kinds of beasts and reptiles, from the bishop down to the lowest layman, from the President down to the United States Marshal, — and he, when chasing a fugitive, must be the lowest of the low. If George

B. Cheever fails, who can stand? I see your husband is to be at Albany and in the Assembly Chamber. Be pleased, dear Sister, to write me, that I may come down and hear him. Let me know where he will put up, that I may call upon him. I am posting up Gerrit Smith in regard to the Church of the Puritans. He feels *right:* the Lord make him feel *right into his pocket!* I told our church in conference-meeting of G. B. Cheever, — that he needed their sympathies and their prayers. In my description of his person, I said he appeared as meek as Moses, was nearly as wise as Solomon, and as bold as a lion, and that I believed he would sooner go to the stake and be burned to death than prove false to his principles. Give my highest regards to your dear spouse, and my respects to any inquiring friends, and believe me

Your affectionate brother in Jesus Christ,

HIRAM CORLISS.

*Letter from Mrs. A—— to Dr. Cheever*, 1858, *on the Right of the Bible in our Public Schools.*

MY DEAR PASTOR, — Have you an extra copy of the "Times," containing your sermon on the Bible in Schools? Mrs. Roberts wants one to send to Mr. Clarke at Washington. He heard the sermon, and it made a great impression upon him. He is about to make a speech on some subject; and for some reason which I do not exactly understand it is deemed desirable, either by himself or some one else, that he should have a copy of your sermon.

I wish I could tell you how much my heart is with you in all your trials. I sympathize with you so fully in the

stand you have taken, and the sacrifices you have made for a despised truth, that I have gone down into the depths with you, and borne my share of distress at the painful spectacle of truth fallen in the streets. I am as thoroughly persuaded that you have done right as I should be if the multitudes in our guilty city were crying Hosanna.

I believe Christ was as truly divine when the multitudes cried "Crucify him!" as when they said, "Hosanna to the son of David!" and paid him divine honors. The great work you have done for Christ, in bringing his blessed Word out of captivity and freeing it from the dreadful reproach of justifying slavery, is a work which will last, whatever else may be burned; and you may rest assured no man can take your crown. May the truth which you have so often dispensed acceptably and profitably to others, sustain you and bring you off conqueror, is the prayer of, M. A.

*Extract of Letter from Mrs. Cheever to Mary, a Roman Catholic.*

Now, Mary, don't think from our conversation yesterday that I wanted to convert you to Protestantism. I have no desire to proselyte, but in love to *win* souls to Christ, the Living Head, and the *only life* of our souls. All true believers in Christ are the true Church, to whatever denomination they belong, and he is head over all things, and knows who belong to him. I thank God we have his Word to guide us; and in it he says, "Come unto me, and him that cometh unto me, I will in no

wise cast out." He does not say go to any other creature, man or woman, or any ceremony or church, for salvation, but to HIM, with the humble, contrite prayer, "God be merciful *to me* a sinner." "Lord, make me clean, give me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Christ is the only Mediator between God and man; and oh, Mary, what a privilege that we can go to the dear loving Saviour DIRECT, without money and without price! It is wicked presumption in any living man to pretend to the power of forgiving sin, when only God can do it; and we must trust in God alone. He is an all-sufficient Saviour for all mankind, and what he requires of us is heart-worship, — to love and pray to him in sincerity and in truth. He will accept none other form of worship, for he looks only on the heart. All forms, fastings, and ceremonies are NOTHING, and less than nothing, without it, for he looks only on the hearts of all true worshippers. May God illumine *all* our hearts by his Holy Spirit, and prepare us for that long eternity to which we are all fast hastening, and for happiness in those blessed mansions which he has prepared for all who love and trust him. Remember me to your daughter and sons. Wishing for them *all* God's protecting care and love, I am, as ever,

Your well-wisher and friend,

E. H. C.

*Letter from Mrs. Cheever to a very dear early School Friend.*

MY DEAR ANNA, — I was delighted to receive your kind, pleasant letter, and the book, so full of the pleasant memories of nursery days, which quite interested and amused

me. But my remembrance of your charming home only dates from our school-days and those enchanting juvenile parties. Oh, how well I remember those happy, bygone days, and the many beautiful girls of our circle, and your dear self, the loveliest of them all! Your sweet face and winning, affectionate manner are deeply engraven on my memory, which I could never forget.

Do you remember Cousin Ann? I have just received a letter from her, and wish I could read it to you. She is about eighty years old, yet still writes with vigor and all the playfulness of youth, and her letters are charming. She is most happy in her daughters, and they are all devotion to her. She makes her home with Mary now, the Countess de Waldersee, though she is often with Josephine at Stuttgard. Count de Waldersee holds a high position at Berlin, being General-in-chief of all the German Army, in the place of Count Von Moltke, who on account of old age resigned his command. The Count and Mary are great favorites with the Emperor and the royal family, and have received many honors and attentions from them.

Cousin Ann and her daughters are lovely Christian characters, and their influence is felt and admired.

Your fondly attached friend, E. H. C.

*To Mr. Washburn from Mrs. Cheever.*

How very kind and thoughtful of you, my very dear Mr. Washburn, to think of us in the midst of your pain and suffering, and to send us some of your nice black tea! Really I was quite overpowered, and hardly know how to express our thanks. We shall *much* enjoy it, and bless

you for it. I am so glad to hear that you continue to improve, and hope, by the blessing of God, you may be spared to us yet a little longer. How very good and merciful your Heavenly Father has been to you, dear Mr. Washburn! And I cannot tell you what a privilege we have felt it was to gather with your dear loving ones around your sick-bed, and witness the *all-compassionate* love of the precious Saviour toward you. Yes, indeed his everlasting arms were beneath you, tenderly and kindly supporting you! I was much impressed by the many sweet promises to them who put their trust in him, and particularly the one, "He that considereth the poor, God will make all his bed in sickness," and I felt it was truly verified in you. Oh, is it not worth the sacrifice of a few years, at least, of ease and enjoyment here, to be so comforted and sustained in the hour of trial and at the approach of death? May the many prayers for your recovery be heard and answered, and you, dear Mr. Washburn, be enabled by the Divine help to carry out and complete your many benevolent schemes for the glory of God and the good of man. We hope soon to hear that you have risen from your bed and are relieved from suffering. But whatever is God's will, and under all circumstances and trials, may the *peace* of God possess your soul, and keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus. My dear husband joins with me in all good wishes and love, and will soon write you. Give much love to your dear wife and sister, Mrs. Warren. I hope she is with you still, for she is a sweet, cheerful companion, and it must do you good to have her about you; and dear Mrs. Rice, too, — please say to her that we called yesterday on her

daughter and had a charming visit. She inquired with much interest and affection for you. Remember me very kindly to Miss Sampson; I hope her strength will be equal to her day. Much love to all, and believe me, dear Mr. Washburn,

Your fondly attached friend and sympathizer,

E. H. C.

*Letter from Mrs. Cheever to Mrs. Washburn.*

My dear Elizabeth,—Here I am entirely alone, the Doctor having left me for the city, to remain over the Sabbath. I generally accompany him, but to-day being stormy I have concluded to remain at home, and so improve the opportunity of sending you my greetings for this new year before January is quite ended. I wish you and all dear to you every blessing and happiness, and your household too. We have all entered upon it with countless mercies. I certainly have much cause for gratitude for my many blessings and my beautiful, comfortable home. I only hope, as I wrote my dear aunt a few days since, that I may not cleave so fondly to it here as to forget that this cannot always be my rest and portion. We are more and more in love with Englewood, and could not now be induced to return to city life. Every day brings fresh pleasures and enjoyment in Winter, as well as in Summer. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a Winter landscape, or nothing lovelier than our woodland yesterday, covered with frost and ice. Every twig and bough, in the glittering rays of the sunbeams, was one mass of starry

crystals, and, at sunset particularly, like so many sparkling gems. What beauty and wonders in the frost kingdom! how it impresses us with the perfect wisdom, power, and glory of the Great Creator! Who could be a sceptic amid such wonders? The Winter, thus far, has been a season of real enjoyment to us, and full of life and beauty. The rising sun, which I now endeavor to see, and the reflection of the setting sun, and the mellow, soft light of the moon, on the stainless snow, are exquisitely beautiful, and beyond all power of expression. But as beautiful as Winter is, I am in ecstasies at the thought of enjoying the freshness of early Spring, in the country. To see the tender grass, leaves and shrubs put forth, and hear the sweet songsters, makes my heart overflow with delight at the very thought. We spent a fortnight at Christmas with my sister at her charming rural home, and greatly enjoyed it. My pet niece, Mrs. G., with her beautiful baby-boy, was there; she now resides with her mother, and is a great comfort to her. The darling boy is about twenty months old, and his little gladsome ways and cunning tricks make him the idol and joy of the household. I could not bear to leave him, but his mother has promised to send him to see us.

*To Mrs. Cheever from Mr. Waters.*

Your very kind note of September 22d found me quite ill, so I felt I must give up my intended trip to the meeting of the American Board, at Syracuse—and thus closed up my fond and long-anticipated hope of visiting

you, either going or returning ; but I am just as grateful to you and the Doctor, for your very cordial invitations, as though I had been permitted to once more see you and hold sweet converse on memories of the past. As I pen these lines, I am impressed with the thought that nearly all those friends with whom Dr. C. and myself acted, in the early struggles, in behalf of the poor slave, have gone the way whence they will not return. My friend Whittier and myself spend hours in talking over these memories ; and every few weeks our number is lessened by the departure of one and another, in a good old age, to their rest. I was at the Missionary Rooms in Boston a few days since, and found them much engrossed in preparations for the interior Mission to Africa. I have travelled on both sides of the African Continent, and feel a special interest in the new Mission. I do hope to visit you again, but can't say the precise time. Yet it makes me feel happier to *think* I shall see you and the Doctor once more. Oh, how much I would have to say, and so would you and the Doctor ! May the Lord direct and guide us in all our ways, and then we will go aright. Give my kindest love to the Doctor. I yet hope and pray to see him again ; but if Providence directs otherwise, we will, through the infinite grace and mercy of our Blessed Redeemer, hope to meet on the heavenly hills, and spend a blessed eternity in His worship and service who loved us and gave Himself for us. I am always happy to receive a line from you or the Doctor. I will remind friend Whittier about your poem. He has been quite feeble all Sum-

mer, and recently lost a very dear friend, which he feels very much.

Most affectionately yours,

RICHARD P. WATERS.

The reading of this letter brings to mind a thousand memories of the admirable character and dear friendship of the writer, continued uninterruptedly through so many years. He was one of the heartiest, noblest, most faithful, and unchanging friends ever met with. His useful and successful period in office in Zanzibar, his unsullied example as a devout Christian there, his faithful keeping of the Sabbath, his abhorrence of slavery, his freedom of conversation with the Sultan, whose admiring remembrance of his integrity and generosity was kept up for years after the period of his Consulship had ceased, can never be forgotten. He was an example for praise, honor, and imitation among all the foreigners whose business or official responsibilities had brought them in connection with the Sultan and his Court. His intelligence, hospitality, courtesy, kindness, and uninterrupted pleasantry and cheerfulness were quite unexampled. He had withal such a fund of gayety and laughing good-humor and sweetness of temper, and be-

nevolence and generosity of nature, and such unfailing energy and boldness on the right side against every instance of oppression; such an abhorrence of intemperance and slavery, such hospitality and nobleness of character, whether at home or abroad, that his friendship was a gift inestimable. We always used to call him by his Indian name, with which our enjoyment of his gayety and uninterrupted friendship had baptized him, among ourselves, — MINNEHAHA! *the laughing Waters*, from Longfellow's beautiful poem.

He was an early and whole-hearted helper in every good undertaking, an earnest lover of truth, justice, and freedom. His abhorrence of slavery was grounded in Christian principles, with an indomitable hatred of cruelty and oppression, which was open and transparent everywhere. He carried the freedom, simplicity, and artlessness of uncorrupted youth into the dignity, integrity, and firmness of manhood. He might have been taken to sit for the likeness of Faithful's character, portrayed for our admiration in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, or perhaps a combination portraiture of the qualities of Faithful and Hopeful, in one personification.

It was a remarkable providence that notwithstanding his Anti-slavery principles, so well

known, he should have been appointed Consul of the United States at Zanzibar, with a commission signed by General Jackson, which is said to have been the first official commission that was ever issued to that Government for an American or any other Consul. For several years his Consulate was the only foreign Consulship at Zanzibar.

He became a great favorite with the Sultan, and carried on extensive business transactions with him, enjoying the friendship and entire confidence of His Highness.

His strict, religious observance of the Sabbath was an admirable example in a Mohammedan country, such indeed as had never been known before; and being accompanied with such integrity, energy, and familiar executive command of all business during the week, with such generosity and pleasantry, it made an impression not to be disregarded or forgotten.

His qualities of social, familiar, and generous hospitality, with his genial, happy disposition, made his companionship everywhere attractive. He had always the just and right side on every question of conscience and obedience to God; and his abhorrence of any governmental, irreligious oppression or interference was earnest and unceasing. His opinions, once seriously formed,

were unchangeable; so that every one knew on which side he was to be found, and how impossible it would have been to break down his resolutions, or diminish his unflinching courage in maintaining them. A few such men, with an unswerving reliance upon God and obedience to His Word, might constitute the foundations of an empire of truth, freedom, magnanimity, compassion, and refuge for the outcast and oppressed, and protection of the divine inheritance and rights of the children in every generation, through their uninterrupted parental and school instruction in the Scriptures. Such men are treasures in time of fear, treachery, unbelief, avarice, and selfishness. They are named by the Prophet Ezekiel God's GAPMEN, "to make up the hedge, and stand in the battle in the day of the Lord."

## CHAPTER VIII.

EXCLUSION OF THE BIBLE FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, BUT STATE LEGISLATION FOR THE FREE MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF ARDENT SPIRITS, AND OF DRUNKARDS.—PASSING OUR CHILDREN BY LAW THROUGH THE FIRE TO MOLOCH.—VIOLATION OF CHRIST'S COMMANDS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF OUR LITTLE ONES, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF SUCH VIOLATION.—PREPOSSESSIONS BY LAW WITH HABITS OF DRUNKENNESS.—DR. MCLEOD ON THE SACREDNESS AND POWER OF A PARENTAL, PRAYERFUL EDUCATION.—ANECDOTES OF MILLY AND FANNY, THE TRULY ANGELIC PRATTLERS IN OUR HOUSEHOLD.—LETTER OF MRS. HENRIETTA C. BUCK.

"SUFFER the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The little children! And now, if they are deliberately denied this freedom, this privilege covenanted for them by our Saviour, what is to become of us if we as a government and people refuse to comply with this commandment? Did the Lord God of the Hebrews, and of all the families of mankind, ever say, "Let my laws be taught to the grown people of the State, but never in their schools to the children. Their offspring shall not be educated from their infancy in the reading and knowledge of the Scriptures"? But this is just what we are doing when we permit our legislators to say that neither

the attributes nor laws of the Almighty, nor the promises of love and mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ, shall be brought to the knowledge of the children! And thus we submit to an oppressive establishment of irreligious teaching, from which our New England ancestors fled to the wilderness, for Freedom for ourselves and our children, to worship God!

Here we are, with these two iniquities in our National and State legislation, at one and the same time securing the generation of drunkards by the manufacture of Ardent Spirits, and forbidding the instruction and education of our children in religion by excluding the Bible from our Common Schools, and preventing the Gospel of Christ, and the way of Salvation through Him, from being even mentioned in the school-books! The manufacture of infidelity, atheism, and drunkenness goes hand in hand by our legislation; God our Lawgiver, and Christ Jesus our Redeemer, being excluded from a Nation whose Declaration of Independence declared that all our rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness depended upon the Great Governor of Nations, to whom we appealed for the security of such blessings, for ourselves and our posterity!

What is to become of us, if a single generation be constituted, prepossessed and moulded in the models of such legislation? In the schools

of modern European infidelity there are natures so permeated and impregnated with the habits of scepticism, by turning the truth itself into ridicule and doubt, that they invite the fiery darts of the Wicked One, and become responsive to their lurid magnetism with such swift intensity that their whole infected reason flashes into flame; having grown, as was once described of the ground in the interior of Australia, "almost a molten surface, so that, if a match accidentally fell upon it, it immediately ignited." So the heart of infidelity kindles the match, and from the fall of Adam down to our day some men are even beforehand with Satan in this work of conflagration, making others "twofold more the children of Hell than themselves."

This is just what we are endeavoring to do with the present generation. We are as truly passing our children through the fire to Moloch as ever were the forewarned families of the Hebrews under the reigns of Ahab and Manasseh. And God left them to their own punishment in their own way. And what should prevent Him from executing the same dreadful justice upon us?

Mr. Evans, an eminent Senator in the State of Maine, some years ago delivered a speech, in which he declared that the power of the Word of God in the education of children in the knowledge of the Gospel in the Public Schools had nearly

emptied the prisons, by so reducing crime that the dearth of criminals to possess the cells was so great that the buildings had to be turned over to the local authorities, to be occupied for schools and preaching places. The Book of the Word of God, instead of penal institutes, instead of the sword, had done all this. The first government in the world that shall adopt the Gospel of Christ as its sanction and its force "will ride on the high places of the earth." God, and His laws of Love in Christ, as the obligation upon every citizen, shall yet be the ground and inspiring genius of all law. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness UNTO CHILDREN'S CHILDREN, *to such as keep His covenant*, and to those that remember His commandments to do them."

Both the parents and the government were appointed *to teach all the children upon earth God's holy laws.* If they refuse this, and forbid the teaching of His Word to their children from generation to generation, He will punish them accordingly, giving them over to their own chosen destruction, of their own children, by their own cruelty and wickedness. In keeping back the Word of God and the knowledge of Christ and His Gospel from them, they voluntarily destroy both themselves and their offspring.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden. . Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me." Every faithful, prayerful Christian parent is thus in fact one of our Blessed Lord's most merciful missionaries for mankind. Fathers and mothers, united in obedience to Christ's command, "*bring all your little ones to me*,"—are the most useful and most blissfully happy of all God's faithful ministers on earth. The simplest work of teaching children concerning Christ their Saviour, and setting the example of obedience and love to Him, is the most exquisite prepossession of the soul, with the very Spirit of our Divine Redeemer, making us all hereditary children, generation after generation, of "the Riches of the glory of Christ's own inheritance in the Saints."

The effect of prejudice and doubt upon our first ideas of truth, that were intended and deposited to germinate by a childlike faith into the certainty of a progressive life, may be illustrated by that of varnish on an egg. Eggs varnished cannot be hatched. The mother-hen might brood upon them with all the requisite constancy, but the embryo will not germinate into life with the external varnish on the shell. The air cannot pass through that envelope, and so there is no life, but death, after a little while of doubting. And such are the workings of prejudice and doubt upon the germs of truth, even in minds

by nature the most active. The more precious and costly the life, the more destructive and diabolical the process of its suffocation, and the more incessant will be the watchfulness of a true spiritual husbandman against it. A breed of Shanghai fowls would be protected carefully from such experiments. Are the minds of our children of such physiological toughness that they relieve us of such care? Catch a philosopher varnishing the eggs under your barn-door fowls, and there is not a farmer but would turn him over to the police, even though he bore the name of Stuart Mill or Herbert Spencer. Our Common Schools cannot be submitted to such regulators—such a discipline for addling the eggs.

## AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM!

Shall lead them to Jesus! O wonderful word,
By the Spirit of Prophecy uttered and heard,
From the Womb of the Morning the Dew of Christ's Youth
Drops down on the earth, with the rainbows of Truth,
And the germs of Eternity's blissfulness given,
Each reaper's reward for the labors of Heaven.
A little child, God's glorious Hosts shall lead,
A little child each Victory precede;
The meek and lowly shall inspire the strong
And fill the Universe with one sweet song—
The song of Moses and the Bleeding Lamb;
Eternal glory of the great I AM!
Humility, the dearest grace in Heaven;
Self-sacrifice, the costliest offering given;

The Son of God upon the Cross denied,
Terrific scene of human guilt and pride,
That yet could never God's dear mercy hide,
But make the sinner in His love confide ;
A broken, contrite heart, his faithful guide !

And so, a little child shall lead the world,
That otherwise by Satan had been whirled ;
And so, dear Lord, thy loved ones shall obey
Thy sweet command for every soul astray,
To bring them back where Thou hast taught the glory,
For Jesus to repeat Redemption's story !

Yes, each seraph we'll entreat,
Meeting them at the Mercy Seat,
With all the Cherubim we find
Girded with a grateful mind,
That they may our song of glory,
By the Lord of glory given,
In each starry world repeat,
And unlock the gates of Heaven
For the Penitent's retreat,
At the Saviour's loving call,
From the misery of the fall,
To the bliss of sins forgiven,
And the Crown of Glory worn
By the wretched and forlorn,
In the Paradise above,
Gift of Jesus' dying love !

Yes, a little child shall lead them !
Oh the joy such grace to win !
In a world so full of sin !
Keep, O keep us, gracious Saviour !
Pure amidst a world of guilt !

Let it be our sweet endeavor,
  By Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
The heaven of gratitude to win,
  That we may obtain Thy favor,
And hear Thy welcome words, "Come in."

  Thus assured to dwell forever,
In Thy presence white as snow,
From this guilty world to go.
Thou wilt give us grace and glory,
  Such resemblance to complete,
That we may, as new-born lilies,
  Such as Jesus loved to meet,
Breathing incense at His feet;—

With such wondrous rapture greet
Every Angel choir we meet,
That they shall anew repeat
  The blissful song in Bethlehem given,
  For the endless joy of Heaven.
In the Covenant of Redemption,
  By the Hebrew Prophets taught,
By the Lamb's most precious blood,
Atonement through the Son of God;
For the parents and their children,
In each rising generation.

Where the streams of Life are flowing,
And the trees with fruits are growing,
  And the lilies blooming where
Martyrs and Apostles trod,
Hearing their Incarnate God,
Teach the dear lessons of His Word
Dropt from His lips with grace so sweet,
For listening angels to repeat
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet!

Oh, miracles of Grace Incarnate!
Wonders of Eternal bliss!
By each little child repeated,
Cradled with the Saviour's kiss,
From Earth's sorrows all transported,
To the Heaven of God's own peace,
By the grace of Christ's provision,
Through each praying Mother's Faith,
Conquering even unto death!

Oh the sweetness of such glory!
Oh the glory of such bliss!
Gethsemane and Calvary's story,
The mystery of Godliness!

Look up, thou trembling Little Faith,
Nor ever more despair!
Look up! the bow is round the cloud,
How beautiful! how fair!
Thy loving Lord's o'ershadowing wings
Are shining on thee there;
And far above these fearful storms,
There shall be brighter skies;
Beyond this sin-defiled world,
The stars of mercy rise!
Then wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
And He will shelter thee;
His bow above the stormy cloud,
Who trusts His Word shall see;
The thunders may be long and loud,
The rain a deluge be,
Yet boundless springs of life and love,
They shall create for thee.

Thou art still covered with the wings
Of His surprising grace,

Though for a day thou mayst not see
The shinings of His face;—
Beyond our melancholy years
God's stars of mercy rise,
His angels wait upon our State,
Our guardians for the skies;
Needing Almighty Grace to bear
Such infinite surprise;
The little ones of Jesus' love,
More precious in their eyes,
Than God's creation e'er beheld
In their first Paradise!

The mummified carcasses of the old crocodile-worshippers on the borders of the Nile make light and fuel for modern Mohammedans. The admission of paganism makes sunlight for advancing Deism, without need of a Saviour. Peor and Baalim forsake their antique shrines and place themselves, as living Caryatides, under the throne of the Vatican. Now every prepossession by such falsehood and blindness in education is prophetic of inevitable guilt and misery. Ashes of thought may be good for guano, but must depend on what was the material burned. Coal ashes are fit only for roadways or mudholes. All the life of Truth burned out, what remains is impossible to be rekindled. The saying of a poet has been admired, that even in our ashes live their wonted fires. But how so? Nothing but clinkers and cinders of thought remain. Some kinds of coal make them rapidly, and

they stick so fast to the furnace that they cannot be cleaned away. Like an old well, the cement in which the stones are laid becomes stronger than the stones themselves; and it is easier to break away the stones than the prejudices in the work of a boy's education.

Vile examples are the most powerful of all prepossessions. Hence the necessity of prepossessions grounded in Truth and Love, the very cement of Heaven. But wrong prepossessions, by falsehoods—an education built up and cemented by lying,—how infinitely terrible! Prevention is better than cure, and prepossession is preposition, and if held as firmly as taken, secures the Victory. Preposition is power; and prepossession in a right way, by the elements of truth, is not only nine-tenths of the law, but, in Divine love, is the whole law.

Let any man take a comprehensive dictionary of any language, the English especially, with the references and illustrative quotations, and he can read no more solemn and profoundly instructive pages, even in the most sacred moralists, than he can in tracing the words compounded with the governing particles pre and pro; from pre-accusation (the very first compound noun occurring in this form, and for the consciousness of guilt how significant!) down through pre-admonition, precaution, preception,

predilection, pre-disposition, pre-emption, prejudication, and so on, to the last of the alphabet, presentiment, presumption, pretension, prevention, prevision. Forewarned, forearmed. "Prevenient grace descending," builds lighthouses in our very language for us, foreseeing, foretelling our dangers, our refuges, the reefs, the shoals, the harbors.

Agree with thine adversary while thou art in the way with him. Prepossession waits on preposition; the last is first, the first follows and holds. So it is with right principles, taking the highest positions and confirmed by habits. In our war of Independence, Ticonderoga was fortified by the Americans. They had prepossession. But to have secured that, to have held it against the enemy, there should have been preposition, higher up, not only of that fort, but of every other higher eminence from which an enemy, having prepossessed that height, could overlook, overshoot, and dispossess the other. And so the native-born patriots had to move out. It is a warning lesson for a right education, a right beginning, a granite foundation.

How impossible, except by God's merciful providence and grace, for us to reverse an evil habit when it has become a second nature, a despotism within and without. It is like those fearful Venetian prisons, so contrived as to close

gradually and imperceptibly around and upon the helpless condemned victims, day by day, closer and closer, till they are crushed to death. But the prisons of a sinful nature, growing from within, seem enchanted ground, so terrible is the delusion of sin, the vision of a liberty, large, wide, confident, pleasurable, over which one can roam at will and sin on at pleasure without danger.

But at length the horizon seems to be contracting, every day growing narrower, and after a while the airy walls are found to be a solid material fabric, gradually closing upon you. At first they were far off; now they are coming nearer; at length, a few steps on either side, and you can touch them. Some one seems to be turning the screws. A voice is heard outside: Thine own doings have beset thee roundabout! Thou hast destroyed thyself. The Vice upon thee is within thee.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Our daily thoughts, emotions, actions, words, are sent from us as from a station on telegraphic wires, playing into eternity. Then the recording angel writes them down, and they are eternal characters, and, if we die in them, everlasting, with their consequences. "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment: and some they follow after," and the prison door is shut.

The germ of Universal Sin,
  The cobra serpent of the Fall,
The prepossession held within,
  Against the voice of Mercy's call!

Oh, wake, thou sleeper, and arise
  Amidst the congregated dead;
And Christ, who calls thee from the skies,
  His robe of Light will o'er thee spread.

Cry out with Bartimæus blind:
  O Son of David from on high,
Dispel the darkness of the mind
  And save me as thou passest by.

Lord! That I might receive my sight,
  Thy face of mercy to behold,
And from the radiance of such light
  Follow the shepherd of the fold.
Forth from the gloomy shroud of Night
  His loving kindness to unfold
And through all worlds with glory bright,
  Sing forth his name on harps of gold.

Lift up your heads, ye glorious gates,
  Behold the King of glory waits;
Lift up your heads with crowns of gold,
  The Incarnate God of love behold,
The Conqueror of Hell and Sin,
  And let the King of Glory in!

Get a new master, be a new man! But even new cloth put upon the old torn garment only makes the rent worse. The belief in conditional immortality is an example. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Such is the corner-stone

of ordinary humanity. You are mortal. We know that, and we live accordingly, determined to get all the enjoyment we can out of our present existence. We cannot live for another life. It is impossible to live higher than we know. Now then, unless God has revealed our immortality, there is no possibility of living for anything but this life only. There is no such thing as what is called a soul, and therefore no need of caring for it.

But here Christ Himself puts in a corner-stone for our Eternal Education: "For what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Thou Fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then, whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" A Godly Home Education, Dr. McLeod of Scotland once wrote in his diary, "is one that trains up the child, by the earthly father to the Heavenly. But if a parent would ever be as God to his child, he himself must first be as a child to his God. And what a father on earth wishes his child to be towards himself, that God wishes the parent to be towards Himself," his Father in Heaven. He writes, "I followed out and carried through a theory of education, founded on God's teaching in the Bible, in the Pentateuch especially, which was to be read each year, to the young as well as old. An education such as this would be based upon, and saturated with, Chris-

tian principle." "For a time I must be to my little girl as God. I shall have the blessedness of first telling her of Him, who, I trust, shall be her All in All forever after. For a time I must be to her as God."

ALL SOULS ARE MINE.

Lord, teach thine earliest law of Love,
And give the grace to keep that law,
By which regenerate Worlds shall move,
Each rising family to draw,
In childlike confidence and awe.

Within their Shepherd's Fold on earth,
Arrayed in Jesus' loving care,
The home of each dear infant's birth,
Protected from each deadly snare,—
Christ's soldiers, his dear Cross to bear!

His cherubim shall spread their wings
Above the much-loved mercy-seat;
There, where divine compassion springs,
For every pilgrim's safe retreat,
The world's dark ways beneath their feet.

Jesus, our all! we meet thee there,
And pour our penitential prayer;
We know Thou wilt not cease to bless
The contrite hearts that seek thy grace,
And the dear lightenings of thy face.

Thy life poured out for ours we see,
Upon the Cross on Calvary.
Oh, let us rest upon such love,
Like him who said "Remember me,"
Then rose to Paradise with thee!

Amazing mystery of grace!
How blest for all who seek thy face,
And from its shining glory learn,
In faith and hope and love and prayer,
To find thee always waiting there.

Pleading the fulness of thy plea,
In thine eternal majesty,
To reconcile each race to thee,—
"Bring all your little ones to me,
Their bliss and yours eternally."

Oh the beauty, the sacredness, the power of a true parental, prayerful education! the reverence, the love, the tenderness and sweetness of earliest associations, begun and continued with the prayer of faith at the foot of the Cross! What a heaven on earth, in its earliest elements, God hath mercifully interwoven, from the cradle of the infant upward, if but that one command of our Blessed Lord is faithfully obeyed, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And how shall they come, except they be brought and taught by parental affection? And when that, which is God's own inspiration in the soul, is obeyed, every promised element of blessedness and glory shall follow. "*The riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in the saints*" begin there—

begin and are continued in the teachings of His Love and the guidance of his Holy Spirit.

Dear, precious, trustful, truthful, simple-hearted, loving little Milly! What an embodiment of a Seraph on earth the dear child seemed to be! And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. In such a world as this, little children are a wonder, for the simplicity and truth of their religious perceptions and sensibilities. They know, as it were, instinctively and as unerringly as a rose-bud opening to the light and air, what they can trust, and whom they ought to love, and why. Their early consciences are a wondrous barometer of what is right and wrong, when their religious education in its simplest principles has not been neglected. Little Fanny was full of humor and merriment, fond of playful tricks and puzzles, and loved a joke with a spice of satire in it. Little Milly was as a child-angel. Where did she acquire that early experience of right and wrong? that tender, delicate, sensitive impression of good and evil in the thoughts and affections, and even of the sinfulness and danger of envy and pride;—where, but from the mysterious, intuitive power of some sweet examples, with sacred lessons and influences begun in infancy, and taught perhaps by the very thoughts and im-

pressions suggested in the loving maternal countenances of those watching over her?

Dear little innocent prattler! One Sabbath morning, getting ready for the Sabbath-school, her sister Fanny, admiring the beautiful flowers on Milly's new bonnet, said to her, half in play, half in earnest, "O Milly! Milly! what do you think dear Aunty will say when she sees you so fond of your gay bonnet?"

"Oh," said Milly, "I know what dear Aunty will say. She will tell you if Milly is only a good little girl, no matter for her beautiful bonnet! Aunty will not be troubled at all."

Milly was, in her artless, sweet simplicity, as an infant cherub, like a field violet just opening into life and beauty, and so full of tender religious sensibility and thoughtfulness, so unconscious, so native, that she seemed almost to have been born a seraph, so loving, so happy, so holy. Her life was very brief, but, oh, how radiant, how lovely! The freedom of the dear child's heart from the desire or pride of admiration might well be the work of the early sanctifying grace of God.

This incident recalls to mind the promise connected with our Lord's Kingdom on earth, "From the womb of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth." Our Lord's own Holy Na-

tivity and education were the result of the fulfilment of the One Hundred and Tenth Psalm, as an example of the riches and beauty of the Kingdom of Divine Glory thenceforth to be established upon earth; what was to be the hope of his calling and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the Saints, and what the exceeding greatness of his power realized in the regeneration and Resurrection of Saints in light.

The better impulses, by God designed,
Become the seeds of character refined,
Rocked in the earliest cradle of the mind;
Roots of pure habits in the soil entwined,
To bear in ripest age the fruits of grace,
Reflections from their guardian angel's face!
Dear reminiscences of Jesus' Love,
As in the Ark the white wings of the Dove,
A resting-place to seek earth's waves above.
Dews of Christ's youth, in earliest morning sought,
Are fruits divine of all celestial thought,
Through Faith and Love transfiguring the mind,
Because parental hearts were thus inclined;
And sought occasions daily to diffuse
The lights from heaven o'er their infantile views.
O sacred trust! from Jesus given to Man!
The Babe's Salvation, God's parental plan!
The joy, the glory of Christ's Harvest Home,
For countless millions in the Heaven to come.

It was to this lovely angel of our household that our very dear friend Mrs. Henrietta C. Buck referred in her affectionate note, saying, "Although I know that your house is a house of mourning and sorrow, yet if it is perfectly agreeable and convenient to grant our request for the evening of Sabbath, 15th instant, it will be a most grateful gift.

"Dear Mrs. Cheever, it has been with heartfelt sympathy that I have thought of you the last few days, watching that little sufferer whilst she was going down the valley of the shadow of death. I have twice been called to that bitter pang of parting with such dear little treasures, and I know how agonizing is the bereavement! But I know also what a source of consolation there is in thinking, "*I have a child in Heaven.*" The tender plant is now safe and sheltered from all the storm of this life. May God comfort you all and cause this affliction to prove in the end a precious blessing! With much love and sympathy,

Yours truly,

H. C. B.

## YE MUCH-LOVED LITTLE ONES, COME ALL TO ME!

O God! support my faltering grace!
Still keep me in the heavenly race!
With Faith and Hope and Love to trace
The shinings of my Saviour's face!

For Thou alone, dear Lord, canst keep
Me in the fold of Thy dear sheep!
Alas, so easily astray
If tempted in the World's Highway,
As truants from my Lord to play!

Keep me! Oh, keep me, Blessed Lord!
Till, in the freedom of Thy Word,
The Prisoner of Hope, I be
Secured eternally by Thee;
From sin and death forever free,
INHABITING ETERNITY!

The golden picture of your Heavenly Home,
Dear child, is sweet, wherever you may roam!
Happy you are, if in life's early morning
You have enjoyed, through Love's Maternal Warning,
A heavenly shield from sin's destructive snares,
By virtue of your Saviour's loving prayers:
His Cross, His Crown, your infinite delight;
The sunset glow, your cradle hymn at night,
Each early morning's radiance, how bright!

Each evening's constellations clear forewarning
The glories of the Resurrection Morning.

For in God's mercy, even so,
Your peaceful nightly slumbering visions show,
By watchful radiant trains of angels round,
Whose songs the children of God's love are keeping,
How precious in His sight your lives are found,
By files of seraphs guarding you while sleeping.

For so, "He giveth His beloved sleep;"
Who day by day His blissful precepts keep,
Till they in Paradise God's harvests reap;
Where grief nor fear shall evermore be known,
But full redemption from the world's complaints;
With riches of the heritage of saints,
And memories of such wondrous liberty,
From guilt and misery forever free!

Ye much-loved little ones, come all to me!
For I your endless happiness shall be;
In every world you shall my glory see,
And know the bliss of grateful love to me!

O God, the dying sinner see,
And guide his struggles after Thee!
Give him with supplicating grace,
Importunate, to seek Thy face;
Say to his passions, "Peace, be still!"
And at Thine all-controlling will,
The ocean's conflict shall subside,
All calm and peacefully shall glide;
And I, the storms of Life outriding,
In God's dear grace supreme confiding,
And in the depths of Heaven abiding.

## WOULD I WERE A GOLDEN HARP!

Oh that I were a golden Harp!
With angel souls to play upon me,
To tell how Christ's dear mercy won me,
Once from His Fold so far astray,
And hurrying swift on Hell's Broad Way.

But now, how blissful, every hour!
Pour forth, God's minstrels, all your power,
Where melodies of souls are flinging,
And orbs of glory, countless, singing,
Their endless flight through ages winging,
Through all Eternity to raise
From every harp the Saviour's praise!
Celestial prisms, new-formed, unfolding,
Angels gratefully beholding,
New-created planets rise,
With all the joys of Paradise.

Sweetest thoughts in loveliest language,
Colors drawn from sunset skies,
Where the forkèd lightning flies;
Always blending, never ceasing;
Comets their career unrolling,
And God's thunder-peals, rebounding,
Shake the whole creation round;
Echoing through eternal ages
Volumes infinite of sound.

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!
Thy Spirit with Thy Word impart,
For me to know Thy will by heart.
Nor ever from such Love depart,
Protected in Thy holy way.

No more to wander, lost, astray,
Unmindful of the Heaven so bright,
But, as thine angels, robed in white,
And in Thy Presence still abiding,
And faithful in my Saviour hiding,
To walk with Jesus in the Light.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Gavazzi and Gajani, the Italian Patriots.

GAVAZZI was a noble example of the highest qualities of Christian Patriotism. Such also was the young Italian Senator Gajani, so distinguished for his love of freedom, his hatred of the Papal Despotism, and broad and conscientious devotion to the redemption of his country from the yoke of Romanism. Gavazzi was the subject of oppressive cruelty, but he seemed to have never a fear of his enemies, or anxiety for himself on account of their exasperation at the scathing power and persuasion of his eloquence, but went on with a compound of argument, wit, sarcasm, and eloquent denunciation, in support of the freedom of the Gospel and the justice, duty, and protective power of a free Government, as ordered of God, for the education and religious welfare of nations, under the dominion of the Saviour of mankind.

He was a giant in mind, and in stature and strength, resolution, decision, courage. What

Garibaldi was in battle, Gavazzi was in the fervor and courageous energy of religious freedom for his country and the world. In his life and in Gajani's adventures, it was deeply interesting and instructive to observe the providence of God in guiding such men in the career that is to affect so many nations and such vast interests.

A visit of Mrs. Cheever to the grocer's to settle a bill or to order some article for the household, and the name of Garibaldi incidentally mentioned in her presence, resulted in the providence of God in the rescue of an entire stranger, the Italian refugee Gajani, from the condition of peril with which he was surrounded. Hearing the name of Garibaldi pronounced by the grocer as interfering in behalf of a poor Italian, Mrs. C. inquired who it was, and how it happened. Her interest was awakened, and, learning the address of the Italian, she consulted with her dear friend Mrs. Maxwell, the mother of Mrs. G. Douglas; and then they went to see what the poor young Italian needed.

They found him in great want, and in a bare, unfurnished room, destitute of the means of a daily existence, and no possibility of employment. They immediately, on learning something of his history, took him under their care and provided for his comfort, making his apartment comfort-

able, and then interesting numbers of our acquaintances to gain friends for him.

His health and hopes were soon in the way of recovery, and from that period he was successful in his efforts for his country and his native home. His life and letters show the depth of his gratitude and the faithful and successful earnestness of his Christian patriotism, his love of truth and freedom in his work for his beloved Italy. A letter from Prof. Silliman is full of interest as a testimonial of the depth of regard and affection Gajani had gained with many friends during his residence in our country. His sweetness of disposition, his freedom from vanity, his humility, his frankness, openness, and simplicity of character, the purity of taste, refinement, scholarship, and childlike trust and piety, with his quick discernment of judgment and opinion in regard to our Government and religion, and the prospects before us, with the dangers surrounding us, were remarkable. It was a great privilege to have been permitted to aid and animate such patriots and champions of freedom.

The mention of Gavazzi in connection with Gajani recalls a multitude of reminiscences showing some of the great perils passed through safely in our own country by these self-denying apostles of

liberty in Christ. When Gavazzi a second time visited New York, he had just come from a perilous conflict against Popery in Canada, where his infuriated enemies, the papal priests and subjects, had endeavored to murder him, and from whom he narrowly escaped with his life. He had been preaching against the errors of Romanism with his usual valor and eloquence, and his intended murderers had succeeded, as they thought, in securing his death on an appointed evening, by hauling him out of the pulpit and trampling him under their feet in the building where he was lecturing till midnight. But with heaven-born strength, he threw his adversaries backward, and, the lights being put out in the struggle, succeeded, through the darkness, in escaping from his assailants and reaching New York in safety. The accounts of this violence and of Gavazzi's visit and escape unharmed, with his intention to lecture in New York, produced a great agitation and excitement, and it was openly affirmed that, if he should be permitted to speak against Romanism in New York, there would be a terribly ferocious riot and the streets would run with blood.

His friends and the friends of religious liberty were determined that he should be heard and pro-

tected. At a meeting of many distinguished gentlemen, in the house of Mr. C. R. Roberts, it was proposed that he should be invited to speak in one of the public halls of the city, and that such arrangements should be made for his security by the police as would insure peace and safety, and command perfect freedom in the proclamation of religious truth against Romanism. A sharp discussion ensued, the end of which was, in the opinion of nearly all persons present, that, in the midst of the tempest of rage against Gavazzi, it would be the height of madness to attempt to give him freedom of speech in regard to Popery.

The discussion was maintained to a late hour in the evening, until one of the members present, friendly to Gavazzi, perceiving it impossible to obtain a vote on his behalf, declared that, if the gentlemen gathered there would not consent to support Gavazzi in the freedom of a lecture by giving him their names for protection, a proposition should at least be drawn up and signed requesting him to lecture, and asking the protection of the police to preserve him and his audience from assault and riot. This measure, which would have been a perfect security for the protection of Gavazzi, was refused almost unanimously; when one of the friends of the eloquent

and fearless Italian, finding it in vain to argue the matter any longer, declared that, inasmuch as the assembled multitude that evening would not lend the weight of their approbation in an invitation for him to speak as freely in the United States as in Canada, he* should esteem it as his duty, the first thing in the morning, to write out an invitation and appointment for his lecture, as proposed, and to get it signed by such a number of prominent men as he was sure could be obtained, along with a demand for the force and protection of a sufficient police guard to keep off all danger of riot or interruption. There was, he knew, a sufficient number of eminent citizens to set their names to such a call upon Gavazzi as would give him a complete victory, and preserve the city from the shame of bowing down to the threats of Roman Catholic rioters. With that declaration, the speaker left the assembly. Just as he was going out, one of the dissenting gentlemen declared with great earnestness, "If you take this step and succeed in your object, you will most assuredly make the streets of the city run with blood, and we will charge the mischief all upon you." "I am perfectly willing to take the responsibility," was the answer; and with that he went home and prepared a document, with which

* Dr. Cheever.

early the next morning he went down into the city, and presented it, first of all, for signature, to President S. F. B. Morse, who instantly put down his name; after which there was little difficulty in getting the signatures of a large number of eminent citizens, such as Horace Holden, Curtis Noyes, John Jay, Edgar Ketchum, Horace Greeley, R. H. McCurdy, George Wm. Curtis, Wm. Allan Butler, Simeon Draper, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Hoxie, George Douglas, and many others, calling on the police of the city to protect the intended speaker in his defence of liberty of speech against Romanism.

The consequence was a wide publication of the notice and appointment of the lecture in Tripler Hall, with the assurance of perfect freedom of speech guaranteed to the speaker, and a gift of one thousand dollars provided for him, with the presentation of a large Bible to be given at the close of his lecture. A wide and fervent interest was aroused, and the meeting was one of the most successful demonstrations for the freedom of speech ever made in the city. Gavazzi's subject was in part the horrors of the Roman Catholic Inquisition; and his power of demonstration by his gestures and eloquence was so impressive, that an eminent surgeon who was present declared

that he found himself searching for his instruments to help the lecturer in the midst of his tremendous act of re-presenting the bodily tortures endured by the victims of Roman Catholic cruelty. He feared the speaker himself would have fainted under the misery of his own tortures.

At the close of the service, the Bible was presented to Gavazzi by his friends, with a testimonial of their admiration of his fearless eloquence, by Rev. Dr. Cox. The event was a triumph. But the very next night Tripler Hall was burned to the ground by the Romanists;—an event which only helped to show how determined was the enmity aroused against the eloquence of the Italian Patriot.

## CHAPTER X.

A Survey of our National and Individual Responsibilities, as a People of Voters, and therefore Legislators, accountable entirely to God and his Government as revealed in his Word. — The Obligations of Voters under the United States Government, responsible to God for themselves and for their Children.

AT the period of 1847 and 1848, the era of the great revolution in Italy, when the Pope was compelled for a season to quit his Papal throne and the Palace of the Vatican, and to fly from Rome itself, so long the undisputed centre of the Papal Government, a deep and exciting interest prevailed in our country as to what might be the result in regard to Romanism. Would the Revolution be established by the freedom of Italy from the Papal Despotism? But the efforts of the Jesuits, the Roman Catholics, and the infidel Socialists against the Sabbath, the Bible, and the religious education of our children were uninterrupted. My dear wife was profoundly interested in reading at this time the powerful work of Eugene Sue, entitled "The Wandering Jew," as also the

remarkable volume by Fleming, written near two centuries ago in England, and predicting some of the judgments to be inflicted upon the kingdom of the Pope previous to his downfall. The events of 1848 were outlined in that volume with a distinctness that could have been justified or made possible only by the guidance of the Holy Spirit in pursuing the study of the Apocalypse.

For centuries the temporal despotism of the Pope had not received so staggering a blow; and it really seemed as though the last of the vials of wrath against his blasphemy had begun to be poured out upon the centre of his empire. It was about the same period that Gavazzi's eloquent lectures in this country produced so deep an impression. But at the present moment the Jubilee honors bestowed upon the infallible Pope by so many potentates and worshippers in Europe, assisted by the President of the United States, have roused new hopes of a renewal of the ecclesiastical darkness and tyranny of the ages preceding the Reformation. Our diary of passing events says: —

"And now to think of the delirium, the ineffable madness, that is being taught even by some ministers of the gospel, against the use of the Bible, the only fountain of divine and truly educating truth, in our common schools!

"May God in infinite mercy not only give us right men to guide our present counsels, but wisdom to govern us by his Word from generation to generation; for such is the responsibility laid by God upon us. And what can be more necessary, what more legitimate, than the law of such responsibility, made absolute and plain beforehand for every generation?"

In truth, the sixteen years of our national history, from 1844 to 1860, including our political and legislative existence, and the trial of our principles as by fire, were in some respects the most important period of the whole century.

It was during this period that the foray under the auspices of Governor Seward, sanctioning the demands of Archbishop Hughes for the denationalizing of our public-school system of instruction for the children, cauterizing the school-books then and from time immemorial in use, and dephlogisticating them of all religious instruction, was successfully introduced. The doctrine of a higher law than God's law was sanctioned for the guidance of our Government; the fugitive-slave law, in direct and open disobedience to God, was put into our national statute-books; the law of the Supreme Judicial Court making human slavery a just and rightful traffic was enacted; — and in all these ways the tone of public spirit, religion, love

of liberty, and faithfulness to our constitutional rights, privileges, and covenants with God and man, were assailed, undermined, and weakened. Even our conflicts did not purify us. But we had not reached the culminating dishonor and irreligious sacrilege of the century.

The years when the patriots of Italy and Europe — Gavazzi, Gajani, Garibaldi, and Kossuth — were among us, were years of declining patriotism and of partisan scheming in submission to slavery, under the fear of national disunion. It is questionable if we ever can recover from the injuries of those years of political irreligion and treachery; for it was a work of constitutional disintegration and misgovernment, instead of humanity and mercy to mankind. In the midst of such an alliance of slavery and irreligion in principle and practice, we could have accomplished nothing, except, in obedience to God, we had employed the Sabbath for the application of his Word against all known sins, but especially this guilt of man-stealing, cleaving as an inherited leprosy of the soul to the whole nation, and yet regarded as its indissoluble and inviolable heirloom.

So, therefore, our church campaign was opened, and was continued throughout, with the Sabbath as our fortress and the utmost freedom of God's

Word on that day in every direction and to all classes of men, whether in the Church or out of it; for these were the only opportunities and possibilities by which we could have reached the conscience of the people, or roused a purpose in the nation, constraining our Government to obey God.

At this present juncture in the world's progress, if laws are passed by any professedly Christian people, educating one generation in ignorance of God's law and in disregard of the conditions of salvation for the soul, this work of the elimination of all righteous principle by the darkening and imprisonment of the youthful conscience, in defiance of God's most express warnings and commands, must inevitably result in the national ruin. In a single generation the work may be accomplished, as surely as another generation is instructed to follow in the same train. *Actum est de Republica! Periisti!* It is all over with you! God's warnings are to the third and fourth generations of men to whom the knowledge of his law has come; and yet for three generations its commandments have been violated, from parents to children. Look back over the three periods of growth in our country: in 1830, the destruction of the Indians begun, and the violation of all our treaties with them; in 1860, the completed proscription of

four millions of slaves; in 1880, the attempted destruction of a Christian education.

The growths of nations and their fixtures, good or bad, are by generations of thirty years to a decisive period. The destruction of nations is in consequence of the violation of God's Word and the resulting habits of irreligion, atheism, and unbelief. And one generation, with the heritage of such examples and habits, may secure the execution of the penalty. And as surely as God has said, "ALL SOULS ARE MINE," and, "The nation and kingdom that will not obey my Word shall perish;" so surely will God judge legislators and nations, not merely as perishable bodies, but as responsible for immortality and eternity.

*The Culminating Dishonor of the Century.*

"Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?" The insult of such despotism is doubly against God and his Word, with his universal law in it, requiring that Word to be preached and taught freely in all languages to all nations. And the forbiddance of such teachings is the latest form of such insult against God and cruelty towards man, as practised and commanded by the United States Government against the helpless remnant of In-

dians still surviving! It is the crown of our centennial, republican, and self-glorifying grandeur, containing in its bosom an atheistic sacrifice of the more than fifty years of missionary labor, just beginning to be so successful in the Christian training of aboriginal tribes, now forbidden to read the Word of God in the same language in which they were born! Forbidden by a government and people that have continued for a hundred years to violate the treaties sworn to be observed for the protection of the aboriginal possessors of lands and homesteads within the United States, and for their preservation in all the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed to all men in our Declaration of Independence.

*The Responsibilities of Nations by their Generations.*

Each generation on earth is responsible for the character of the next, — a principle of righteousness that cannot be denied or disregarded. For it is not a matter of mere individual sin: it is what we ourselves will do with the power put into our hands to make others sin, — what we will do to future generations, who will assuredly be guilty or innocent in this one mighty domain of human infamy and transgression, taught by precept and example just as we may decide.

It is we who are now the lawgivers, who write grievousness which we may prescribe as physicians of the Evil One to settle the principles and habits of our constitution, commissioned to inoculate a whole kingdom with the plague, — we who undertake to turn aside the poor from his right, — we who declare in the presence of Almighty God that not His righteousness but our own injustice shall preside over the affairs of the nation; that not humanity and freedom, but inhumanity and oppression, shall characterize our laws, our morals, our religion.

How instructive are the scientific warnings in Nature, from experience of the consequences of a waste of timbered lands not renewed by planting! Whole mountain ranges denuded, and desert, uninhabitable plains inherited as the result. Even so, cutting away from one generation the timber of God, the forests that have grown up with their roots in his Word and in faith, not only neglecting to set new trees in the same soil, but forbidding such a process, on the plea of a liberal conscience against a divine revelation, whole nations will be morally and intellectually desolated. The wise and prudent shall perish; and none shall be left for rulers but fools, or mad Nebuchadnezzars, who must be turned out to feed upon their own grasses,

in order to learn that they have made themselves brutes.

All the sciences on earth will not supply the want of an education and vital growth and discipline in God's Word. We might as well attempt to timber our naked mountains by wood-ashes on our garden-plants, or guano on our hot-house flowers. How long can men such as Hooker and Howe, Cudworth and Castell, Walton and Lightfoot, Milton, Newton, and Sir William Jones, Leighton and Luther, Knox and Cromwell, Bunyan and Baxter, continue as a "survival of the fittest," when the deep soil itself is abraded by a profound and perpetually active unbelief; when the planting of the soil for Heaven, and the seed for it, are both forbidden by law? What wondrous opportunities of victory in these conflicts God hath put in our power, and grace to use them if we would obey Him, as the greatest of our blessings and privileges!

For perhaps there is not another world in God's universe where this central battle is going on, or being fought out for God by sinful beings once in rebellion against Him; and perhaps no world where so much may be done by little creatures and small means, for His glory and the good of intelligent souls, on so infinite a scale, with demonstration of

infinite consequences. And yet regenerated persons, in the image of Christ, with the love of Christ as their motive, and the truth as it is in Jesus their weapon and their capital, may become the greatest and most powerful of all the actors employed by him with the greatest means ever possible in any world! Take the case of the Apostle Paul: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Where could even angels have made a more thrilling, animating sacrifice than the poor widow with her two mites, her whole living? Oh, how little sense or adequate conception we have of the part we are all playing, even by merely existing in a world like this, merely passing through it *worthily* to another! The manner of the passage tells for ETERNITY; and this being the case, even Paul the Preacher had to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

But any common philosopher, even of secularism, would be sufficient, if there were no eternal consequences, no absolute immortality, the responsibility of which every soul must bear.

Now, we affirm that no greater outrage against God's government can be committed, none more blasphemous against his law of love, none more

malignantly rebellious against his grace, his mercy to mankind, than that of a people, professing their dependence upon God for all the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, daring, by their own laws, to put the children of the Commonwealth under attainder of proscription on account of color and race; depriving them of the right secured by God's command to the whole human family, in all its tribes and territories, — the right of being instructed in the gospel of Christ, as it is to be freely read and learned in their mother tongue.

### *The Responsibilities of Law.*

The disregarded statutes, the violation of which wrought at length the earthquakes and volcanoes of Divine wrath in Judea and in Babylon, had enclosed in their bosom, on condition of faith and obedience, the assurance of a stupendous miracle, to be continued, with its appointed calendar of seasons, as sure as the journey of the sun, from generation to generation, in the sight and knowledge of the whole heathen world; so that the pages of the annual, septennial, and semi-centennial anniversaries of the people of God's government and covenant would have been as those of his almanacs of day and night, seed-time and

harvest, summer and winter, as visible and to be reckoned from for guidance, as the revolutions of the planets for the happiness of the world.

For these very laws, and the festival celebrations connected with them, were published and known, not only among the Jews, but through them among the idolatrous nations. And the retributive punishments inflicted by the Divine Lawgiver upon the kingdom and people of Israel for violating those statutes, and for teaching such violation to their children, were just as plainly foretold and foreknown, as the statutes themselves.

God refers to this fact as being an exasperation of the guilt of the Hebrews in setting such an example of wickedness to the surrounding nations. For this crime the retribution was predicted, and afterwards realized and described in the most terrific imagery and language, in Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the Minor Prophets.

"Wherefore I will yet plead with you, saith the Lord, and with your children's children will I plead. Hath any nation changed their gods, which yet are no gods? But my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For pass over the Isles of Chittim, and see; and send unto Kedar, and

consider diligently, and see if there be such a thing. For all people will walk in the name of their God. But my people have sacrificed to devils, and not to God. They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God, and a fire is kindled in mine anger that shall burn to the lowest hell. Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps."

Just so far as the Hebrew rulers were faithful to it, their nation was prosperous. Just so far as their kings and the people disobeyed it, they were in captivity to the idolatries and crimes of the whole heathen world, till they became the off-scouring of all nations, and a proverb of the retributive vengeance of the Almighty. Will not such judgments be visited upon all the nations of the modern age, that expel from the education of the rising generations the belief and knowledge of the Divine Law and Gospel?

We are the only nation, the only government and people under heaven, professing a debt of gratitude to God and a belief in a divine revelation that ever have been found bold enough to deny the supreme authority of God's Law over their own governments, and to banish the teaching of his Word, and of the Gospel of his Son our Saviour from the public education of their children.

The Mohammedans keep the Koran; the Chinese, the Africans, the Hindus, their sacred books and fetiches; the Old Ammonites and Philistines kept their Dagons; even the Thugs their saints, and the Greeks and Romans their thirty thousand deities and oracles and altars of sacrificial victims. But we, with the gospel of Christ in our possession, expel both the Word of our God and the knowledge of our Saviour from our public schools, and forbid its being preached in a language that can be understood from infancy. We forbid its use among the poor remnants of the Indian tribes, once so numerous, from whom we have stolen all their lands and rights by broken treaties; and now we are compelling them to receive all their knowledge of the true God and Redeemer from a foreign priest and legislator, who proclaims from his throne in Italy the divine attribute of infallibility, and the power of forgiving the sins of all mankind, on condition of a sum of money paid into the Pope's treasury; thus binding in an unbreakable despotism every man's conscience to the Papal Priesthood instead of God, under penalty, if disobedient, of excommunication from the Kingdom of Heaven. And this systematized blasphemy, which prevents the possibility of any man that believes in it being a Christian, we commit to the care of a Roman Catholic commis-

sioner of our missionary Indian schools, forbidding the children from ever being taught in their own tongue the wonderful works of God and the saving knowledge of Christ in the gospel.

*What may prove to be an unpardonable Sin against the Gospel of the Grace of God.*

We have said, "*No greater outrage against God's government.*" Yet, as it were, in preparation for this, we have been all the while poisoning and inflaming the poor remnants of the Indian tribes by the introduction and established use of ardent spirits, forced upon the very same persons from whom we have been withholding the Word of God! What is the licensing of crime by a State government for the sake of a national revenue? What else but a blasphemy against the authority of God, a defiance of his laws and kingdom?

These crimes must be looked into, and their consequences considered, now that the conscience of every human being is appealed to *for a vote in favor of licensing perpetually the work of making drunkards for the whole community.*

This is the Bill now demanding the sanction of our National Congress and our State legislatures. Whatever shape it may take, it is the result of a long-continued, wide, and minute examination of

the evidence of the dreadful nature of any authorization of the traffic in ardent spirits. The expenses and the miseries, the profits and the power, of such authorization have been so clearly, and with such fire of demonstration, shown in every part of our country, that, in view of the increase of intelligence and experience among us, it is almost incomprehensible how any attempt can be made to continue in any form a permission of the manufacture and sale of the means and agencies of drunkenness, and therefore of all the crimes and distresses inevitable in consequence of such permission.

Freedom by law, for the destruction of souls by rum! Prevention and restraint by law, from the work (as if it were a crime) of attempting the saving of men's souls by their instruction in the gospel from childhood! The freedom and privilege of religious truth to be taught in our public schools is condemned by law, as being irreligious, unconstitutional, and subversive of the freedom of conscience!

If in the history of mankind two greater crimes against God and man can be named than these, let them be specified, and a retribution worthy of them demanded by the people upon whom they have been imposed, as if they were public stocks secured by governmental bond and mortgage.

Now, the Gospel of Christ for the salvation of all mankind that would receive it, and would believe in Him according to his invitation, was the mercy intended by God in the whole Old Testament Revelation; the whole law of God, and its promises and predictions being but the *divine schoolmaster*, to bring men to Christ. And if defiance and disobedience of the schoolmaster and the school-laws by a whole nation before Christ came, would be visited with such terrific destruction, "of how much sorer punishment suppose ye shall they be thought worthy, who have trodden under foot the Son of God himself, crucifying him afresh, and putting him to an open shame!"

If there ever could be on earth such crucifixion and shame since the history of Christ's known death and resurrection, the climax of it must be in the defiance and contempt by the Government of a so-called Christian people, excluding the teachings of his gospel, and the very mention of his name, and all knowledge of his existence from the common school, and from the language and education of the poor and oppressed. It must be found in the banishment, by Government and people, of the whole Bible, and all its teachings concerning the Saviour of mankind, and all mention of the name and authority of God, from the Constitution and its

legislation. And so it is perfected by the forbidding of prayer, and all religious lessons, and all Christian training from being imparted to the little children, concerning the treatment of whom the very earliest law of man's being was given by Christ in these words: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If the Government and people of only one nation fulfilled this most blessed command in all its meaning, the whole world might speedily behold on earth the long-predicted universal kingdom of heaven.

The right of religious ignorance and unbelief is *defended* as a right of conscience, which the Government cannot interfere with, by permitting religious instruction in the schools. The Government (it is affirmed) is bound to maintain for the people in the education of their children an insurance *against* the introduction of the Bible. The public-school education must exclude, by governmental authority, the knowledge of the Bible and its religion. But the same Government claims and exercises authority to exclude the Bible, and all knowledge of its teachings, as being an oppression of the conscience of the unbeliever. The duty of maintaining a discipline of unbelief and irreligion is thus assumed as essentially the obli-

gation and right of the Government, and its right over and against the conscience of the Christian. The common school must take the children, and bring them up in freedom to choose for themselves what religion they please, if they ever come to the knowledge of any. Nine tenths of the children in the United States get their only education in the common schools, where by the edict of the Government forbidding the Bible and prayer and all instruction in regard to Christ as their only Saviour, they necessarily become infidels.

The citizens of Gadara were never more insanely prepossessed against the presence of Christ, than the Romanists and modern Secularists are against the light of his religion. If the Gospels were a mad dog, their educators could not be more jealous of hydrophobia, nor more anxious to shoot or muzzle the dogs in the street, than they are to exclude the Bible and its teachings from the children in our schools.

If God's law is supreme for one human being, it is for all. If for individuals, then also and equally for communities and legislators. It is impossible that there should be one law for every soul, through a conscience acting in all thoughts and things toward God, and obedient to him, and another law, or no

law at all, for the Government, chosen by a community of souls, and governing not by the will of God, but by their own will and by the majority of votes. If God is not to govern, guide, and control the Government, then the people who appoint the Government by their votes do really control God; and thus the usurpation of God's authority becomes a despotism under the vices and voices of the multitude. To what other result can the rejection of the Bible lead?

In one of the great picture-galleries at Windsor Castle are several precious caskets, preserved with great care. The Queen entered one day with a small book in her hand, and asked the keeper of these treasures which was the most rare and valuable of them all. He showed her one made of pure rock crystal, ornamented with gold and enamel. In this casket the Queen placed a small book, — General Gordon's pocket-Bible, annotated and marked by his own hand; and in this precious casket will remain this most precious relic of one of England's greatest heroes. Suppose the Queen should now supplement this with an encyclical letter from the Pope, as the law-book for her own subjects, forbidding them from ever teaching their children the Bible in their own tongue!

If God inhabiteth Eternity, so do his laws and judgments attend upon his attributes, from everlasting to everlasting.

Now, these Gospels were to be made up for the use of all ages, to supply the need of a present visible Saviour for the eye of faith to rest upon, for the heart of love to be fastened on and filled with; and therefore our Lord passes before us, the Way, the Truth, the Life, in the boundless translucent mirror of his own divinely inspired Scriptures, in connection with all classes of men, all junctures of circumstance, all emergencies; and always we behold His divine attributes in action. And if he were on earth now, he would live among us and for us just as he did then, when he abode here for a season in the form and with the sympathies of our humanity.

All this is pure educational truth, taught and commanded by God manifest in the flesh. It is the very mercy of God, set forth in precious incontrovertible lessons for our souls, and doctrines for the state and destiny of man. The mercy of God in Christ, man as a sinner, Christ as a Saviour; man as exposed to eternal death because of sin, Christ as offering eternal life to those who trust in him, — can anything be conceived more worthy to be taught, more necessary to be taught, by Divine

infallible authority, as truth that cannot honestly be disbelieved? Is there any being in the world who has a right to command these things, but only He, who is the Way, the Truth, the Life; who is Love, Light, Goodness? Can such truth ever be learned by scientific experiment, even though science worked till doomsday, and by men perfectly disinterested? The greatest natural love of truth in the world can never discover how God will treat the sinner against God; nor what sin is in its forces, its consequences, if left to go on with its work till death.

Let the Eighty-first, Eighty-second, and Ninety-fourth Psalms, applied by our blessed Lord to the Hebrews themselves, be laid to heart by the people of the United States, — voters, representatives, legislators, rulers, judges, parents, and teachers: "How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked? Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy. Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked. Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and walked in my ways! But they walked in their own counsels; so I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust. They walk on in darkness; all the foundations of the earth are out of course. They gather themselves together against the soul

of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood. But the Lord shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off."

*What can be done if we reject the Scriptures?*

Our Centennial Addresses were very properly biographical remembrances of the founders of our republic,—memorial windows in the palace of which they have been the architects. Where did they get their wisdom? How can it be prolonged, and such noble natures perpetuated with it?

They grew out of *an education in the Scriptures as the Word of God*, the ruling authority for individuals and nations. Our village independence, our town meetings for self-government, the admitted authority of the wisest and best men, their continued and quiet election to office, sprung from the same habits. As Franklin reasoned concerning electricity and lightning, so his mind taught him that the wisdom that could make Congress a fit guide to make a constitution for the country was from God; and he called for daily prayer, in which the Congress had failed to begin its own sessions. A hundred years pass away, and we are proposing to forbid prayer to God on the plea of an enlightened liberalism of conscience, that must set forth atheism as one of the congeries of our

religions. Well, it is only one; and if prayer can be forbidden by that, it can be taught, and should be taught in all fairness, by the others; and so some kind of religion must come in, and some kind of God be acknowledged. Well, a hundred years after Franklin's reasonings are acknowledged to have been just, having been proved by experimental result of our prosperity, which everywhere we refer to God, we propose to cut loose from the Author and Giver of all our good, and expel his worship and his laws, and above all his Sabbath and its free gospel of mercy in Christ, from the school-teachings of our children!

A low view of Divine Inspiration relaxes all the power of human thinking and reasoning, all confidence in language as a medium of thought and belief. It enters as a palsy of doubt and unbelief into all our legislation, our morality, our religion. It makes an unintelligible riddle of the universe. Nothing can be reliable, if God's Word is not infallible, all-sufficient, and eternal. We must take and securely hold that postulate, or we have nothing,—neither foundation nor superstructure.

It is a good old proverb, that prevention is better than cure; good for parents, for children, and for all mankind. "THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MINE HEART, THAT I MIGHT NOT SIN AGAINST THEE." Was anything better than this ever uttered for the guidance of mankind?

Moses put a veil before his face when he came from an audience of forty days with God, because the light was too dazzling, even as a type of the incarnation of the Divine glory. But these philosophers excommunicate both Moses and Christ from all mention, from all vision even through a veil. If they could have their way, never a child in Christendom, educated in the public schools, should get a glimpse of that face of divine light and love, the remembrance of whose radiance, if they once beheld it in childhood, would never leave them, and might be the means of new creating them.

But our antibiblical legislators and philosophers insist first, that the infinitely precious lessons of Christianity shall never be taught to the children, nor the fact of Christ's own childhood ever be named in their hearing; and second, "There shall be neither reading nor teaching of the Bible in the schools, nor any mention of what is called the Christian religion there. The schools belong to the Government, not to God; and the Gospel of his Son, so called, must be kept out of them in order to preserve the state from an Ecclesiastical tyranny over and against the consciences of the people, of whose consciences we, their appointed governors, are the keepers. It is our will, therefore, that the Christian religion, so called, shall not be mentioned or defined in the schools. Keep it

out of the minds and hearts of the children ; and they in their turn, when thus instructed, will keep it from the next generation and so the Republic is safe from all intrusion against the rights of Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for which alone our Constitution has been framed."

The Word of God is ruled out and the liberty of anarchy marches in. The Laws of the Gospel of God are forbidden in the teaching of the children in our common-schools. And what can be the result of all this but a disintegration and dissolution of the very foundations of society? If the foundations, laid by God in the knowledge and religion of the Gospel, be destroyed, what shall the righteous do? There will speedily be none righteous to answer the question, and then in our generation cometh the beginning of the End.

May God in infinite mercy deliver our nation from such blaspheming legislators and philosophers!

## CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUANCE AND PROGRESS OF THE CONFLICT. — LETTER FROM REV. DR. TYNG, AND NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF HIS SON, WITH EULOGY UPON HIS MEMORY BY THE YOUNG MEN OF THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

WE present here an extract from one of Mrs. Cheever's letters to a friend and relative, on returning from a visit to Washington. One must have been for a season in the very centre of the conflict then in progress there, justly to judge as to the right or wrong of the contending forces of opinion and action then at work among those at the head of our Government.

DEAR E., — We were truly glad, I assure you, to find ourselves again in our own quiet home, our peaceful and comfortable abode. It is dearer and more charming every time we return to it. I was aware of the plan for Port Royal, of which you speak, and that our friend Mrs. Harlan, the Senator's wife, has gone herself on the expedition, partly for her health and partly to do good. She is a noble, firm, resolute woman, — qualities very

essential in this age of cowardice, treason, and unfaithfulness to principle.

The want of righteous principle in some men makes those who are straightforward and who adhere strictly to God's commands, appear extreme and fanatical. I am glad you still hold on to the principles of the Church of the Puritans. They are for God and humanity, and will outlast this Government and those who compose it. Our great mass-meeting is coming off to-morrow. The people are beginning to move, and will force the Government to yield to the demand for justice and right. I have no patience with the conservatives. They seem to have no conscience. I wish, however, they could themselves have a taste of slavery, and then see if they would sit and fold their hands, and let God work for them.

Is Mr. Waters in Washington? If so, tell him I have found a first-rate colored man and his wife for him, and wish him to stop here and see him. He is just the person he would need on his farm; can do everything, and will be a treasure to him. We know him well. He has been a slave, and has bought his whole family. He is a religious, good man, and is most enterprising. I have had my eye on him for Mr. Waters for some time.

Our Government seems hopelessly pro-slavery in its dreadful sacrifice of principle and of all the rights of four millions of our fellow-creatures. This is simple truth; and if truth is extreme, be it so. Considering the opportunities given us of God, and the sacrifices we have made to slavery, our nation is becoming the greatest traitor against God and Humanity the world has ever seen.

Yours truly, E. H. C.

In our own church, from this period, it was a time of conflict, severe and distressing in proportion as the expected outbreak of the war grew more threatening and exciting. The welfare of every citizen, public or private, in the church or out of it, was more and more entirely absorbed in the controversy. One must have been in the midst of it, rightly to conceive the depth, and sometimes the ferocity, of its fury. We were thrown upon God for his protecting and sustaining mercy. The records in some of the memorial pages of our history are instructive and impressive, both for warning and encouragement:

In order to know how much might have been seen by the lightning at midnight, and amidst the storm, you must have been yourself in the midnight and the storm, and you would never have forgotten that which you beheld. What is so engraven on the soul is there forever, by the lightning burned in.

Each contrite prayer, ascending swift to God,
Reflects new light from his divine abode,
And keeps Love's rays transfiguring still with glory
The cares and strifes of all our earthly story;
Flames of such Love from many altars shining,
The presence of a Saviour's grace divining
When elsewhere all seemed deepening in the gloom,
With lines of shadow darkening o'er the tomb.

One heavenward thought, however slight or brief,
Hath power to give the burdened soul relief;

Incense of golden fire rising to heaven,
With every heartfelt aspiration given,
E'en midst the working of unholy leaven!
Oh the dear blessing of the Mercy-seat!
Permitted there our loving Lord to meet,
And cast our burthens at his sacred feet!

The weapons of our warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; so that he who would glory might glory in the Lord. One of its memorials, addressed to the Church for victory, may be read in the following symbolical description of the triumphs of God's truth, in the sublimity of its universal freedom:

Dear old Seventy-four! we rejoice that you are still sailing grandly through storms, cyclones, snow-drifts, and scenes of crystallized glory, and through all these portents, the Celestial Country ever in view.

Her flag floats upward to the skies,
Look how the starry ensigns rise!
Her burnished guns, in peaceful guise,
Shine like the gates of Paradise.

Think of a seventy-four gunship carrying neither powder nor shot! Oh, but she is an angel with wings brought from Paradise, and carrying only the blessings of Celestial Peace; steering for the Harbor of Eternal Blessedness and Rest, on her return voyage after centuries of storms and hurricanes; and as safe and sound as the Ark

of Mercy when it first grounded on the slopes of Ararat, awaiting there the promise of a new spiritual World and Resurrection, when Time shall have been lost in Eternity.

> See how those starry emblems rise,
> Freedom's dear symbols to our eyes!
> But we descend from such surpassing glory,
> Into the bosom of the gospel story,
> The common scenes of our own homely life,
> Rejoicing that the household where you reign
> Is sweetly sheltered from discordant pain;
> The only witness of a storm at sea,
> Some branches broken from the Christmas tree!

On the evening of the Sabbath of May 16, 1858, it was my privilege to preach a discourse, especially to the young people of my church and of the community, on the example, character, and death of young Dudley A. Tyng, the honored and beloved pastor of an Episcopal Church in Philadelphia.

His faithfulness in rebuking the great iniquity of slavery, and defending the claims of the colored race to the same freedom of country and of conscience given to us by God, — Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, — was an example of integrity, power, and true patriotism in the pulpit, in application of the Word of God against our great national sins, that we could not conscientiously leave misinterpreted, or diminished of its sacredness, — as in some

respects had been done in the quoting of his words, "*Father, stand up for Jesus;*" meaning, beyond all question, "Plead, in Jesus' name, the cause of the oppressed, and defend the freedom of them that are in bonds, as bound also with them."

Accompanying Dr. Tyng's letter, requesting so kindly the publication of the sermon, we present a letter from a dear faithful member of my own church, Mrs. M. Abernethy, describing young Mr. Tyng's Address before the Young Men's Christian Association, on the "Duty of the Clergy as the Standard-bearers of the Church."

DR. CHEEVER:

DEAR SIR, — I had the pleasure of listening to the last public address, as I believe, which was made by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, in this city. It was at the tea-drinking of the Young Men's Christian Association last autumn.

He spoke to the sentiment to which you were expected to have spoken, "The Clergy the Standard-bearers of the Church."

He commenced by saying, that when a standard-bearer fell in battle, or failed from any cause, it was the duty of another to take up the standard and bear it in his place. He was called upon to take up the standard which another should have borne this evening, — one who would have borne it more worthily than he.

It was the duty of a standard-bearer to fold his arms about the standard, march in the forefront of the battle,

face the hottest, most raking fire, and firmly plant his standard on the highest point. To march in this way, pinioned as it were, without opportunity to use any weapons of defence, required valor, bravery of the highest order. If he was faithful to his trust, faithful brave men would rally around, and with love and enthusiasm protect him and the standard as well.

So the clergy, the standard-bearers of the Church, should take the truth of God, just as it is, the whole truth, and bear it aloft, in the front of the people, not falling behind, but leading on the armies of the living God.

Then, in glowing and fervid eloquence, he spoke of the manner in which the standard-bearer whose place he had taken had marched forth in the strength of his Master, bearing the standard aloft, fearless and bold amid opposing hosts. "When," said he, "was it ever known that when a standard-bearer of the Church had been thus faithful to his trust, a loving people had failed to fold their arms about him, and guard and defend him from the assaults of his foes?" Here he paid a grateful tribute to those who had sustained this standard-bearer, and closed by exclaiming, "While the flag remains nailed to the mast at Union Square, no standard-bearer of the Cross need fear to declare the whole counsel of God."

Never shall I forget his appearance that evening. His countenance was radiant with the light of heavenly truth. I scarcely think Stephen could have looked more like an angel. He was standing up for Jesus, in his poor despised little ones; and with the dew and freshness of his youth upon him, he stood as a brave soldier would have

done before the cannon's mouth, fearless and undaunted bearing his final testimony in this city to the truth for which he had staked his reputation and his all.

Very truly yours, M. A.

The following letter from Dr. Tyng is a deeply interesting record of his own views as to the faithful steadfastness of his beloved son in his ministrations of the Gospel of Christ, against all violations of Christian charity and liberty. It was to us all a very precious testimonial.

St. George's Rectory, May 17, 1858.

Rev. and dear Brother, — I felt it a great privilege to listen to your discourse last evening upon the character of my beloved son; and a very great honor that you should have been led, in your own view of personal duty, to give such marked distinction to one so young, and a minister not of your own portion of our Lord's household of faith. I rejoiced to have you bring out the fact so prominently, that it was not as a tribute to his talents, or gifts of any kind, that such public attention and respect had been drawn to him, but as an acknowledgment of that grace which had enabled him to plead for the oppressed, and to rebuke the oppressor, and to accept and improve the privilege of suffering for the name of Christ.

The truth of this view cannot be doubted. And it may serve as a precious encouragement to our young men, and especially in the ministry, to remember that they who honor God, God will also honor. That his lamented departure will so be blessed and acknowledged of God, I

cannot doubt. And while I must rejoice in all the blessings which God will thus bring out of this dispensation of sorrow to me, I do feel especially grateful to you for your noble and disinterested eulogy upon the character and course of conduct which our gracious Saviour enabled him to display. And in the hope that your discourse may be made useful to others in the encouragement of them to fidelity and boldness in "Standing up for Jesus," I beg you to allow me the privilege of publishing it immediately.

I am, with the utmost regard and fraternal affection,

Your friend and brother in our Lord Jesus Christ,

STEPHEN H. TYNG.

REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

It is but just that this letter should be accompanied by a previous record of the tribute of the young men of our church to the memory of the young minister of Christ, so suddenly snatched from his work on earth to its reward in heaven.

## THE LATE DUDLEY A. TYNG.

### A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY FROM THE YOUNG MEN OF THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

Sad and unlooked-for intelligence has reached us. Our Heavenly Father, in his inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to strike down, in the midst of his usefulness, one whom we claimed as a brother beloved, — one who was a true representative of the moral, independent, freedom-loving young men of our country; a recognized leader of those

who have resolved, at whatever sacrifice, to maintain the freedom of the pulpit against the demoralizing influence of a time-serving compromise with sin; a Christian hero, who acted a noble part in the great conflict which was fought in his own church, and in which, though overcome by the power of the pew-interest, he was sustained by his dear people and gained a glorious victory for truth and righteousness. Just as he emerged from the smoke of the battle-field, from which he came forth unscathed; just as the din of the conflict had ceased; just as the clouds which had hung over that scene of strife were dispersed, the Angel of the Lord met him, and a voice from Heaven said sweetly in his ear, —

> "Soldier of Christ, well done;
> Rest from thy loved employ;
> The battle fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy."

And so the brave, the high-minded and noble-hearted Dudley A. Tyng has gone from us to purer realms. He has laid aside his "tenement of clay" and put on the robes of a glorious immortality. He has left the Church militant, where he fought faithfully the battles of the Lord, to join the Church triumphant, where his heart will ever be attuned to songs of redeeming love. His memory will be cherished by every friend of Freedom and of a free Gospel throughout the land. But we, as young men of the Church of the Puritans, owe to it a special tribute. Co-workers and fellow-sufferers in the same great cause, we can never forget the cheering token he gave us of his sympathy and love, in one of his latest appearances in this city, when, with a magnanimity which entirely overlooked

all sectarian barriers and mere worldly considerations, he selected as the object of his eulogy the Standard-bearer of a free Gospel intrenched on Union Square.

How shall we show our appreciation of his virtues? How shall we manifest our great grief? How shall we express our sense of the loss which we, and the Church at large, and this nation, and the world have sustained in the removal of this favorite of Heaven? Not by words alone, nor by tears alone, though without them the heart would break, but by striving to catch his spirit and to follow his bright example. This is the tribute which we bring to his memory. We will be "up and doing, and acquit ourselves like men." Those principles which he so strenuously advocated shall be maintained by us at all hazards. We will more closely rally around our own faithful standard-bearer. We will cheer his heart and strengthen his hands; and with him we 'll never give o'er, until the great battle is ended, or we are called to our reward. We will resist every aggression upon the freedom of the pulpit, either in our own church or elsewhere, and will allow no spurious feelings of charity to make us false to this great principle. The sudden death of our beloved and lamented brother calls us to renewed activity and diligence in our Master's service.

We will obey the call, and wherever we go, and in all circumstances, we will take heed to his dying admonition, "Stand up for Jesus," "Stand up for Jesus!" Interpreting this charge by the light of his own example, and giving it its fullest import, we will stand up for Jesus by obedience to his laws. We will stand up for Jesus by the confession of his truth. We will stand up for Jesus by pleading

for those who are bound by the galling chains of slavery, and by pleading with those who are in bondage to sin, to Satan, and the world. This is the tribute of our hearts.

Adopted at a meeting of the young men of the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday evening, May 4, 1858, and ordered to be published in the "New York Tribune."

EDWIN WEST, *Chairman.*

THEODORE D. WARREN, *Secretary.*

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The deep interest felt by Mrs. CHEEVER, as expressed in her letter in regard to the stupenous conflict, was felt by very many of our fellow-citizens, as indicated by their request for public meetings, and found expression in such letters, as that of Mr. Means.

*Letter to Rev. Dr. Cheever, from Mr. Means of Andover, on Slavery.*

MY DEAR SIR:

I am prompted by a good motive, I trust, to say that I have been exceedingly interested in your sermons and articles on the Dred Scott decision, and on Slavery generally. If it can be of any comfort to you, I say that I "glorify God on your behalf." During the short time I spent in New York, I was a constant attendant on your preaching, with my family, to our great edification and pleasure. We often speak of your sermons and prayers then as a privilege which we can hardly expect to

have renewed in all respects during our earthly pilgrimage—unless, indeed, we should again live where we could attends your meetings.

I am well aware that you know how to suffer as well as preach. May God give you the continuing grace, and bring your adversaries, whether in or out of the church. to repentance or confusion, or both!

As you can neither need my congratulations nor condolence, I have no title to put you to the trouble of reading this. But if you will think that any suggestion of mine is worth attention please to cast your eye over the following thoughts:

1st. The Slave power, notwithstanding recent victories, is trembling with apprehension, *and justly.*

2d. The whole Antislavery public is anxious to have a clear vision of the ultimate issue of the struggle in our country. We believe the victory will be ours, but we wish and need to be told *how* it is to be.

3d. You, yourself, probably have a distinct idea (prophetic) of the way, or alternative ways, in which God will give the triumph to the North and freedom, and thus save both North and South for His glory.

4th. Nothing could more tend to expedite the right result than a continual proclamation of triumph to freedom, in some of the several probable ways. It would add additional dismay to the hosts of the Southern Devil, and nerve the hearts of all Northern Christians.

Therefore, finally, it would seem most expedient that our minds dwell on such themes as these, "Because he knew his time was short," and generally on the encouragements to believe that we shall fairly beat them, and rescue this fair heritage from their machinations. We are in danger of thinking that God will overwhelm the whole nation in ruin because of the wickedness of the Slave power. I do not apprehend it. The last few years have been years of triumph to the right side. What is the iniquitous decision of Taney set against the roused public sentiment of many States, which practically nullifies it?

Nothing. I beg a thousand pardons, my dear Christian brother, for venturing to write thus to you. But you will not take it amiss, while I assure you that I daily thank God for your course of faithfulness, and pray that no set of men may avail to disturb you.

Sincerely and respectfully and affectionately, your brother in Christ,

JAMES MEANS.

*Andover, May* 31, 1857.

*An Aroused Community calling for the Proclamation of God's Truth against the Blighting Curse of Slavery.*

REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER.

DEAR SIR: We, your fellow-citizens, have been deeply interested in those especial labors in which you have been prominently engaged during the last two or three years, with reference to American Slavery. Without having heard or carefully read all you have preached or written on this subject, we know generally that your labors have eminently tended to establish these truths. First, that the Word of God in no degree countenances any system, usage, or institution essentially resembling that Slavery which exists throughout a large portion of our own country; secondly, that Christianity is essentially, vitally, irreconcilably, at war with such Slavery, and that any true and pure Church is necessarily its antagonist; thirdly, that it is the imperative duty of the organized Christianity of our land to war against such Slavery systematically, untiringly, uncompromisingly, so long as the iniquity shall continue to exist. We, therefore, in testimony of our profound appreciation of your labors and sacrifices in the cause of Christian Purity and National Righteousness, respectfully invite you to repeat, at such early day as your convenience may suggest one or more of your recent discourses on the subjects just indicated, in the great Hall of the Cooper Institute, where some thou-

sands of our fellow-citizens may share with us the interest and profit of hearing you.

We are, with profound esteem, yours,

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|---|---|
| HORACE GREELEY, | A. W. MORGAN, |
| JOHN JAY, | E. W. CHESTER, |
| WM. CURTIS NOYES, | (Prof.) BENJ.N. MARTIN, |
| JAMES HUMPHREY, | WM. ALLEN BUTLER, |
| WM. M. EVARTS, | JOHN W. EDMONDS, |
| EDGAR KETCHUM, | S. P. TOWNSEND, |
| R. H. MCCURDY, | OLIVER JOHNSON, |
| (Rev.) E. H. CHAPIN, | EDWIN WEST, M.D., |
| CHARLES W. ELLIOTT, | SIMEON DRAPER, |
| T. B. STILLMAN, | EDWARD GILBERT, |
| BENJ. F. MANIERRE, | (Ex-Gov.) MYRON H.CLARK, |
| (Rev.)A. H. BURLINGHAM, | JOSEPH HOXIE, |
| R. HILDRETH, | SAMUEL SINCLAIR, |
| DEXTER FAIRBANK, | FRANKLIN J. OTTARSON, |
| SYDNEY H. GAY, | JOHN F. CLEVELAND, |
| (Rev.) T. BOURNE, | CHARLES T. CONGDON, |
| C. A. DANA, | JAMES O. BENNETT, |
| GEO. W. CURTIS, | JAMES FAIRMAN, |
| HENRY A. HARTT, M.D., | HENRY WARD BEECHER. |

# ANNIVERSARY AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

# INTRODUCTORY TO THE POEMS.

THE preceding chapters are introductory to the Memorial and Miscellaneous Poems now presented. Many of these had been arranged by my beloved wife to be gifts of affection for very dear friends, for whom she had consented, in compliance with their wishes, so to prepare them. The history of events referred to in them, occurring in the course of the years over which they extend, will be found in succeeding chapters, together with letters illustrating the conflicts as well as the peaceful happy scenes through which our pilgrimage was mercifully guided.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. xxii. 6). The old age of his nature will be as fresh and radiant as "the dew of his youth." In Isaiah lxv. 20, 23, it is said, in reference to the obedience of a whole nation under the teachings of God's law from generation to generation,

and with the consequent Divine blessing upon such a race, that "the child shall die a hundred years old;" he will always be a child, with the simplicity, sweetness, and confiding reliance of infancy, combined with all the acquisitions of wisdom and experience. We sometimes see these marvellous combinations and realities in the earliest childhood; and the Holy Spirit declares that such shall be "the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

Now, a hundred years in our day are the compass of three generations, and an uninterrupted education of the children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" would make such generations the creators and governors, the representatives and senators of a race "whose days on earth shall be as the days of heaven." Such an education would thus realize Saint John's descriptions of the new heavens, with the new earth, and the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, as a bride adorned for her husband. The whole earth would be God's Holy Mountain, a City of Truth, a New Jerusalem, with the streets of the city so holy and happy, "that the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Paris, London, Berlin, Moscow, Pekin, Cairo, Copenhagen, Boston, New

York, Chicago, might each become such a New Jerusalem, the mighty pulsating heart of such empires, if only this one command of our Blessed Lord were obeyed and carried out from centre to circumference, by governments and people, — *this one requirement*, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Such a childlike nature from infancy becomes, in the man, an indwelling of Christ himself perpetuated; "and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

It is said in Isaiah xi. 6, "And a little child shall lead them;" shall inspire and govern all human society. The natures of the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, the cow and the bear, the calf and the young lion, are interfused, transfigured, unified, into the same essence of purity, kindness, tenderness, compassion, and love. Innocence and guileless simplicity may thus be the most discerning and effective of all qualities of mind and heart; the very life and brightening of highest genius; the omnipotence and omnipresence of love; a ceaseless unconscious breathing and benediction of the air of heaven.

So quiet, gentle, unassuming, were the fountains of tender sympathy and religious principle devel-

oped in the character of the subject of these sketches. So it came about that the protection of the poor and oppressed; compassion for the sick and for those in prison, and for orphans; the hallowing and keeping of God's Sabbath; the redemption of the human race from the curse of intemperance; the freedom of the millions enslaved, and the security of all their rights, as of our own; and the right of the Bible in our schools for all classes at home, and for all mankind abroad that might by God's providence flock to our shores; — all these things, so often regarded as the idiosyncrasies of a reformer, were in her as natural and childlike as the flowers in Eden.

Indeed, the deepest and most perplexing problems of our national policy and perils were as naturally contemplated, and their benevolent solutions enjoyed, as the exquisite scenes and splendors of sunrise and sunset, or the succession of tempests and rainbows, clouds and showers, in the expanse of heaven. "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice." Their blessings drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little fields rejoice on every side. "Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven," that glory may dwell in our land.

No astronomer or botanist or seed-merchant or agriculturist can do such things, or even analyze or combine the elements necessary for such products, though the life of a nation depended thereupon. As the problems and demonstrations of Euclid grew out of his own reasoning intelligence, and not from any rules or examples from abroad, so do the demonstrations of a childlike benevolence and gratitude spring up as the lilies of the field, and no Solomon can create their seeds, or make them grow, or imagine or presuppose their beauty.

The examples and legacies of freedom and Prayer by our Puritan ancestors; their abhorrence and dread of the Roman Catholic despotism, with its blasphemous claims of the infallibility of the Pope, and the assumption of power and authority by him and his priesthood of forgiving all men's sins on the payment of money by the sinner; the attempted overthrow of our own country's liberties by such despotism; and the Divine obligations upon the government and people to secure through all generations a Christian education for our children by the uninterrupted teaching of the Bible in our public schools, — these are not political questions, but spiritual, sacred, all-controlling. The keeping of the Sab-

bath, the freedom of the slaves, and the education of all the children in the United States, by means of the Bible in the schools as well as in our families, and for foreigners as well as the home-born in America, were objects many enough and large enough to occupy a lifetime.

These are essential elements of the early education necessary for the salvation of our country. But we cannot live even by such truths as mere party dogmas. They must be native by the Holy Spirit in the heart, inspiring and guiding the affections and the consciences of men, women, and children, in obedience to the Word of God as the supreme governing law both of the government and the people. The privileges, trusts, and duties thus sustained and practised from generation to generation are not political party questions, nor uncertain, but spiritual, sacred, all-controlling, — our conversation, as Paul calls it (Phil. iii. 20, 21), our citizenship or naturalization for the kingdom of heaven under the reign of Christ, "in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

In a thousand cases we see demonstrated the power of early biases in the formation of the

whole character and conduct, which no subsequent instruction can remove or alter. "Give me the ballads, and I care not who has the making of the laws." The celebrated scientific naturalist Linnæus was the son of a Swedish clergyman, who, though poor, possessed a small garden filled with the loveliest floral productions he could possibly collect. Into this flower-garden he introduced his little son from infancy, and thus created and instructed that absorbing passion in the child that afterwards made him the most perfect botanist and naturalist in the world.

Now, if all Christian parents made their little children thus delightfully familiar with what might be called God's garden of character, sentiment, opinion, and feeling, surrounding the soul as sweetly and naturally with heavenly associations as the little naturalist was surrounded with the loveliest productions of Nature, how often would the developments of early piety be manifested, how constantly would the foundations be laid of a truly religious character, attractive and beneficent all through life! "Walk in the light as He is in the light, and ye shall be children of the light."

The blessed protection and benevolent results of such discipline in the case of the subject of

these notices may be seen by a letter written by her, while journeying in Europe under the care of dear relatives, to her dear little brother at home; herself even then but a child, yet manifestly taught by the Holy Spirit the things belonging to the kingdom of heaven. It reads as if it were an artless Sermon on the Mount, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. It shows the preciousness of such an early education by the teachings of the gospel of the love of Christ, so deeply and spiritually engraved as never to be worn dim or forgotten; the cloud by day, the fire by night, wherever might be the pilgrimage.

My dearest Brother Eddy, — I have just been reading, my dear little brother, the fourth chapter of Mark, the parable of the Sower, and think it will apply to each one of us. Those on the stony ground I hope will not be your case; that is, to hear the Word of God, and to receive it with gladness for a while, but when temptation or persecution ariseth for the Word's sake, immediately to be offended. This should not be the case with us. The Bible tells us to persevere amidst all trials to the end of our life. We have every encouragement. God beseeches us to do so. He promises his Holy Spirit to them that ask for it; and if we will submit to him he will guide us, empty our hearts of selfishness, and make us heirs to the kingdom of heaven.

I hope you keep the Sabbath-day holy. Remember it is God's command: thou shalt do no manner of work, thou nor any other creature. Do not give up your good resolution; for if you neglect your duty once you will again, and if you are constantly breaking it when you are conscious that it is wrong, God may take his Holy Spirit from you, and then you will be like Pharaoh, hardened in your feelings, and at last perish. Oh, I hope this will not be your fate! You ought to persevere, and be thankful that you have been still able to understand your duty.

It was a year in July that you first made your good resolutions. Do you remember? You told me that you had begun to do better. Now do persevere, and let not Satan get hold of you. You must be on the watch, and pray that you may be kept from temptation. Do your duty in all things. Govern your temper and tongue. Do not say a word against a person, neither feel any hatred in your heart; if so, pray to God to forgive, and to cause you to be better. Ask him to empty your heart of all evil, and to make you do to everybody as you would be done by.

Be kind to the poor; feel for all; and when you can give to them, do not spend your money foolishly, in such things as will do you no good, but for a practice of self-denial and to please God. When you do not indulge in selfish feelings, I think it will be of more satisfaction to give; although sometimes it will require much effort on your part at first; but never, if you can help it, give when it is against your will.

The Bible says, If you have much, give plenteously; if little, give of that little; but always bestow willingly, and

do it as you would wish one would give you if you were in their place. God says he loves a cheerful giver. The Bible commands us to do things when sometimes contrary to our will; but as we are so stubborn, our will must be subdued, and therefore when we sacrifice our pleasure to obey God it is more pleasing; and when we do thus, it is more liked by God than if it were our natural disposition, because it is for the glory of God, and shows his power in our hearts. There is a passage in Scripture also I will write you. A man went to Christ and asked what he should do to inherit Eternal Life. Jesus told him to keep the commandments. He said he had kept them from his youth up. The Saviour told him, "One thing thou lackest. Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" and so you are to follow him, your Saviour. The man was very sorrowful, for he had great riches. But remember, on the other hand, the rich man who thought only of this life would not give to Lazarus, the beggar. What was his condition in the other world? Christ requires us to lay up our treasures in heaven; "for where our treasure is, our heart is there also." We cannot love God if we love our money, neither can we serve him as we ought. Riches will be of no profit in a dying hour; and then, can we expect God's mercy, if we neglect him now when he is calling us?

Above all things, do not let any one persuade you to neglect your duty. Do not be governed by any opinion of others. Go to your Bible. Persons will endeavor to convince you that their opinions are right on the subject before them, — for instance, what they suppose is right or

wrong; but do not trust to erring man. Look to God. Go to your Bible. For you know that unless a man be humble so as to receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. It is God who gives us all the good desires that we have; and so, if your neighbor does things that are not right, don't you; neither think as others may, without first going to your Bible and thoroughly examining the truth for yourself. You must be taught of God, in order to please him.

Do not listen to slander. If a person says anything against another person, do not believe it until you have had full proof that you can trust what he says, and that it was not prejudice which induced him to speak ill of the individual.

Never circulate reports, or bear false witness against your neighbor; neither covet what belongs to another, but be content with what you have, and always thank God for bestowing upon you all earthly blessings. Sometimes I wish for things I can't have; but when I find myself breaking the commandment, I feel wretchedly to think I will allow myself to stoop to such a mean thing, and to break God's command.

I will send you by this packet if I can, or shall the first opportunity, two games, — one called the interrogatory game of England, and one on useful knowledge. They are very amusing and instructive, and you must play them when you have leisure. One game is historical. There are books to teach them. George will show you how, and play them with you, and you will gain a great deal of information thereby. When you understand these, I will send you some others.

Be a good boy, and stick to your good resolutions like a man. Do not forget your sister's advice, and mind all those older. Be obedient to your parents, kind to your brothers and sisters. Never get cross or peevish; it shows such a weak mind, and is disobeying God.

Do not tell falsehoods, for that is dreadful. Keep the Sabbath. Neither play nor make a noise on that day, but go to church, and do your duty both towards God and man. Do not take oaths. Study, and obey your master, your teacher. Do not be cross and ugly, but strive to do well, and you will be rewarded hereafter with blessings innumerable, and be happy through eternity. Good-by, my dear little brother; I shall always love and remember you in my petitions to God.

Sunday is most dreadfully desecrated here. I have seen persons who told me they play cards for money on Sunday, both ladies and gentlemen, and it is a day for sport; I go to church, and hear excellent preaching, truly evangelical.

Thus this youthful teacher of Christ's mercy could write from Paris; her deepest anxiety for the dear object of her affections being that he might, by the discipline of such early sorrow, be prepared for the Sabbath of eternal rest and blessedness in heaven.

The tender, prayerful, loving care of this dear invalid brother, through all his sufferings and trials, mental and spiritual, was resumed on her return from Europe, and was as the ministration

of guardian angels, with the consolations of the Holy Spirit mercifully granted in the presence of the Saviour, even unto death. And so a bruised reed will he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench, because he was bruised for our iniquities, that he might bind up the broken-hearted and comfort all that mourn, and clothe them with the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

It would require volumes to describe the beauty, preciousness, and power of patient and tender love in a religious education, and the certainty of the blessing of God in Christ attendant upon it, through the Holy Spirit the Comforter, thus taking of the things that are Christ's and showing them to the soul. These lessons are sweetly illustrated by an incident in the life of Rev. Henry Venn, one of England's best ministers of the Gospel.

One of his daughters married a widower with a family of young children. These motherless little ones excited a strong interest in his heart, and he took one of them, only three years old, to his home, and endeavored to train up the child for heaven.

The first thing he found in the way was that the poor little one had a terror of being in the

dark. That very evening he took him by the hand, and led him into his study, where the shutters were closed, and seating him on his knee, with his arm close around him, he told the timid boy so wonderful a story out of the Bible as made the child forget all beside. This practice he repeated day by day, till the story in the evening came to be anxiously expected.

"You will sit by my side to-day, John, and hold my hands, while you hear a new Bible story," said the venerable man, after many a story had been told him on the knee; "and to-morrow you will like to sit by me without holding my hand at all, will you not?" This point once gained, a seat at a little distance was chosen, still in the dark; then one opposite; then one at the farthest end of the study; till before winter closed the little one had entirely forgotten his fears of the dark, nor did they at any period of life ever recur to him.

The advice and instructions given by this dear good grandfather to the child were never forgotten, but were often quoted; and though for a time the boy threw off the restraints of religion, and sought happiness in the world, the closing words of his venerable teacher and loving friend were never forgotten, and in after life were repeated

to his children and grandchildren. "Remember, little John, if anything could make heaven not heaven to me, it would be the not having you with me there."

God's blessing did assuredly follow that Christian teaching; and after a long life spent first in actively doing good, and then in suffering his Father's will, the little John rejoined his loved and honored grandfather in the skies, frequently saying, "When I get to heaven, how I shall bless God for the early lessons of dear Henry Venn!"

"Do not be governed by any opinion of others. GO TO YOUR BIBLE!" This advice is helm, chart, and compass for the soul.

Connected with this, we add the following extract from one of Mrs. Cheever's child-letters, many years later, to her dear little nephew Wyatt Taylor: —

DEAR LITTLE WYATT, — I hope you are a good obedient little boy, and do all you can to please your dear mamma and papa, and will behave pretty to everybody, so they will all love you as I do. I think all will love you, if you are good and kind, and will not strike any one. No one likes to be hurt with a whip, and I 'm sure dear little Wyatt would not whip or hurt any one if he could help it. Yesterday I was in the village, and whom do you think I saw who inquired for that dear little boy Wyatt, and

when he was coming to Englewood? He has not forgotten your pretty bow. Your dear uncle loves you very much. He said to-day that he hoped dear little Wyatt would grow up a great and good man; and Wyatt's aunty hopes so too. You will grow a good man if you will not let naughty Satan get into your heart. Ask God to keep him from you, and he will, for he can chain him up,—that bad old fellow, who is always trying to make children naughty and disobedient. He wants everybody wicked like himself, but the good God wants every one to be good and happy; so you must love God, and ask him every day, on your knees, to make Wyatt good.

# ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL POEMS.

## THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

'TIS not a flower of instant growth,
But from an unsuspected germ,
That lay within the hearts of both,
Assumes its everlasting form.

As daisy buds among the grass
With the same green do silent grow,
Nor maids nor boys that laughing pass
Can tell if they be flowers or no,

Till on some genial morn in May
Their timid, modest leaflets rise,
Disclosing beauties to the day
That strike the gazer with surprise;

So soft, so sweet, so mild, so holy,
So cheerful in obscurest shade,
So unpretending, meek, and lowly,
And yet the pride of each green glade:

So love doth spring, so love doth grow,
If it be such as never dies;
The bud just opens here below,
The flower blooms on in Paradise.

## THE LOVE THAT GROWS.

THE love that lasts is love that grows,
A life that consecrates each hour;
As from the bud breaks forth the rose,
The sweet perfection of the flower.

With age afar, and time all young,
Hope boundeth as a flying fawn;
Life's harp with joyous impulse strung,
And as the soaring lark its song.

The morning star foretells the dawn;
Then, hidden by the blaze of light,
Beneath the veil of glory drawn,
It waits the ministry of night.

So doth our lovely rising star
Forth from the bosom of the deep
With undiminished ray afar
Its gentle watch above us keep.

Oh, love is like the morning star,
And dearer than the rosy dawn;
Oh, love is like the evening star,
The promise of a brighter morn, —

The earnest of immortal day,
That all the singing orbs rehearse;
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
A new-created universe.

There love's soft light serene abides,
Where every soul proclaims the word,
And in ecstatic glory hides,
Filled with the fulness of its God!

And when the shades of evening fall,
And twilight veils the silent earth,
Then through the depths of ether call
The prophets of our heavenly birth;

And through the boundless universe,
Resplendent in adoring spheres,
The angelic orbs of heaven disclose
The heirship of eternal years.

So, at the close of setting day,
Our star is that of endless love;
To rise, when earth hath passed away,
Transcendent in the heavens above!

## 1846.

WHEN Adam walked the new-made ground
Before the fall of Eve,
No sin in Paradise was found,
Nor aught the mind could grieve.

Angelic visitants were guests;
The new-created pair,
Like them, engaged in God's behests,
Wore his perfection there.

It was the bliss of heaven on earth,
A life of perfect love,
That in its sweet but transient birth
Drew gazers from above.

And still the primal love of God
In holy wedlock shines,
According to his gracious word,
In veiled but heavenly lines.

And still, though from a world like this
The perfect take their flight,
That holy gift retains the bliss
Of Eden's first delight.

It is a gift whose heavenly grace
  Is ever pure and true;
It is a flower whose scent betrays
  The region where it grew.

This flower, that breathes such sweet perfume
  Where'er its leaflets stray,
Hath bloomed for us, and graced our home
  E'er since our Wedding Day.

## 1847.

WE 've wintered and summered two summers ago, —
Four separate seasons, twice over, we know;
But the same loving weather continues to blow,
Through thunder and lightning, hail, rain, and snow.

Oh, the daisy-buds open, but only in spring;
In the summer the robins and wood-pigeons sing;
In the autumn the birds of the forest take wing,
And the busy bees cease making honey till spring.

But love is a honey bee all the year long,
And a bird of the woods never ceasing its song,
And a wind from all quarters that never blows wrong,
And a daisy in blossom that ever is strong;

And a brook in all climates that will have its ways,
And a book full of old-fashioned anthems of praise;
And a voice that from discord can harmony raise,
Nor wearies of singing by nights or by days;

And a nestler that never goes gadding about,
And a fire on the altar that never goes out,
And a spell putting all evil spirits to rout,
And a lore of economy never in doubt;

And a season of weather as fine as can be,
And a star in the evening, delightful to see;
And a wind that comes laden with fragrance to me
Like a breeze from the land to a sailor at sea.

Oh, winter and summer, where love 's in the air,
And autumn and spring are all fragrant and fair;
Earth loses her mantle of sadness and care,
And Eden is open to love and to prayer.

## 1848.[1]

IN my wanderings o'er the earth,
Weary, desolate, and sad,
I have sometimes found the worth
Of a stone to make me glad.

Not a stone like that of old
Resting under Jacob's head,
Where, within his mantle rolled,
Heaven the Patriarch visited;

Nor a stone like Rachel's tomb,
To the Patriarch's anguish given,
Telling, 'midst the gathering gloom,
Of a saint gone up to heaven;

Nor like those pressed by the feet,
From which, in the earth's cold bed,
God could raise, if he saw meet,
Children to the faithful dead;

[1] These verses were accompanied with a brooch, the precious brilliant stone of which was found by me, several years before my marriage, beneath the ruins of the Temple of Karnak in Thebes.

Nor a stone that when I saw
Knew I what the pebble meant,
Neither by what loving law
I to gather it was sent;

Nor that, when for years it lay
Meaningless, neglected, by,
Aught possessed, that one could say
Shone with any sacred tie, —

With a feeling of the heart,
With a dream of future good,
With a fore-known better part,
In my earthly solitude:

Yet a stone that now I see
Had a prophecy of bliss,
Must have been designed for me,
In the world that governs this.

Wonderful! that when it lay
By old Thebes' colossal piles,
Ages covered from the day,
'Midst stupendous frowning aisles,

It should there connected be
With the dearest gift for praise,
Unknown, even in dreams to me,
In the heart of future days;

There, where Sphynxed avenues
  Lead to deep and awful shrines,
And the darkening spirit views
  Still in supernatural lines

Those mysterious sculptured swarms
  Of the grim Egyptian brood,
And the dreadful demon forms
  Of the world before the flood,—

There within the deepest gloom
  Karnak's shadows o'er me spread,
Rose a prayer from Egypt's tomb
  For those regions of the dead.

Then this old Egyptian stone
  Met my sad but careless eye;
Rough, unpolished, small, alone,
  Kept for me I know not why:

But I know there may be hid,
  In the smallest things of earth,
Talismanic powers to bid
  Vast sequences into birth.

'T is an emblem, polished, bright,
  How in earthly form may shine,
Lasting, gentle, Heaven's own light,
  Unpretending but divine.

So, dear Love, I give it thee,
Thou the dearest gift of life!
This bright stone was given to me
For my loved, my loving wife.

It may keep when summer leaves
The last time have dropped away;
It may keep when autumn weaves
Her last chaplet of decay:

But our love outlasts the earth;
So upon celestial wing
Up to God, who gave it birth,
Daily shall it grateful spring.

From this holy Sabbath hour,
Sacred principle of Heaven,
It shall prove our shield and power,
Fresh as when it first was given.

## 1849.[1]

IF all the flowers of earth were mine,
And all intent on my design;
If all the seasons of the year
Could bring their varied treasures here;
If I could, by my waving hand,
The powers of either pole command;
If all the children of the sun,
And all his light ne'er shines upon,
By mountain top, in ocean caves,
Chilled by the snow, beat by the waves,
Were ministers at my control,
To meet the wishes of my soul, —
I know not, Dearest, what could prove
An offering worthy of thy love.

The secrets of the deep should be
Unlocked and ransacked all for thee,
And I would gather all that grows, —
From mountain daisies to the rose;
The tiniest microscopic flower,
That springs and withers in an hour,

[1] With a budding primrose.

And that for which kind Nature's tears
Have wept unseen a hundred years;
The everlasting purple bloom,
That fills the Orient with perfume;
And that in soft Italian vales,
Whose nightly blossom never fails;
And that which on Hymettus' top
In sweetest honey dew doth drop;
And that for which Chamouny's bees
Fly o'er the Alpine frozen seas.

If there be blossoming shrubs that grow
With Iceland moss beneath the snow;
If there be blossoms, fed by fire,
Whose life volcanic streams inspire, —
These all should spread their wild array
With those that open to the day.

All that the Persian maiden loves
In orange or acacia groves;
All that the Indian daughters wear
Tied in the fillets of their hair;
And all that in the Eastern Isles
Wake laughing in the sun's glad smiles,
And pour upon the lingering breeze
Their spicy odors o'er the seas;
All that in beds of garden mould
Their cherished loveliness unfold,
And all that in the forest hide
Their beauty from the eye of pride,

Or breathe perpetual fragrance round,
Where never trace of life was found;
Or shed in wild Arabian air
An unregarded sweetness, where
There's neither pilgrim on his way,
Nor bird to sing, nor man to pray.
But who could count from wreaths like these,
With all the fruit of Eden's trees
And all the wondrous plants of ocean,
The worth of one true heart's devotion,
Or weave a gift, by earthly art,
To match one sigh from such a heart?
Thus, Dearest, I can never bring
To thee a worthy offering;
But *what* I bring thou 'lt kindly take,
And *think* 't is worthy for my sake.
If I a primrose bring to thee,
A primrose *only* 't will not be;
But cherished as a mark of love,
Of hidden virtue, it shall prove
To bless and cheer full many an hour,
When costlier things have lost their power.
Perhaps thou 'lt say a book bestowed
The offering to the season owed
Had better symbolized and paid,
Than a pale gentle flower, arrayed
Not in the summer's bridal dress,
But autumn's graver loveliness.

But flowers are books, the sweetest leaves
That Nature's wisdom ever weaves,
And wise and gentle hearts we need,
Their deep and varied lore to read;
Some melancholy lessons, too,
We would not have them hide from view.

So, Dearest, when the bud shall bear
Its primrose blossom, pale and fair,
To fall as forest leaves away, —
A sad sweet bloom, a quick decay, —
Remember, not beneath the skies
Springs any flower of Paradise,
To reach its perfect state below,
And as our wishes would, to grow.
For love itself, true love, was given
To point us to a brighter day,
To cheer us on our pilgrim way,
Then bloom among the flowers of heaven.
'T is in the bud of promise here;
But where the River, bright and clear,
Flows living from the throne of God,
And pours its crystal stream abroad,
'T is there the endless flower is shown,
'T is there the eternal fruit is known.

There do the angels rest, and we
May the same light of glory see:
Oh, blessed hope! always above,
Dwelling in God; for God is love.

## 1850.

THERE was a day, five years away, —
Five happier years were never known, —
A Bird from Paradise astray
Into mine open door had flown.

A Bird at first, whose form, I ween,
The knowledge of its race forbid;
None but the angels could have seen
One of themselves thus lowly hid.

A Bird in form, its wings concealed
The signets of a heavenly birth,
Till sweetly, day by day revealed,
You saw the friendly stranger's worth;

And as the weeks went gliding by,
'T was plain a *loving soul* was there, —
A soul belonging to the sky, —
A gift from heaven, for praise and prayer.

Beneath the lowliest disguise
God help us find what God has given!
Too oft we only learn to prize
Our blessings when resumed to Heaven!

There was a morn, five years are gone,
Its light can never be forgot;
It was the sweet and sacred dawn
Of blessings in a desert spot, —

A lonely spot where shadows led,
And darkening thoughts increased the gloom;
But since that lovely light has played,
A flowering fragrance fills the room.

That sacred morn, — I mind it now,
The sweetness of its first repast;
We thought such happiness below,
Like Eden's bliss, too pure to last.

Yet every day since that has flown
Has scattered blessings from its wings,
And still we drink, before unknown,
The tide of love's most hidden springs.

So shall it be, by grace divine,
As long as years on earth are given;
Till twilight fades, and stars decline,
Lost in the perfect light of heaven.

## 1851.

BELOVED wife, together have we known,
Since thy last Bridal Festival hath flown,
Experience varied, lights and shadows cast
Over the path our lingering feet have passed;
Mercy in Mercy's guise not all our lot, —
Unmingled blessings quickly are forgot, —
But sacred cups of trial, sweetly given
To keep our hearts nearer to God and heaven.
Oh, for his sorrows sent we bless his name,
For he was with us when the trials came!

His love commissioned them, his grace imparts
A sanctifying power to cleanse our hearts,
By such a discipline of costliest love
Bearing the chastened spirit far above.
Trials are sent to keep us from despair;
Blessings unmingled soon might land us there.
Self-disappointment leads to self-distrust,
But souls at ease are covered thick with rust
Of self-indulgence and forgetful sloth,
That quick consumes all virtue, like the moth.
The habits, thought to have been kept with care,
Brought out and shaken, prove unfit to wear.

Such waste of heavenly grace God will prevent;
Therefore his discipline is duly sent,
The evils that were gathering to remove,
And keep the affections warm with heavenly love.

Our virtues all need exercise and air,
Our graces must be gained from God in prayer,
Or they are all mere counterfeits, — the same
Base metal with our sins, only the name
Cunningly changed, and a false seal applied.
The trick perhaps unknown till the piece, tried
In Heaven's own mint and the gross lie discerned,
Is worthless found, fit only to be burned.

If then our hearts, by heavenly wisdom scanned,
Some remedy, severe and prompt, demand,
For growing unseen ills, that God may see,
Unchecked, would lead to endless misery,
Is it not mercy, when he lays us low,
And strikes, unsparing, the correcting blow?
Is it not love to take away our dross,
That, left, would work the soul's eternal loss?
And when two hearts on earth are close allied,
If God strikes either, both are sorely tried.
Thine ill must be mine own, the blow on me
Doubly afflictive, suffered first by thee.
Perhaps the painful discipline was meant,
Pointed and sharpened with this marked intent:
'T is I have caused thy pain; God aims his dart,
At my transgressions, through thy wounded heart.

Oh, for the grace such teaching to apply,
And find the hidden evils where they lie!
May he who bade the process make it sure,
And with the medicine send the gracious cure!
And oh, how great the grace that hears our prayer,
And calls us back from death, when near despair!
How sweet the love that health restored doth grant,
And still supplies, preventing every want!
May the same hourly grace to each be given,
That both, as one, may keep the race to heaven!

The Lord be with thee, Dearest, and reveal,
Clear to thy heart the blissful heavenly seal
Of his electing love, and that new name,
By which, when time is ended, he will claim
Thy raptured soul, redeemed, in heaven to shine,
Among his jewels, for his praise divine!
In the same wondrous love and grace to share,
May I, though all unworthy, yet be there!

## 1852.

'TIS just a week of years, beloved wife,
Since thou and I were bound in the same life.
With what content and peace the time has flown,
Heaven's gentlest radiance on our pathway thrown!
The kindest discipline, when most severe,
And still increasing mercies every year,
Proving God's patient love and tender care,
Till now the Sabbath hallows with its ray
The dear memorial of our wedding day!
Sacred septennial seal of years so blest,
And precious earnest of eternal rest!

What can we render for such kindness shown?
How meet the claims upon our being thrown?
Shall any object of affection dare
Usurp the place that nought with God may share?
The strongest flame of love that ever burned,
In any heart from sin's dread madness turned,
Were a small offering, though sincerely brought,
For grace so high beyond the reach of thought.

Yet oft the greatest blessings lead astray
The soul they should have kept in God's own way;
The very fire that makes our nature blest,
May light an idol's altar in the breast;
And e'en the power of love, by God bestowed,
Whirls many a lost one in the downward road;
Dread profanation of the cup of joy,
Held but for ruin, drank but to destroy!

Pondering these claims of God, an anxious heart
Found in the pages of our life's great Chart,
Between the lines of heaven and earth perplext,
Sudden bright guidance from a radiant text,
Heavenly and earthly in the same sweet sphere,
For quick dismissal of suggested fear;
A sacred warrant for the largest throne,
Ere yet by woman's loved dominion won,
Than which imagination could not dream
Absolute rule, wider or more supreme.

*As Christ hath loved the Church, so love thy wife!*
What wondrous words, transfiguring all our life
Of wedded happiness with heavenly grace;
Exalting our affections to the place
Of holiest piety, in Love Divine,
Such as in Christ's own nature hath its shrine!
*As Christ hath loved the Church!* There is no flaw,
Nor shade of evil, in this holy law;

No hazard of idolatry is here; —
Impossible to hold that gift too dear,
Which God hath set in such celestial light,
That thou mayst love with thy whole being's might,
Nor ever stand reproved; since by this rule
Too far thou canst not go in Christ's own school;
Love all thou mayst, thou shalt incur no blame, —
'T is simple duty, in the Saviour's name!

Yet mark the words, — for 't is a holy light
From the first shining, if thou read aright, —
Thou canst not keep the Saviour's sweet command,
Its depths of glory canst not understand,
Except on him thy heart be fixed above
All earthy objects of a creature's love.
Only by grace from sin and self set free,
Canst thou love anything as He loved thee.
Then search the passage well, and still beware
Lest thou mistake the lines of glory there;
When love like Christ to his dear Church is given,
The flaming chariot takes us up to heaven.

Therefore the Church of old hath justly lent
To this dear bond the name of Sacrament;
'T was even so by heavenly grace designed,
A hallowed life appointed for mankind;
A sacred bliss approved by Heaven's own seal,
Which Satan's art could not from Eden steal.

Amidst the wreck of Paradise retained,
The glory of our race it still remained,
Till Christ in person deigned to ratify,
And with his presence bless the holy tie;
E'en to himself its mystic force applied,
And called the Church on earth his holy Bride.

## 1853.

OH, who the happiness can tell,
When hearts that wisely love and well,
Familiar, through the lapse of years,
With mutual trials, joys, and fears,
In the same life together grow,
Nor any separate interest know?

The world may court or smile or frown; —
Claim friendship first, and then disown;
What care they how its fashions change?
Theirs is an independent range;
Opinion, habit, taste, and thought,
To Truth's eternal standard brought.

Earth's changes only can increase
That inward and celestial peace,
Which love, so sacred, deep, and pure,
Doth render permanent and sure,
Because it hath the seal of God,
And tends to his divine abode.

But bliss below, without alloy,
We never safely can enjoy;
And the world's pleasures, at their best,
Are but a sin-defiled rest,
Which they who seek as their chief aim,
Find an inheritance of shame.

And therefore to the loved of heaven
Affliction's sacred shield is given,
To save from those envenomed darts
Aimed by the Tempter at our hearts;
And sorrow is Faith's telescope,
Held by the gentle hand of Hope.

So, looking where the bulwarks shine,
Of our inheritance divine,
The sufferings of our mortal state
Are balanced by "the eternal weight;"
And trials pass like summer showers,
And then a lovelier growth of flowers.

Thus joys and griefs alike may be
Our Father's holy ministry;
And all events of life shall prove
A gentle discipline of love,
Not severing, but uniting more,
The hearts that grew as one before.

And such is wedlock's bliss, when they
Appointed its celestial way,
Each other's burdens sweetly bear,
Each other's daily pleasures share,
In social life or solitude,
In lonely, sad, or cheerful mood.

Nor can diviner gift be given
Than such a precious boon from heaven.
It is the air of Paradise,
Not wholly gone beyond the skies;
The angel keepers of the gate
Still watch upon our wedded state.

Dear friends predicted once, that when
Five years we had been married, then
Affection should have stronger grown,
Than in the poet's honeymoon;
And that the promise is found true,
Is owing, Dearest Love, to you.

For still, howe'er the world went round,
Unchanged at home I 've always found
A light to cheer, a smile to greet, —
A welcome, peaceful, calm retreat,
Calm as an inland lake's green shore
Far from the sea's intrusive roar.

And still may God grant us to know
The blessings of such overflow
Of mercies from his sovereign hand,
To fit us for that heavenly land,
Where Eden's bliss shall be renewed,
Nor sin, nor unbelief, intrude,

But Love Divine bears endless rule,
The fruit of Christ's own lowly school;
Where those who walked in his dear light
Shall shine in robes of glory bright,
To show angelic beings there —
Themselves once victims of despair —

The likeness of their dying Lord,
The Man of Grief, the Incarnate Word;
The sweetness of their Shepherd's care,
Faith, Hope, and Love perfected there, —
*Three endless graces, Faith and Hope and Love,*
*Begun on earth, to reign in heaven above!*

## 1854.

ANOTHER year on wings of time
Has wafted us along;
And Rhyme and Reason still maintain
The old familiar song,—

The dear old household melody
Of husband and of wife,
The music of the heart that thrills
The pulse of daily life,—

The dear old song that stirred the soul
Upon our wedding day,
The music of the vow in which
We gave ourselves away.

The vow for Eve in Paradise
And Adam to fulfil,—
The same old vow; and Love, he is
The Covenanter still.

He builds his altar in the soul,
And lights the sacred fire,
And calls the angels from the skies
To listen to his choir.

So precious is the flame of love,
No true abiding bliss,
In earth below, or heaven above,
But owes its life to this.

All other things grow old with time,
But love preserves its youth;
The world is full of flaunting shows,
But love is full of truth.

Mere beauty loses all its charms
And vanishes away;
But love grows lovelier still with age,
Superior to decay.

The upper and the nether springs
Of worldly joy depart;
But love forever still renews
Its fountain in the heart.

It cannot cease, it cannot waste,
The essence God has given;
But when the life of earth is past,
Becomes the life of heaven.

## 1855.

THE dear, romantic morn returns again,
Breathing upon us like an early spring,
Whose gentle, brooding influences bring
Disclosure of that season soft and fair;
In mild and cloudless sunrise after rain,
With sweetest vernal fragrance in the air,
And fond, delightful memories clustering there.

Sweet the review where every step fulfils
The brightest promise of so fair a dawn;
And from the opening of the golden morn,
When hope was in the bud, whose blossoms now,
And golden fruitage, hang on every bough,
Through quiet hours a grace divine distils,
In generous confluence from a thousand rills.

Through the soft air of this celestial day
Our faith is turned to sight, and grateful sings;
The unfolding clouds disclose angelic wings;
Pictures of Paradise around us play;
Heaven's open gate the light upon us flings;
Dear friendly forms are beckoning us away,
And voices sweet invite to praise and pray.

If from the sky adown to our abode,
As when the Patriarch saw the shining throng,
A ladder hung, and angels brought from God,
In open sight, their daily gifts along,
This would be mercy's proof, but not so strong
As our experience of Heaven's love appears,
Through the bright vista of the past ten years.

Beloved wife! our knowledge of such grace,
So long renewed, and dearer every year,
Should teach us confidence, and banish fear;
Yet if the path of life were set with cares,
Thy loving heart would follow them with praise.
The steps of Jacob's angel-trodden stairs
Are one way blessings, and the other prayers.

All blessings rest upon thy gentle heart,
My constant, cherished, tried, and faithful wife!
Thou art the angel of my daily life;
Thy presence doth each hour a charm impart,
Beyond the reach of nature, wealth, or art;
Thy steps make a Bethesda for our cares,
And every day a robe of beauty wears.

## 1856.

MY loving, gentle, faithful wife,
How dear the tranquil play
Of the same spring of happy life,
That blest our wedding day!

In sacred coloring of its own
Rose that delightful dawn,
And every year hath brighter shone
Its sweet memorial morn.

And still it burns divinely bright,
With blessings hourly given;
Though God hath quenched their loveliest light, —
Thy babe withdrawn to heaven.

So soon withdrawn! How like a dream,
A shadowy, changing cloud;
Where life and death conflicting gleam,
Those solemn memories crowd!

And strangely soft and bright and clear,
That cherub face appears,
As if a star had wandered here,
A soul from other spheres.

Still doth the heavenly vision shine;
It cannot fade away,
Though merged amidst the light divine
Of an eternal day.

We are a happier circle now,
A perfect threefold cord;
Not less rejoicing here below,
For one at home with God.

And He whose grace perfects on earth
The holy marriage tie,
Will reunite, by heavenly birth,
Its broken links on high.

## THY BABE IN HEAVEN.

IN what brief space life's lessons are condensed !—
Fear, hope, joy, sorrow, pain, and grief extreme ;
Conflicts and pressures ; destinies commenced,
Then broken, like the changes of a dream.

A birth, a death, a burial, all in one !
O God, whose sovereign hand presents the cup,
Grant us the grace to say, "Thy will be done,"
And with submissive sorrow drink it up.

At what deep cost experience hath unsealed
The hidden mystery of maternal love !
Thy new-born child those depths unknown revealed,
Then dying carried all their springs above.

Life given and life resumed ! God's will be done !
But oh, how lovely was the babe on earth ! —
An infant cherub, only seen, then gone,
Passing angelic to its heavenly birth.

A radiant sunbeam gliding through the storm,
A star dropped softly from the realms of bliss!
Strange, painful struggle of its beauteous form
To gain an entrance to a world like this!

When by the mother's side all gently laid,
It sweetly breathed, it nestled — oh, how fair! —
'T was ecstasy to see; and ne'er can fade
That vision of the angel folded there.

Its small round hand laid softly on her breast,
As conscious of a mother's dear embrace,
Sweet by her side its lightly breathing rest,
Sweet the expression of its happy face!

God's gracious, wondrous, and most precious boon,
Immortal, and unutterably dear,
Why must it be resumed to heaven so soon?
Why could it not remain a few days here?

What rapture to have trained its lisping tongue,
And clasped its little hands in infant prayer,
Lulled its soft slumbers with the angel's song,
And made its heavenly life our earliest care!

But, dearest, see, where peace and glory reign,
Thy babe, a seraph in the school of heaven,
There all thy treasures lost thou shalt regain, —
Not lost, but kindly kept, as they were given.

Then with this trial take the song of praise ;
Thou hast a little one at home with God,
And in the glory of thy Saviour's face
Shalt know him thine in that divine abode.

Perhaps on thee his guardian spirit waits,
Perhaps breathes comfort o'er thy troubled breast,
Perhaps will be the first at glory's gates
To sing thy welcome to eternal rest !

August, 1856.

## 1857.

AS over the stormy ocean
The mariner drove his prow,
The men cried out in terror,
"Turn backward with us now;
We 'll follow thee no longer
O'er the dark and endless main!
We are the many, and thou but one;
So turn with us again.

"We are plunging farther and farther
From home and the land of light;
'T is the fiend that is luring us onward,
'T will soon be boundless night.
Return to the Guadalquiver,
Or we 'll cast thee into the sea."
Then he said, "Wait till to-morrow;
Give one day more to me.

"Wait but another sunset,
And the men shall have their way."
So he watched the stars, and prayed that night,
And the land-breeze blew next day,

And the sea-weed floated round him,
And a bird in the air flew near;
So he knew the land was not far off,
And the mariners lost their fear.

Leaves, sea-weed, broken branches,
And the wild fowl in the sky,
Oft minister God's good purpose
When the waves beat black and high;
And if sailors hear the singing
Of birds in the forest wild,
Or the faint and distant ringing
Of the church bells chiming mild,

Or a dream of the way-worn pilgrim
Cradles him as a child,
Then the heart forgets its terrors
And its fears are all beguiled;
So a sight of Jacob's ladder
Turns night into the day,
And joyful on a stormy sea
The soul will sing and pray.

And the angel's song of welcome
From the sunny fragrant land
Can make it laugh at losses,
Though the ship lies on the strand.

Such a song before me floated,
Through the roar of maddening wrongs,
And I slept in a sweet pavilion
Amidst the strife of tongues.

The watchers round us, Dearest,
Were heavenly and divine,
And oft encouragement from heaven
Came to my heart through thine;
And now that the land is nearer,
And the Paradise over the sea,
Because of thy words in the tempest,
Thou art nearer and dearer to me.

Was the twelfth a year of trial?
Yet was it for our good,
And we are farther on our way;
God's Medicine is Food.
Then build another pillar,
Memorial of his grace,
And on its summit set the light
Of watchfulness and praise.

## 1858.

MY dearest wife! thy youthful heart
Keeps mine from growing old;
And in the warmth thy thoughts impart,
Its quickened germs unfold.

Thy light as of a summer's morn,
Clear shining after rain,
Oft from my drooping mind has drawn
The veil of grief and pain.

Thy gentleness is like the spring
When fragrant buds appear,
And at thy voice their blossoming
Continues all the year.

Full many a time the sinking prey
Almost of dread despair,
Thy radiant smiles have swept away
A firmament of care.

Out of the gloom breaks forth the glow
  As of an angel's form,
When thou dost fling the beauteous bow
  Of promise o'er the storm.

Thy cheerfulness forbids my fears;
  And with such love beguiled,
If I should live a hundred years
  I still should be a child.

## 1859.

THESE clustered violets, soft enclosed
Amid their fresh green leaves,
The type sincere, I bring, dear wife,
Of what my heart receives,—

Of daily fragrant, gentle grace,
Renewed and blooming still,
With which thy wealth of early love
Its promise doth fulfil.

The rose and mignonette may weave
A more superb array,
But still the dear forget-me-not
Maintains its earliest sway.

No flower that Eden ever bore
Within its sacred breast,
Creation's morning light revealed,
In sweeter beauty drest.

Yet sweeter than the violet's bloom
  Thy love, dear faithful wife,
Each year new beauty doth assume,
  Transfiguring all our life.

May ever thus to life's last hour
  Its sacred power be known,
Till those whom God made one on earth
  Are one before God's throne!

## 1860.

MY loving, constant, faithful, gentle wife,
The evening star, when day prepares to part,
Sheds not a sweeter radiance o'er the sky
Than thou amid the shadows on my heart.

I hail the sweet return, on annual wing,
Of that memorial morn of wedded love,
When like a snow-drop in the early spring,
Or voice in Eastern land of turtle-dove,

I knew by thee the winter past and gone,
And summer came with melody and flowers;
Thou wast the prophet of a sacred home,
And seasons guarded by celestial powers.

And still, beloved wife, but one in heart,
In the sweet union of our bridal vow,
Dear loving wife, our Lord's injunction given
In blissful tenderness to us below,

Is the sure prophet of that love in heaven
Of which his grace permits some foretastes now,—
Dear Earnests of the bliss awaiting there
The objects of his never-ceasing care.

## 1861.

OH, dearest wife, the strength of love
Can ne'er be known by speech;
The ocean of its sacred depths
No measuring line can reach.

In vain shall poetry essay
Its form divine to paint;
But every lover knows to-day
It makes him half a saint,

And half a poet. Witness bear,
Ye masters of the lyre!
Who taught your ardent strains to breathe
Creative power and fire?

Was it not love? Could e'er on earth
So blest a school be found,
As that which God hath set within
Each household's sacred bound?

Though sixteen years their course have run
Since ours commenced its rule,
Love's lessons still we learn by heart,
Content to stay at school;

And willing, in the world's esteem,
Its wisest fools to be; —
Obedient to the Gospel scheme
Of love's true liberty.

## 1862.

SINCE every day doth but repeat
The love with which our life begun,
Truly the morning light is sweet,
'T is pleasant to behold the sun,
In whose dear realm we journey on;
Each year more perfect and complete
The vow that made our being one.

We see the clouds with mercy fraught,
And brightly shining through our tears,
The Love Supreme that rules our lot;
A rainbow in the sky appears,
Whose span divine controls our fears,
By the same hand of glory wrought,
That binds the comets in their spheres.

And e'en amid the gloom of war
The love that was our morning light
Looks on us as the evening star,
And will be shining all the night,

Which as a day of Heaven is bright
For souls that, dreaming, see afar
The stairs that greeted Jacob's sight.

Angelic visitants are ours;
For though their flaming wings they hide,
Not less they work as heavenly powers
For Him who doth for those provide
That in his promises confide,
Protecting their defenceless hours,
And turning every dart aside.

And if it well be understood,
Love's promise can be heard to say
That every hindrance is for good;
Each form of seeming sad delay
Is but an inn upon the road,
Or sweet refreshment in the way,
By which we travel up to God.

## 1863.

OUR life burns rapidly away,
A candle in a miner's frame!
If that were all for which we claim
An hour or two of flickering day,
Extended in our mortal lease,
Existence were not worth the name; —
To strike a few more blows for fame,
A few more crystals to release.

A candle in a miner's frame,
Our life burns rapidly away:
But love grows stronger every day,
An immortality of flame;
And by its radiance fills the heart
With happiness along the road,
That leads to our divine abode,
That nothing earthly can impart.

The miner's candle burns away;
But from the interrupted gloom,
And from the darkness of the tomb,
Love rises to eternal day, —

The light of Heaven's immortal years;
All glory to the Power Divine,
That makes this law of being thine,
By which the Universe careers,

And brings, dear love, to thee, to me, —
How Christ's sweet grace is with us still,
God's loving-kindness to fulfil —
Our Birthday of Eternity!
Blest stars of love and light to shine,
From God's celestial throne each day,
To habitations so divine!
How glorious on our pilgrim way!

# 1864.[1]

THEY left the gates of Paradise
The pictures of despair;
As he went forth a malcontent
His banishment to bear, —
But Eve was with him there,
And love was everywhere.

'T was love had built their Eden bowers,
And warmed the fragrant air;
'T was love that winged their busy hours;
'T was love that taught them prayer, —
For love was everywhere,
And Eve with Adam there.

'T was love that whirled the spinning-wheel,
When Eve had learned to spin;
'T was love that set its melody,
Her husband's heart to win, —
For Eve was with him there,
And love was everywhere.

[1] The Traveller's Hymn from Eden, when Eve was with him there.

'T was love that filled their crystal cup
In spite of daily care;
'T was love made Adam strong in hope,
And conquered his despair, —
For love was everywhere,
And Eve was with him there.

O the light of love can make a home,
On Swiss or English ground,
Perfect as Eve, condemned to roam,
Or Adam ever found.
Eve still is with him there,
And love is everywhere.

And so the evening of the day,
In twilight's sacred power,
Calls forth the heart to praise and pray;
It is our mother's hour.
Eve still is with us there,
And love is everywhere.

## 1865.

ONE day an angel brought in hand,
Fee simple of the promised land,
By covenant of mercy planned,
And said the estate was mine;
Whose title to the household brings
The heritage of upper springs,
O'ershadowed with protecting wings
Of cherubim divine.

The star of so serene a dawn
Was, twenty years and more agone,
The dayspring of so bright a morn,
After long nights of pain;
When autumn stole with sad decay
The summer's loveliness away,
And waning sun and shortening day
Betokened winter's reign.

Now, gleaming through the lane of years,
The cloud, the fire, the star, appears,
The light that guides, the flame that cheers,
With countless blessings given.

The white frost fell for our supply,
In manna dews dropped from the sky,
Gathered before the aroma die,
And redolent of heaven.

Oh, dearer than the summer's light,
Than evening star more sweetly bright,
And fairer than the cloudless night,
Love's wedded faithful flame;
Life's romance in the common way,
A presence like a child's at play,
An angel with you every day,
In modest dress and name!

Blest be the Power that kindly brought
Me to possess so sweet a lot,
And with such precious virtue wrought,
Made this Bethesda mine;
Where angel presences bestow
A soothing charm for every woe,
And e'en the troubled waters show
Such springs of love divine.

## LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

LIGHT that shinest out of darkness,
From the depths where we are gazing,
Shine upon our anxious sight;
Let us see the worlds of glory,
Where the countless hosts are praising
God's illimitable might.

Light that shinest into darkness,
Through the gloom that hides our vision,
Make this inward dungeon bright;
From our minds remove the veiling,
That we may, with Truth's precision,
All things see in God's own light.

Shine, and so disperse our sadness,
By the vision of thy glory,
In the dawn of heavenly day;
Shine, and fill our souls with gladness,
Chanting forth Redemption's story,
Telling of its wondrous way.

Rise in such celestial vision,
Star of radiance o'er the soul!
Built for such eternal glory,
Make life's broken cisterns whole!
Filled, the fount of holy feeling,
With our Saviour's love revealing

God's all-conquering mercy there, —
Where, till then, despair was stealing,
Now, with meekest grace, so fair,
Never-ending praise and prayer,

Thus the glooms of darkening shadows, once so threatening round our path,
Were but proofs of God's dear mercies, but not of impending wrath;
For the heat and the glare of the sun in his might
Could be worse than the darkness and storms of the night.
But God, by the gifts of his pardoning love,
Assures us a heaven of glory above,
Where eye hath not seen, nor ear ever heard,
The treasures immortal disclosed in his Word;
Nor ever conjectures of reason made known,
The glory prepared, or the heritage won,
The Cross and the kingdom of grace in God's Son, —
Forgiveness of guilt through eternity shown,
And the love of Jehovah the strength of his throne!

Nor ever conjectures of reason made known,
The glory prepared, or the heritage won,
By the cross and the kingdom of grace in God's Son, —
Forgiveness of guilt through eternity shown,
And the love of Jehovah the strength of his throne!

## 1866.

OUR wedded life, my love, you see
Has come to its majority.
Her Muse informs me with a sigh,
She can't my annual draft supply:
"Love's debts, being twenty-one years old,
Should not in rhymes be paid, but gold.

"The case were different could you find,
To mar the scene or vex the mind,
One rude or disappointing spot,
Exception in your wedded lot.
Love's landscape in the past appears
A vale of bright delightful years,
Where sage experience nought discloses,
But solid corduroys of roses,
Fringing a brook that told the hours,
By striking at the bells of flowers.
'T is perfect all; therefore you pay
In gold, or get no rhymes to-day."

But I reply: "The Muse is wild,
And prattles like a petted child,
Whose thoughts are all on Christmas blisses,
Of gifts and dolls and sugar kisses.
The Muse knows well, no man on earth
Could reckon, much less pay, love's worth.
'T is costlier than the crystal spheres;
It can't be counted up by years.
Her debt could hardly be more weighty,
If we should each live to be eighty.
But 't is impossible to pay
So vast a tribute in one day.
The income tax of all the bliss
Of these bright years, if paid in this,
By itself would make a millionnaire
Of any other wedded pair;
And if the Muse expects to be
Paid in hard coin for poetry,
A tax upon the tax itself
Is all that could be raised in pelf.
My wife, moreover, holds the purse,
Which makes the matter so much worse;
For if you don't advance the rhyme,
She will not pay a single dime."

Her Muse on this, with much good sense,
Replied: "I can with gold dispense,
But you cannot, for love must live;
And since you 've nothing else to give,

But only love, your debts to pay,
I 'll bring the bill some other day.
So take your rhymes, and do your best,
And tell your wife she stands confest,
The paragon of these hard times,
Whose love consents to live on rhymes."

## 1867.

AGAIN with dear autumnal gifts,
How Nature's loveliness arrays,
For our Memorial happiness,
Her sweetest hymns of praise!

As rainbows chased upon the sky,
As birds of Paradise on wings,
The setting sun through distant clouds
A crimson glory flings.

Yon mountain range of firs and pines
O'erhangs a vale of maple bowers, —
Cliffs of dark verdure over seas
Of variegated flowers.

The quiet evening air reveals
A hidden unexpected power, —
The earth adorned in bright array
Transfigured every hour.

The shadows sweeping through the woods,
The woods revisited with light, —
A soul-impermeated mass,
And luminously bright;

By turns revealed and indistinct,
Then blushing, flaming, surging up,
Like the withdrawal and return
Of gems in ruby cup.

On such a vision of delight,
Made up of Nature's earliest lines,
I gazed with wonder, and admired
How simple those designs.

Was needed nothing but the sun,
With interchange of deepening shade,
To show of what indifferent stuff
An Eden might be made.

And such the rosy power of Love,
With rich apparel of the air,
Upon the rudest life to throw
A light divinely fair.

But no mere transitory gleam,
As when the western twilight skies
Bid farewell to those glorious hues,
Until the morn arise.

Love's morn outlasts the heavens; its light,
Enshrined in the adoring soul,
Sheds an eternal radiance there,
And rules without control.

Bright effluence of eternal light,
Dominion of an endless day,
Soul of our souls, the life that knows
Nor varying, nor decay!

Creative Word of power divine,
The lightning of celestial fires!
'T is God's own Paradise! His grace
Transfigures and inspires!

Such is our mansion in the skies,
The Christian's covenanted home,
Where Love's deep springs eternal rise,
Past, present, and to come.

## 1868.

HOW sweet the autumn sunset falls
Upon another year,
Where God's incessant mercy shines
In all our past career!

The leaves a golden light reflect
Upon the evening sky,
And all the trees with colors burn,
That were not born to die.

For God hath woven in the web
Of life love's mystic scene,
And, oh, how bright in each day's light
His mercies intervene!

Nay, all is mercy, all is love;
In darkest nights between,
At home, abroad, below, above,
Nothing but love is seen.

Our life is as a silver strand
Where waves of jasper roll,
And far beyond, the City lies,
Whose bells entrance the soul.

A silver strand, where blessings beat
As billows on the shore,
And leave no trace when they retreat,
But love forevermore.

For morning comes and evening goes;
But love through all the day,
Or rain, or shine, with life divine,
Melodious change doth play.

Our days enthrone the melody
Of God's abounding grace;
Our hearts shall play the accompaniment
Of his unceasing praise,

Whose dying love, all praise above,
Exceeds the power of thought,
While yet we lisp the immortal song,
By our Redeemer taught.

As stars upon the ocean keep
Their watch of love divine,
Would God such love might never sleep
Within this soul of mine!

That God would fill it as an urn,
With quenchless holy flame,
That far-off souls might catch the light,
And read His blessed name;

And as they spell the letters, hail
The ark of mercy there,
That shipwrecked men upon the sea
Might nevermore despair,

But evermore his love adore,
Made followers of the Lamb,
By faith to this dear refuge brought
From deepest guilt and shame!

O Love Divine, the atmosphere
In which our breath was given;
O Love Divine, celestial sphere
Of never-ending Heaven!

O Love Divine, may we in God
Its dearest meaning prove,
And its eternal glory know,
Through Jesus' dying love!

## 1869.

TWENTY–FOUR years the flowers of spring
Have had their growth and blossoming;
Twenty-four years the rising sun
Each day his perfect course hath run.

Twenty-four years my wife's dear love
Has kept the reckoning of the Dove;
Nor loss, nor change, nor gloom has known,
But brighter every hour hath shone.

Now, God be praised that gave to me
Twenty-four years such love to see;
That morning light or evening shade
No difference in its duty made.

But working still with calm delight,
And shining still by day and night,
Not lovelier in its annual sphere
Did ever star in heaven appear.

NEG. BY T. A. HINE, N. Y

ARTOTYPE E. BIERSTADT, N. Y.

REV. DR. GEORGE CHEEVER'S ENGLEWOOD STUDY.

And so 't would be should life run on
A hundred years instead of one;
Such love can never lose on earth
The sweetness of its heavenly birth.

Such love was never born to die, —
The heir of immortality,
Its being shall outlast that sun,
Under whose course its life begun.

## 1870.

MY dearest love! I thank my God
For giving thee to me,
A daily spring of household joy,
Through all my life to be.

When Adam married Eve, he found
His paradise undone;
But mine, when I had gained a wife,
Was only so begun.

For Eve's control in Adam's sphere,
The price was Eden lost;
But now, through woman's sweet command,
His sons recover cost.

The silver line of Eve's dear life,
From Eden turned away,
Made a celestial pilgrimage
Of every toilsome day.

They wandered forth, a pair perplext
  Of children in the wood,
Their work of love, their wealth of time,
  How little understood!

Their dowry was a thousand years
  Of mingled joy and pain,
Appointed so, through faith and hope,
  Love's Eden to regain.

In penitential faith and prayer,
  From youth to age they grew,
The primal sinners of this world,
  The first believers too.

Great cycles of Eonic time
  Were given to them for praise,
Centennial anniversaries
  Of lovers' wedding days.

A quarter of a century,
  In their connubial bliss,
Was but a little honeymoon's
  Preliminary kiss.

But we are pressed by heavy laws
  Of briefness and decay,
And hardly learn to live and love
  Before life wears away.

Their golden wedding, in the age
Of post-diluvian men,
Brings bride and bridegroom to the verge
Of threescore years and ten.

Dear wife! be scores or centuries
To our communion given,
The love that God began on earth
He will perfect in heaven.

Our golden wedding shall be there
Before his glorious face;
The bride, the bridegroom, and the guests
Transfigured by his grace.

## 1870.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. C. ON HER TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, BY HER VERY DEAR FRIEND, MISS PHŒBE CARY.

THE fourth of a century swift has gone,
With its sad and its joyous hours,
Since you put the wedding garment on,
And wore the orange flowers.

And rich in honor and in truth
As when you were his bride,
To-day the husband of your youth
Is your lover, friend, and guide.

And sweeter for your hours of bliss,
Stronger for grief and tears,
Have grown the ties of tenderness
Through all your changing years.

So with the crowns of silver hair
That now your brows adorn,
Each to the other seems as fair
As on the marriage morn.

When the fourth of a century more shall go,
Dear friends, if you may not stay,
To wear your locks like a wreath of snow
For a golden-wedding day,

Then with the robe and the crown of light
May you still sit side by side,
Where clothed in linen pure and white
The Lamb receives his Bride.

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*On the same Anniversary Occasion, for Mrs. Cheever, from Miss Alice Cary.*

53 *East Twentieth Street,*
*Nov.* 22, 1870.

My Friends:—I cannot tell you how pleasant it would be to me if I might go out from my solitary house to-day, and be for a little season among those whom the Lord has set in families, but it may not be; and let me not admit the impediment of a private grief to mar with its shadow the cordial sunshine of my greeting upon the glad return of this auspicious day. Shut out from you though I am, I am very happy in your happiness, believe me. I, for one, having firm faith in the indestructibility of the great passion—that love is nearer the gate of heaven than ever imagination soars, and I rejoice with all my heart in all unions, and all celebrations of unions, that intimate, or rather exemplify, life's grand possibilities. With a thousand good wishes,

I am, affectionately,
Alice Cary.

## 1871.

DEAR Love, when we began our joint career,
It was a day of mingled joy and fear;
What time might late reveal we could not tell,
Nor know the end of what commenced so well.
Hope laid the back-log of our kitchen fire, —
Substantial force against imagined sorrow;
The flame was lit with faith and warm desire
That what but smoked that day would blaze to-
morrow;
Now all is turned to rife and glowing coal,
The joy of harvest shining through the whole.

Now Nature, in her bridal robe invested,
Comes forth to greet us on this joyous day;
By lingering summer's balmy air arrested,
The seasons in their virginal array
Proclaim our welcome to that world of beauty
Where souls and forms, renewed in endless youth,
Forever find in ceaseless love and duty
Eternal elements of grace and truth.

Father in Heaven, whose love hath thus far brought us,
And given the hope to be forever thine,
Fulfil the yearning promise thou hast taught us,
And to perfection raise thy blest design.
And when in us on earth thy will 's completed,
Oh, take us each to that celestial sphere
Where the Lamb's Bride by her dear Lord is greeted,
And perfect faith is love's eternal year.

## 1872.

O DAY of love, so sweet, so bright,
The bridal of our year,
The morning of our life's delight
To us renewed, how dear!

The brilliant air, the sparkling frost,
The rime upon the ground,
The trees, the ferns, the silvery leaves
With light and glory crowned.

We do not need the summer sun,
Nor miss the autumn flowers;
The soft, entrancing, balmy airs
Of Indian months are ours.

They breathe to us in signs well known,
A language for the heart, —
The voice of joy's ecstatic tone,
Love's dear mysterious art.

The most melodious day in June
Such treasures ne'er revealed,
Nor ever wedding day came round
With sweeter blessings sealed.

Dear wife, with love's sweet grace renewed,
Its flowers still fresh and green,
Nor this world's ways nor solitude
Could ever change the scene.

O Thou, our Life, our Light, our All!
Still keep, as heretofore,
Our going out, our coming in,
Now and forevermore.

## 1873.

THE winter's breath is in the air,
The ground is white with snow;
But Love is ever young and fair,
No winter doth he know.

O perfect love! still fresh and fair
As Eden's lilies grow,
And in the home and through the air
Divinest fragrance throw,
Where Eve and Adam still repeat
The primal marriage vow,
And angels of their pilgrimage
Watch o'er their children now.

So daisy buds shall yet be seen,
And violet blossoms grow,
Through hidden founts of warmth beneath
The fields of frost and snow.
And love shall make the blossoms break,
Whatever seasons reign;
And as we knew love's power at first,
It shall be known again.

An Iceland storm might come between
Such visions of our faith,
But the bright sun shall still be seen
With spring's reviving breath.
Dear wife! thy love is fresh and fair
As this new-fallen snow,
And warm as that sweet autumn air,
Twenty-eight years ago.

And fervent as it was at first,
Shall be its calm increase;
A sacred spring of life and power,
Whose depths can never cease.
For He who gave its holy fount,
Its Sabbath in the soul,
His own dear measurement of love
Proclaims o'er Time's control.

Though Earth and Eden, in their sphere,
And Time itself, shall die,
Immortal is the growth of love
Through God's eternity.

## MY DEAR WIFE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

I WISH you a merry Christmas!
You are to me so dear,
I would not give a single kiss
For a universe of beer.

I wish you a merry Christmas!
You are to me so young,
That every year I find you here
Is as a girl's new song.

I wish you a merry Christmas,
And the fresh heart of a child,
That age as well as youth may be
By Mother Goose beguiled.

I wished you merry Christmas
Twenty-five years ago;
The ground was frozen like a vice,
And covered thick with snow.

I wish you a merry Christmas now:
'T is like an April day;
The soft south wind calls to the grass,
And melts the ice away.

I wished you merry Christmas then,
And all the fairy race,
That love to sport with children now
Admire your youthful face.

I wish you merry Christmas long,
That when your hair is gray,
You may not have a single care
More than you have to-day.

I wish you a merry Christmas,
And many of the same, —
The years of life that have no end
And blessings without name!

## 1874.

DEAR wife! another year's return
Of life and love we hail;
The blessings of a Father's grace,
Whose mercies never fail.
The changing seasons come and go,
The leaves around us fall;
But flowers still bloom where love doth grow,
And love is over all.

The buds and blooms of that sweet life
Can neither fade nor die,
But spring in fair celestial fruits
That change and death defy; —
A garden and a fountain sealed,
Where seraphs watch and wait,
To welcome all the names revealed
At mercy's shining gate.

There the dear spirits of the just,
Enrolled by God in heaven,
Adore the glories of the Lamb
Through whom they were forgiven.

'T is but a nursery here below
Of infant's prattling tongues,
Whose A B C is all we know
Of heaven's immortal songs.

But if on earth so sweet are found
The cradle hymns of love,
What must the angelic music be
In shining worlds above;
Where never-ceasing multitudes,
So vast no mind can count,
From grace to glory rising still,
Surround God's Holy Mount!

There, where the Universal Frame
Is one melodious choir,
And Jesus' dying love the flame
New anthems to inspire;—
There, side by side, may we be found,
Redeemed by Jesus' blood,
Stars in the boundless firmament
Of our Incarnate God!

## 1875.

THE light of our dear home, sweet wife,
Is a perpetual dower;
For Love renews his charming song
Each autumn as of yore,
And every year the melody
More charming than before.

Sweet bird! Love's bower is always green,
His song is always gay;
Most constant of melodious guests
In promises to pay,
In March he sings of summer nests,
In winter dreams of May.

His song is like the opal dawn
Of autumn's cloudless sky,
Foretokening an eternal morn,
Where now the shadows lie;
The prophet of that endless life
Where Love can never die.

Though winter's storms may intervene,
And Nature's seeming death,
The daisy buds shall yet be green,
With earth's fresh grass beneath,
And lilies in the meadows seen,
And red-breasts on the heath.

For Love shall bid the blossoms burst,
Though stormy months may reign,
And as we found its sweetness first
It shall be ours again;
Yet sweeter than its prime, the last,
Aerial refrain.

Dear wife! thy love more brightly shines
Through thirty summers gone,
Than when in trembling timid lines
Its horoscope was drawn,
And some who could not read our hearts,
Were wise enough to warn.

For deeper twined than first aware
The roots of that sweet vow,
Syllabled on the careless air,
Near thirty years ago,
Are registered with loving prayer,
And fresh in blossom now.

O lovely morn! O happy home!
So many years ago;
Through God's dear mercy in our life,
A paradise below!
And dearer still its festivals
Each hasty season grow.

My Love, my Undefiled, is one,
My youthful darling bride,
And now, when thirty years have gone,
The angel by my side;
And God's dear gift in Paradise
Forever shall abide.

## 1876.

OH, love is like the rainbow dawn
Of April's showery sky,
Foreshadowing the celestial morn
Of Immortality.

An Iceland storm might come between
Such visions of our faith;
But all the globe shall still be green,
With spring's reviving breath.

The daisy buds shall all be seen,
And violet blossoms grow,
From hidden founts of life beneath
The realms of frost and snow.

So love shall make the darkness break,
Whatever seasons reign;
And as we proved its priceless power,
It shall be breathed again.

For Eve and Adam still proclaim
From heaven their marriage vow,
And in the house and through the air
Divinest fragrance throw;

And bridal covenants, fresh and fair,
As Eden's lilies grown,
Shall wreathe the links of rugged care
With roses all their own.

The red-breast weaves with us his nest,
And sings his cares away.
Sweet bird! his bowers are always blest,
His song is ever gay.

In March he sings of summer nests,
In winter dreams of May;
Most constant of our daily guests,
He makes with us his stay,

And on the air his melodies
As constant flings away,
As swift as notes are taken up
In promises to pay.

Dear wife, thy love is fresh and fair
As flowers in Eden grow,
And deeper now than first aware,
The bloom of that sweet vow

Sheds holier fragrance on the air
Than thirty years ago;
For all that Love Divine provides,
That heritage is ours,
Where everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

Our anchor is within the veil,
Through ages firm and fast;
The Strength of Israel shall prevail,
Secure from every blast, —
Within the veil, where God reveals
The brightness of his face, —
Within the veil, where Christ fulfils
The promise of his grace;

Till, by the Word of Him who took
Mortality's array,
This mortal shall put on the dress
Of love's eternal day.

## 1877.

DEAR wife, thou mak'st our wedding day
A prophet of the weather,
Barometer, thermometer,
And almanac together;

Arithmetic of Paradise,
In Eve and Adam grounded,
And set in musical device
With which their world resounded;

Notations drawn from heavenly signs,
Whereto the angels hearkened,
The pulses of united hearts
That sin had never darkened,

In characters of vital strength,
Charged with exhaustless forces
Through age on ages to reveal
Love's infinite resources;

The register of wedded life,
Where love foretells the pages,
Sure as the magnet to the pole,
Whatever tempest rages.

It shall be published all abroad,
The year without a winter,
A book ordained by Love Divine,
And Love alone the printer.

It makes our cloudless noon of love
The twenty-first November;
No lovelier day rose up in June,
That ever men remember.

Love's Indian summer is renewed,
The morn that we were married;
The spring of time was newly set,
And into autumn carried.

The golden vane was fixt at last,
A rule for all the seasons;
And Love, the indicator, made
The law of Nature's reasons.

Dear wife, thine almanac is true,
Whoever may abuse it.
Further, Deponent sayeth not;
Content, if we may use it.

# 1878.

FLUSHED with the hectic of the dying year,
November seems as beautiful as June,
Though sad the glories of the harvest moon,
With winter's silent footsteps stealing near.
Solemn the veilèd light of hazy noon;
A trance is in the dreamy atmosphere;
The misty sun seems wandering in his sleep;
The skeleton woods a ghostly watching keep,
O'er forest walks of leaves rustling and sear;
A plaintive sadness breathes in every sound;
The angel of decay is in the air,
A moist earth-fragrance fuming o'er the ground,
From fields and faded gardens; all around
A melancholy veil the forms of Nature wear.

But in the flight of these revolving years,
How lovely with bright joy, beloved wife,
The Indian summer of our wedded life,
With fragrant sheaves and golden light, appears,
And sound of bells from high celestial spheres!
Fulfilled, that promise of undoubting love,

That youth and gentle hope in spring-tide wove;
Though from the bosom of a thousand fears,
Foretelling harvest months divinely bright,
That, through the shadows of our evening gray,
Would far into the bosom of dim night
Shoot the sweet influence of a vernal day,
Filling the heart with deep serene delight,
When the world's flatteries all had fled and died
away.

So on we travel as in dreams of praise,
Our pilgrimage by this enchanted light.
The fields to-day with rime are silver white;
How like a bridal veil the snowy maze
Of frosty mist smokes upward soft and bright!
Floating like incense on the morning breeze,
Or snowy birds swinging on halcyon seas.
The uprisen sun kisses the frost away,
And lo, the tender grass is green again,
The morn breathes sweet as early April day.
You would not think the year was in its wane,
But a new spring set in the year's refrain,
Such blessed balmy airs around us play,
Fore-type of earth's divine, millennial array.

The frost's light touch drew forth a spicy smell,
Breathed on the air from the thick walnut grove
Whose tangled alleys we were wont to rove,
Shady and cool along the river's dell;

Nor yet dispersed the radiant joyous spell
Of the bright sunshine we enjoyed so well.
This Indian summer, brooding as a dove,
Creates a magic atmosphere of love,
Fit to assuage the mind with anguish driven,
And bear it upward to the gates of Heaven;
It is the Sabbath of the grateful year,
Season of rest for tranquil worship given:
Praise be to God who keeps us in its sphere,
And with his tender grace to-day doth meet us here.

## 1879.

THOU Evening Star, whose lustrous flame,
Upon the brow of night,
Burns on the sky thy Maker's name,
A coronet of light!

My heart adores thy rising beams,
As daylight fades away,
And leaves me to the glorious dreams
Of an eternal day.

When soft dews fall, and day declines,
And twilight shadows throw
Their silvery veil of magic grace
Upon the world below,

Then from the distant spirit-land
What whispering voices come
To mind us that our friends are there,
And our eternal home.

Their strains of music, soft and low,
No matter where we rove,
Make all our pilgrimage a way
Of Heaven's unceasing love.

We walk by faith, but all the way
God's angels go before,
And round our whole horizon play
Their life-protecting power.

And rustlings as of dove-like wings
Bring exquisite presage
Of ever-watchful ministries
Through all our pilgrimage.

Sweet evening star of radiant hope!
When each day's work is done,
Faith lifts our weary spirits up
To climes beyond the sun.

Oh, Love Divine, that ministers
Such evening lights in heaven,
To point us to that blest abode
Where sins are all forgiven!

There those who walked together here
In Christ's appointed way,
In that bright sphere no more shall fear
From him to go astray.

The dear remembered anthem there
Our lisping tongues shall frame,
And endless years the song repeat
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Burn on, burn on, O lovely star!
Heaven's glory to adorn,
And prophesy through worlds on high
Our Resurrection Morn.

## 1880.

IN Hebrew phrase, five weeks of years,
Since our dear wedding day! —
Dear Sabbath Jubilees of life,
How swiftly past away!

With golden sheaves of blessings fresh,
The retrospect how plain!
And melodies of flying hours
In musical refrain.

O sacred covenant of Time!
Could we but stay thy flight,
Earth might renew in Eden's clime
Old Adam's first delight.

For years and months and seasons, sweet
As ever God arrays,
Have borne new gifts upon their wings,
And taught new songs of praise

How crowned with mercy all our life!
Our Father's love, how clear!
The stations of our pilgrimage
Marked by his heavenly care.

He wakes for us the opening dawn, —
The clouds, the passing shower,
The landscape, valley, plain, and hill,
All call us to adore.

He plants the flowers, unfolds the buds,
Their fragrant hues combines,
And bids the resurrection woods
Foretell his bright designs.

He bids the honeysuckle bloom,
Our cottage to adorn;
He spreads the grass in tender green
Upon the dewy lawn.

Where do his thoughts of love begin?
Where will they ever end?
The Covenant of Love Divine,
By our Almighty Friend!

O God, our God, thee will we bless
While life for praise is given,
Till immortality renews
The blissful strain in heaven.

## 1881.

THE sun is shining clear and bright,
All Nature moves in sweet array,
But sweeter still the pleasant light
That shines upon our wedding day.

The heavens once more look mildly down,
The night shows many a beauteous star,
The angry clouds away have flown,
But cloudless love is brighter far.

The dawn of day is sweet to see,
And twilight is a lovely hour,
But they are only types to me
Of love's celestial, deathless power.

The setting sun, the golden eve,
The starry sky, shall pass away,
As brightest dreams our spirits leave,
But love dwells in eternal day.

Love *makes* the day, 't is not the sun;
His rays may but in mockery shine.
'T is darkness if 't is light *alone;*
But *love* alone makes light divine.

O Thou who art the source of love,
Still shine in mercy from on high,
And bring us to that world above,
Where love shall never wane nor die.

## 1882.

I THANK my God for all the varied light
Of his rich mercy which doth crown my days;
While the whole flying year, morn, noon, and night,
Brings fresh memorials for his lasting praise;
But most of all, that after such delays
Of lowering misery in a wilful heart,
He could with tender loving-kindness raise
Me from my lonely prison, and impart
The dearest blessing that can charm man's life, —
A loving, faithful, gentle, winning wife!

Now, may the course of every day be such
As shows the effort of a grateful mind.
May he who saves us by his healing touch
Keep us in paths of piety inclined;
And as the golden threads of life unwind,
May they by grace be gathered up in heaven,
Till Christ's eternal love in glory bind
The hearts that each to each on earth were given.
Lord, for such bliss our sinful souls prepare;
Then make us sharers of thy glory there!

## 1883.

OUR earthly pleasures at their best
Are but a questionable rest,
Which they who seek as their chief aim
Find an inheritance of shame.

For this world's bliss without alloy
We never safely can enjoy,
And therefore to the loved of Heaven
Affliction's sacred shield is given,

To save from those infernal darts
Aimed by the Tempter at our hearts;
And sorrow is Faith's telescope,
Held by the trembling hand of Hope.

So looking where the bulwarks shine
Of our inheritance divine,
The sufferings of our mortal state
Are balanced by the eternal weight

Of life and immortality,
From every shade of evil free;
And trials pass like summer showers,
And then a lovelier growth of flowers.

So joys and griefs alike shall be
A Father's heavenly ministry;
And all the wants of life shall prove
A gentle discipline of love;

Not severing, but uniting more
The hearts that grew as one before,
To trust with sweet, submissive will
Christ's words of mercy, Peace! be still!

## 1884.

OH, well do I remember when
The age of threescore years and ten
In life's horizon lay,
As distant mountains in repose,
Beneath a robe of silent snows,
From earth how far away!

But I have climbed this mountain top,
And from these snowy crags look up
The infinite expanse;
Where morning sweeps a vaster sphere,
And distant suns seem rushing near,
As if from Heaven's advance.

The clouds are all beneath me now,
The skies a brighter glory show,
The Gates Celestial shine;
And I sometimes within them see
The form of Him who died for me
Upon the Throne Divine.

So we in love have travelled on,
For He hath left me not alone,
But this dear angel given;
My better soul, my constant wife,
The helpmeet of my halting life,
To lift me nearer Heaven.

O Giver of each perfect gift!
Winged by thy love, our days fly swift;
But as they fly we see
How filled with light and mercy, all,
The claims of thy dear grace recall,
And bring our souls to thee.

When angry winds tempestuous roared,
We still amid the storms have heard
The music of God's days;
Each day thy love our diadem,
Each week a seven-fold crownèd hymn
Of witness to thy praise.

What do these boundless mercies prove,
And pulses of a grateful love,
By heavenly grace bestowed,
But this, — that he, our loving Friend,
With us will travel to the end,
And bring us home to God?

Author and Finisher of Faith!
We rest on thy sweet word that saith, —
Thy plea for us in prayer, —
That when we see thee as thou art,
We shall be like thee, heart to heart,
And dwell forever there.

## 1885.

THROUGH forty years of wedded life,
God grant brought nearer heaven,
How full of light and love, dear wife,
Our journey hath been given!

So little have we known of woe,
From want so far removed,
Almost a paradise below,
Wherever we have roved.

By manna fed, on God's own word,
And in his grace grown strong,
Their forty years of pilgrimage
Our fathers thought full long.

But Love Divine our life hath crowned
With blessings all the way,
And sweetly still the years run round,
Love's counsels to obey.

The air presages frost and snow,
The trees have shed their leaves,
But every season hath its own
Dear ministry of sheaves.

And in our blest experience
There are no make-believes;
For God is love, and every day
Gives all that faith receives.

The whole of self that raises us
To pride for what we seem,
Were but a sentence and a curse,
Like old Belshazzar's dream!

If grace did never interpose,
Of reason so bereft,
No remnant but of sins and woes
Had in man's life been left.

Dear Lord! how good, how kind, how mild,
Thy discipline hath been;
Though oft by folly almost spoiled,
Through threescore years and ten.

It might have been a vale of tears,
But filled with rainbows bright,
The retrospective vision wears
A radiance of delight.

And could we live our years again,
By old experience taught,
Except new grace upheld us still,
Experience would be nought.

From every wilderness of wrong,
Led forth, redeemed, forgiven;
Dear Miriam's and Moses' song
Shall be renewed in heaven.

O day of gifts that ushered in
The empire of my wife!
O day of days, when thou wast given
To be my star of life!

Sweet firmament of heavenly grace!
The rising of a morn,
With radiant lights and melodies
To brighten and adorn!

## 1886.

WHAT loving-kindness in disguise
From the great city bade us rise
To this enchanted ground;
Where, midst the rage of angry seas,
As from an Ararat we gaze
The lovely landscape round.

A mount of vast and clear survey,
Where shepherds from the king's highway
With pilgrims might have come;
To show through telescopic eye
Far off the pearly gates on high
Of their celestial home.

For Jacob's ladder doth appear,
And angels are descending here
In clouds of heavenly flame;
And in the north, angelic hosts,
With diamond spears rush to their posts,
In love's celestial name.

All unimaginable hues
The dying hours of day diffuse,
  Colors so deep and fair,
As if the lightning and the sun
Had met and mingled into one
  Magnetic impulse there.

The glory and the peace supreme,
The evening light, the sunset gleam,
  A sea with diamonds riven:
Horizons lost in boundless air,
Hills rising as a verdant stair,
  Whose landing-place is heaven.

The sky reflected in a glow
Of richer, mellower light below,
  A new creation seems.
The river with a soul imbued,
Reverberates infinitude,
  As in the change of dreams.

And mirrored in its silent face,
This wondrous evanescent grace,
  Shed from the heavens abroad,
Uprises as a radiant glance,
The indwelling soul's adoring trance,
  Where Nature worships God.

Here, dearest one, may love's control,
In God's own peace preserve thy soul,
And grace and mercy given,
Make thy declining years renew
The freshness of youth's vernal dew,
In sweet foretastes of heaven.

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The reader will notice that the forty-first is the last of the anniversary poems. The miscellaneous poems, which follow, I could not conscientiously withhold from this volume, as they were prized by my dear wife, and in the main, selected by her for publication in connection with the memorial poems.

Her death, which occurred on Friday, November 19, 1886, was an event so sudden, so instantaneous, without warning, without a look, a word; as swift as a flash of lightning out of a cloudless heaven,—a translation like that of Enoch, "who was not, for God took him,"—so overwhelming that I hardly dare to trust myself with the remembrance of it.

Some sentences from a letter written by me, in answer to inquiries of sympathy, anxiety, and sorrow from a very dear relative of my beloved wife, may be a more suitable description than anything I can now employ:—

What a life of happiness in her beloved and loving society have I, in God's mercy, been per-

mitted to enjoy! Forty-one years of the love and ministering care of such an angel, never thinking of herself, but always for me and others, with her tender, anxious, incessant care, always renewed; relieving me of every household anxiety, with such an artless, affectionate, trustful simplicity and earnestness, that the life of the whole family was an unruffled current of happiness; her prayers always ascending for us all; and in uninterrupted attention to my welfare, for my quietude, and happiness, and peace of mind and heart.

Oh what a precious era of existence with such a being! I look back upon it all with amazement at God's loving-kindness, in providing and sparing for so many years such an angel of his own loving guidance to be my wife! Oh the inestimable value of such a blessing!

And then the precious benediction of our adorable Redeemer upon our mutual affection, in which there could be no idolatry, but a sweet fulfilment of his own dear command, "HUSBANDS, LOVE YOUR WIVES, EVEN AS CHRIST LOVED THE CHURCH, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR IT." No human being can ever go beyond that, nor can any one ever come up to it, except by the inspiration of our dear Lord's own Divine Spirit, which, if possessed and obeyed, would make every family on earth a dwelling-place of Heaven.

Truly, "the voice of rejoicing and salvation" is thus in the "tabernacles of the righteous," and will always be such as long as Christ's own prayers and commandments are offered and obeyed; our households are thus of Christ's own creation and presence. Their mercy-seat under the wings of his own cherubim, intended as the representative of his presence and love. Oh what an uninterrupted, constituted state of infinite mercy would even this world be, if only this one command of wedded love, parental tenderness, and holy teaching of the children, given by our blessed Saviour for every family on earth, were fulfilled by all!

Oh who can rightly appreciate the preciousness of such a gift!

Several weeks before my dear wife was so translated from us on earth to Heaven, she had been employed in preparation for a mission of tenderest love and mercy to the dear children, so beloved by her (and especially to dear little Wyatt), whose education in Christ's own love had been for many months so great an object of her anxiety and prayer.

Oh how the dear child was intwined in the affections of her heart, and what sweet, attractive, and entrancing power of heavenly emotion she possessed over him! Every night and morning she carried him to the gates of the New Jerusa-

lem, and set him down there as in the care of guardian angels! And now, just before this new Christmas season, she was getting a sweet array of attractive, persuasive lessons and presents for him and for the other dear ones, and was anticipating the happiness of another winter of undisturbed and blessed efforts to lead his youthful heart to Jesus.

Oh what would she not have enjoyed in carrying out this intention; which indeed she seemed to have regarded in some respects as if it were her final and crowning missionary work in the dear circle of souls committed to her charge!

We had been perusing the record of some happy pilgrimage full of usefulness, and closed with grace and glory. I cannot now remember the name of the Pilgrim, whose life and death were so full of radiance; but these lines which I now copy were written then: —

Dearest Love, may I and you
Find this Pilgrim's record true:
Dearest Love, may you and I,
Watching, praying, hourly try,
From Christ's earnest in the heart,
By the Holy Spirit given,
Each to others to impart
Something of the bliss of heaven!

May we by this river live,
Till in glory we arrive!
Finding still, for me and you,

Something more for each to do ;—
Something more for Jesus' praise,
Ere we close our pilgrim days.

May we, by this river living,
Hourly drafts to others giving,
Find it sweeter thus to give,
Than else it could be to receive,
Till in glory we arrive :
Finding still, for me and you,
Some more precious work to do ;
More for our Redeemer's praise,
Ere we close our pilgrim days !

## THE FAREWELL BLESSING.

HOW precious to each heart the farewell blessing
Of all departing saints in Christ is found!
They, like the sun, seem larger at their setting,
And flood with light the whole creation round.

May God's dear mercy grant us such possession,
And power of faith to speak our Saviour's love;
That we may know the bliss of faith's confession,
Through all earth's pilgrimage towards heaven above!

That hope in Christ,—how glorious, how divine!
God's witness to the Grace of his Dear Son!
A light through all the vale of death to shine,
The Resurrection and the Life begun.

Oh what a dream of glory might it be,
If thou, God's dearest gift,—my loving wife—
Should prove the Angel first to welcome me
Within the glories of Eternal Life.

O gracious God! within thy presence hide us,
Redeemed and sheltered from the death of sin;
And grant thy Holy Spirit's grace to guide us,
The Resurrection Life in Christ to win.

## BIRTHDAY OFFERING.

DAY of thy birth, my loving wife!
Oh, who could then foresee
The spring of love, the star of life,
Thou wouldst be unto me!

In all my wanderings round the globe
How little could I dream
That such a rainbow light would come
To comfort and redeem;

That I, unworthy and forlorn,
So many years should roam,
And thou reserved my bride to be,
The angel of my home!

Most Merciful! deal kindly still,
Thou Everlasting Friend!
And lead us gently, all thy way,
Rejoicing to the end.

Whatever be thy blessed will,
Oh, let not ours intrude;
For thou alone art always still
The Giver of all good.

But grant that in the Book of Life
Our names as one remain,
Forever to adore his grace,
The Lamb for sinners slain.

Our times are in his loving hand,
And our eternal bliss;
Our quiet sleep at his command,
Our resurrection his.

As in the covenant of his love
Our Christian names were tied,
So in the presence of the Lord
Forever we 'll abide.

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## LOVE'S EARLIEST MEMORIALS.

YE dear memorials of love's earliest hours!
How pleasant to be welcomed by these flowers!
As grateful as the fragrant breath of June,
Sweet as the dew, precious as these soft showers
Falling to-day, like spring, from morn till noon,
Mayhap till twilight introduce the moon,
With interlude of winds, through autumn bowers,
Kissing the earth, keeping the world in tune.

The autumnal rain veils with a misty light
The birth of that fair bridal cloudless day,
When, in the covenant of God's holy rite,
We gave each other and ourselves away,
And, in our little boat with promise bright,
As for the unseen land of pure delight,
With hopes and prayers and grateful praise alway,
From the dear household shore we sailed that day.

With clouds of blessings borne by anxious fears,
Distilled from prayers as rainbows by the sun,
Groups of loved friends surrounded us in tears,
Not doubtful of the sunshine from above,
But with rich fruits of tenderest yearning love,
Insurance for life's journey so begun,
Not knowing through what snares their path might
run,
By whom the crown of glory should be won.

The tears, the prayers, the sadness, and the joy, —
Not dreams of evil darkling o'er the mind,
Nor premonitions of mistakes entwined,
Nor in default of thoughts to God resigned,
But that no earthly bliss, without alloy,
Comes from the Father of Eternal Light,
Whose gifts alike are, morning, noon, or night,
A jewelled train with his own radiance bright.

Sure as the covenant in God's word expressed,
Sure as the sun shining from east to west,

His love shall guide our daily pilgrimage,
Who gives his angels charge, where'er we roam,
To keep our faltering steps through every stage,
Till he shall speak the word that calls us home,
With all the dear ones of the household blest,
To be partakers of his heavenly rest.

Now be the temple, — oft by mercy swept
For his abode who knocked for entrance there, —
In heart and mind by grace divinely kept,
In his dear name, with holiest praise and prayer;
Till his indwelling presences become,
Through love's assurance of our sins forgiven,
Sweet foretastes of the life that makes heaven home,
Dear worship of a faith that makes home heaven.

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## PERPETUAL YOUTH.

FOR do you not know that the older you grow,
The nearer you come to perpetual youth?
With the swift-flowing river of time you go
To the bright-rolling ocean of God's own truth.
And the world where your Father is taking our souls,
From the wrecks that were tossing on billows of grief,

Is a world that forever in harmony rolls,
And brings to all anguish the sweetest relief.
There the old men ramble with children's hearts,
As though never a manhood of sin were known;
And the children handle for sport the darts
From the bow of the enemy hurtless thrown.

So the dimmer your vision, and darker the night,
The sooner it opens in endless light;
And the nearer by sickness to death you come,
The nearer you are to that beautiful home,
In the clime where never a child shall say,
"My head! my heart! I am ill to-day."
But holy and happy with Christ in heaven,
The people for his dear sake forgiven,
Wander at will by the banks of Life's river,
Breathing its blossoms forever and ever.

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## ONE DAY AS A THOUSAND YEARS.

HOW long the sweetness of this life shall be,
The God that gave it only can foretell;
His loving-kindness thus to you and me
Shall never end while in its truth we dwell.
Give but the grace, our God! even through tears,
To learn a little of thy truth by love;
Then death shall teach us more than thousand years,
The moment we behold thy face above.

For thou, our Father, art our all in all,
And we, thy children, on thy bosom fall,
And death is life to those who trust in thee,
And where thou art, there shall thy servants be.

Beholding thus our Saviour, face to face,
Seeing as seen, and knowing even as known,
And by the discipline of such sweet grace
Made fit to bear the glory of his throne:
Praise to the God of so divine a power!
Father of mercies, give us hearts to praise;
Long as our life shall last preserve this dower,
And be the keeper of our endless days.

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AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM. — Isa. xi. 6.

SHALL lead them to Jesus! Oh wonderful word,
By the prophet of Judah in majesty heard!
Shall lead them to Jesus; for "Come unto me"
Is the voice to all nations, in God's jubilee.

And the mothers shall follow, that strayed from the fold,
Their lambs gathered back from the darkness and cold;
And the children the praises of Jesus shall speak,
And the hearts of the fathers their children shall seek.

'T is the voice of redemption to Adam's lost race,—
The youthful, the aged, by land and by sea;
The voice of their Father's all-merciful grace,
The voice of the Saviour, "Come quickly to me."

Shall the knowledge of Christ to the wide world be given,
And the light of his teaching, as far as the sun,
But the story of love in the gospel be driven
From the schools, where the life of the heart is begun?

Oh, far be the word from the State and the household,
That dares intercept the Redeemer's decree,
Or shuts from the scholar the sweet invitation,
"*In the dew of your youth, come, ye children, to me!*"

In the church, in the school, in the house of our childhood,
God's truth shall forever be settled and free;
And sacred the seal of the God-given freedom,
Forbid not the children to come unto me!

Unto me, your Redeemer from sin and perdition,
In whose loving mercy forever ye dwell;
The lost dying sinner's Almighty Physician,
Your own loving Saviour from death and from hell.

And the State that forbids, in its bold, daring
madness,
The gospel that Jesus commands to be spread,
Shall be as the Sodom, condemned by its vices,
Whose children spring forth from the crimes of the
dead.

But in the glad music of Zion's hosannas
The voice of all nations united shall be,
With the words floating wide on love's conquering
banners,
"*Forever, ye little ones, come unto me!*"

## CREATION'S CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

O DAY of glory in the air
And gladness through the sky;
Of light and sunshine everywhere,
That sin and death defy!

Oh, dearest of all melodies,
The song of songs to me,
Is this; — that since Christ came to earth,
Good will to men shall be!

For Christ to you this day was born,
A Saviour from your sins;
To-day your Resurrection Morn
From death to life begins.

He's born a babe, to die for you,
That you may never die,
But live forever in his love
Beyond the starry sky.

O day of freedom from despair,
And melody complete;
Of rest upon the harbor fair,
And quiet in the street.

The mountains to the little hills
Sing out their songs of joy;
The hills clap hands to all the vales,
The birds their notes employ.

It is the Sabbath of God's mirth,
The proof that love prevails;
Where all creation had its birth,
And life that never fails.

Sing forth his love through all the earth,
As he the mission gives;
And tell the whole despairing world,
That now the sinner lives.

No more shall guilt infest the ground,
Nor death the flowers invade;
But life and health breathe sweetly round,
O'er hill and vale and glade,

Where blossoms spring with daisy buds
And flowers forever bright,
And trees of Paradise are found
By rivers of delight;

And New Jerusalems arise,
  Where guardian-angels meet,
And throngs of merry boys and girls
  Are playing in the street.

They call your names with glad surprise,
  Each other there to greet,
For never in their dreams did rise
  A vision half so sweet.

O Lamb of God, whose precious blood
  Brings such a joy to me,
In the dear hope that once for all
  We may thy glory see,

Because thy dying love hath gained
  In heaven such rest to be,
Salvation from the guilt and death
  Of earth's idolatry!

Transcendent gift of Jesus' love,
  Bestowed on such as me!
God help me to believe, each hour,
  That mine such bliss can be!

Forever shall our souls, dear Lord,
  Breathe thy beloved name,
And sing the everlasting song
  Of Moses and the Lamb!

## THE PROPHECIES OF SPRING.

SOFT-STEALING Spring! from thy daybreak
Our world a brighter air doth take.
Commencing with the violet's birth,
A bridal morn spreads o'er the earth;
And all the flowers from March to May
Will soon have blossomed into day.

The tender fragrant brake unweaves
To the sun its pale compacted leaves;
'Neath tufts of glossy evergreen
The crimson berries hide unseen;
But well the truant schoolboys know
Where ivy buds and berries grow.

Returning birds are on the wing
At thy loved call, enchanting Spring!
And budding forth with fearless haste,
Intruding on the winter's waste,
Thy snow-drops in the chilly air
Renew my faith, reprove my care.

The mazy brooks, at thy loud call
Released from winter's icy thrall,
Merry as girls let loose from school,
And unrestrained by art or rule,
Sing to the moss flowers, where they grow,
Sing to the melting wreaths of snow.

Filled with the sunshine of the soul,
Sweet thoughts steal forth at thy control;
The humming of the busy bee
Foretells the summer's minstrelsy,
And all the pulses of the heart
Into new life ecstatic start.

O blessed Spring! sweet time of hope!
Thou lift'st my drooping spirit up;
Thou send'st me forth truth's seeds to sow
Where'er the living waters flow;
Thy promises my faith employ, —
Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy.

O maiden fair, at thy dear voice
The mountains and the vales rejoice;
Once more the woods with music ring,
West winds of thee are whispering,
And every stream re-echoes sweet
The silver bells upon thy feet.

O prophesying Spring! in thee
The lesson of our life we see
Compact with germs of truth and right,
That struggle upwards to the light,
And disciplined with April showers
Break forth in summer fruits and flowers.

And when the golden harvests wave,
And snow lies on the Winter's grave;
When for the Resurrection day
We lay our mortal dress away, —
The ascended soul within heaven's gate
Shall her divine companion wait.

## A HYMN

FOR MY SABBATH-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

WOULD you be as angels are?
Sing His praise!
Would you banish every care?
Sing His praise!
Like the lark upon the wing,
Like the warbling bird of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring,
Sing His praise!

Like the hidden bird of night,
Sing His praise!
Like the linnet in the light,
Sing His praise!
Like the shouting sons of God,
Like the morning star's accord,
Like the stormy winds abroad,
Sing His praise!

In the church and in the street,
Sing His praise!
If a Christian you do meet,
Sing His praise!

In the house and by the way,
At your work and at your play,
Like the elements alway,
Sing His praise!

If the world upon you frown,
Sing His praise!
If you 're left to sing alone,
Sing His praise!
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing His praise!

For his wondrous dying love
Sing His praise!
That He intercedes above
Sing His praise!
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel-choirs on high
Sing His praise!

## THE ACCEPTED TIME.

OUT of the Word, God and my conscience say,
"In the Lord's vineyard work for me to-day;"
Out of my heart the bells of Satan chime,
"Wait till you have a more convenient time."

Out of the Word, "With strictness keep thy heart."
How can I keep it, Lord, if thou depart?
The Spirit summons me to watch and pray;
The Flesh replies, "For this time go thy way."

Oh, then, to-day, take, Lord, thy loving rule,
And keep my truant, foolish thoughts at school!
As yet I have not learned love's A B C,
Nor shall I ever till I learn of thee.

Wind up my heart, O Lord, and set it right;
So shall it run for thee by day, by night.
My thoughts no more from thee shall fly astray,
For love divine shall bind me to thy sway.

A living temple thus my soul shall be,
Furnished by heavenly grace and kept for thee.
For thee its faithful altar-fires shall burn,
To thee in love its warm affections turn;

And as a flame the spire shall point to heaven,
And as a choir the bells shall ring "Forgiven!"
And earth shall answer the celestial chime,
"Thy will be done: now is the accepted time!"

"If thy Presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." — *Ex.* xxxiii. 15.

MY God, I cannot live without
Thy presence and thy love;
My soul rejoices in thy word,
All earthly joys above.
That I no more may break with thee,
No more from thee depart,
Give me thy covenant, and enthrone
Thy love within my heart.

That love shall keep its seal for me,
My heart forever thine,
Thy face in glory I shall see,
And in thine image shine.

Then, from these transient clouds, shall rise
The heaven of endless light;
And I deliverance sweet shall know
From all that dims my sight;
Lo, from the midnight of the soul,
Despair shall flee away,
And I enjoy beyond control
God's everlasting day.

Till then, at thy command I stay,
Thy counsel to fulfil;
And I shall know forever so,
The pleasure of thy will.

Thy presence my perpetual joy
Through all eternity,
A living temple for my God
Forever I shall be.
No more to leave my God, my heaven,
But there forever shine,
The chief of sinners so forgiven,
And God forever mine.

## SABBATH OF THE 10TH FEBRUARY, 1861.

TO MY DEAR WIFE.

BY Nature, grace, and God's revealèd word,
O day divine, with beauty, truth, and love,
An orb serene let down from heaven above;
Earth shines as if 't were paradise restored,
The bride adorned for her returning Lord.

And if the soul's inward divine array
Were occupied with presences as bright,
And heavenly shone with like celestial light,
Content in such a blissful frame to stay
One need not wish for wings to fly away.

And such a rest might angels, wandering past,
Mistake for precincts of their own bright home.
From this to heaven it were not far to roam,
Nor need the impatient spirit upward haste;
The lingering hours so spent were never waste.

So by the Sabbath's holy grace we may,
As in a silver boat or flaming car,
Be from the world's wild tumult floated far,
And, through the business of each working day,
A Sabbath's journey nearer heaven alway.

## THE DREAM AND ITS MEANING.

WHAT lovely ministers of grace,
To show the steps to Heaven!
An open Paradise disclosed,
By their example given!

Those saints, in Jacob's midnight dream,
The wanderer taught to climb,
Would he but tread where they but led,
To regions so sublime!

To them no sweeter lesson shown,
While God revealed the way,
Than by their own success to teach
God's Patriarch how to pray.

In Padan-aram's open air
How glorious was the sight,
When, angel-winged, each seraph trod
Those stairs of golden light.

How sweet, how kind, the lesson taught,
And through the Patriarch given, —
God's steps from earth must all be trod,
If we would rise to Heaven.

Oh, blessed stewardship of grace,
That, laden so with love,
We may angelic footsteps trace,
In guiding souls above.

For so the ladder plain implied, —
Though wings could sweep the air,
The soul of man must first be tried
By faith and hope and prayer!

No gentler lessons e'er conveyed,
By Christ's dear symbols given,
Than this angelic drama played,
From earth to upper heaven.

It was our A B C of grace,
Our early Christmas talk;
It was our standing-stool of life,
Ere we had learned to walk;

The blissful law to parents given,
For little ones to heed,
With childhood's dear confiding steps,
Where those they loved could lead.

Love's holiest early covenant,
Renewed through every age,
That each successive race might win
Its heavenly pilgrimage!

## THE FIRST APRIL-FOOL'S DAY.

IT was a day when Wind and Sun,
Resolving they would have some fun,
In playful mood combined together
To cheat the Spring about the weather.

They knew there would be frost and snow
Ere winter winds should cease to blow,
But said, "We will persuade the trees,
By summer sun and balmy breeze,
To ope their blossoms to the air,
And shed their early fragrance there;
And though it be eight weeks too soon,
We 'll make believe the first of June."

'Twas when the months had ne'er been named,
Nor Nature to man's whimseys tamed,
For all was wild and *debonnaire*,
And fancy sported free and fair;
Old Falsehood's reign had not begun,
With Adam's race imposed upon;
Fermented drinks had not been quaffed,
Nor shapely fruit-trees cut for graft.

It was a world of things sincere;
Nor rum was known, nor lager beer.
If from the mossy fountain's brink
Men turned some sweeter draught to drink,
Cool clustered grapes were pressed in the cup;
A nectar humming-birds might sup,
Or robin-redbreasts, when they pair,
Nor be the worse for such a fare.

It was the first of April; though
Nor Sun nor Wind as yet did know
The months would e'er be christened so,
But went in their simplicity,
From guile and malice wholly free,
As sportive maids could ever be.
The birds already 'gan to sing,
And prophesied an early Spring.

That morn the laughing day did break,
As eyelids of a babe awake
From slumbering on its mother's breast,
With love and infant dreams refreshed.

Had you been there, you would have thought
That April slumbering June had caught,
And in a masque so changed attire
As would confound the boldest liar.

The sun with such sweet lustre rose,
As the earth's bridal morning shows.

The sleeping buds, each with his cup,
Drank the divine solution up.
Their infant blossoms 'gan unroll,
In leaflets to the sweet control
Of such a fond caressing gale,
As blushes fired in cheeks so pale,
That you might think the boughs were hung
With snow-drifts, and with roses strung;
Or apple-blooms had instant shown,
Where snow-drops only could have grown.

And so the exquisite process grew,
In simple faith, all the day through.
All Nature did the summer greet,
Childlike, and thoughtless of deceit;
Till that which should have waited weeks,
Beguiled by unsuspected freaks,
Sprung to such sweetness in one day,
As one night's frost might sweep away.

And sooth, it came; for the warm Sun
And frolic Wind, their mischief done,
Not knowing what the end would be,
Of all this sportive treachery,
Resumed the manners of the spring,
To see what droll alarm 't would bring.

So frost and snow, with clouds and rain,
Beat down upon the woods again;

And summer's sun, and April showers,
And balmy gales, wooing the flowers,
Wearily waited for, came not,
That should have come unbribed, unsought;
But wintry gloom and frosty air,
And dying buds and blank despair,
With mildewed leaves, and scar and blot;
Instead of lovely blossoms, fraught
With grateful thanks to sun and air,
That made Eve's paradise so fair.

And now the Sun and Wind once more
Renewed the utmost of their power.
Repenting of their hasty game,
To drooping Nature's help they came.
But all too late! All they could do,
The whole o' the backward spring run through,
Regret, remorse, could not redeem
Their fraud on Nature's simple scheme.
July itself but brought again
April, where July should have been.
Where breathes and blooms the first of June,
The first of April was too soon.
Spring-tide and harvest both went wrong;
And all the summer season long
The Sun and Wind were heard to say,
"Ourselves were the April fools that day.
Who would have thought a few short hours
Could work such havoc with the flowers!"

Oh, happy world, were all misrule
No worse than Nature's play at school;
For each new season would restore
Creation's beauty as before.

But we are under sacred laws
Of heart and thought and word, because
A dreadful and malignant power
Is ever waiting to devour,
And watching still, in things of good,
Some opening where he may intrude.
And worlds of mischief may be wrought
By idle speech, from careless thought,
With inconsiderate lessons taught.

The promise you have made in fun,
Redeem before the setting sun:
For truth and love are the only power
That can be trusted with one hour,
And careless jests oft harm procure,
That all our wisdom cannot cure,
And plant a woe, all Nature through,
Mere penitence could ne'er undo.
And prepossessive falsehoods blight
A life with fairest promise bright.

Good moods are sibyls, coy and shy,
And jealous of neglect;
And if you pass them heedless by,
Revenge you may expect.

If God's dear words were man's good pleasure,
There were no need of other treasure;
For still the endowment of his Spirit
Each soul sincere would sure inherit.
But ah, the misery of that well-known rhyme,
Procrastination is the thief of Time!

## THE FIRST MAY MORNING.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. — Ps. CXXVI. 6.

THE husbandman hath patience long,
Praying and sowing, morn and eve, —
The confidence of reason strong,
Through faith that natural lessons give.

At each renewal of the spring,
So lovely that the heavens rejoice,
Prophetic songs that angels sing,
Foretell the reaper's grateful voice.

Thy bread upon the waters cast,
Shall prove thine endless blessing still,
Long as the years of time shall last,
God's primal promise to fulfil.

Praying and praising may I go,
And drop with every word a tear,
Through all God's gardening world to show
The fruits that faith and mercy bear.

Oh, never can such toil be dreary,
Nor Christ's dear work be counted vain;
A loving heart is never weary
In joy or grief, sunshine or rain.

So he that goeth forth with weeping, —
Christ's tears of love, his gospel grain, —
Shall doubtless come again rejoicing
Where life's eternal harvests reign.

The rain and sun, this sweet May morning,
On buds and blossoms, germs and seeds,
Repeat dear Nature's faithful warning, —
Protect the flowers, pluck up the weeds.

## THE ESTRANGED BROUGHT HOME.

LORD, shall I ever reach my home,
So long estranged from thee to roam,
Forgetful of the life to come,
From thee, my joy?
Oh, take the wanderer by the hand,
Teach me to run at thy command,
And bring me to the heavenly land,
For thine employ.

There shall I live for thee alone,
Knowing no business of mine own,
Nor field but for thy reaping sown,
Thy harvest home!
Home for the soul that trusts in thee,
Day of eternal liberty,
The sons of God's dear Son made free,
No more to roam.

If thou art mine, then I am thine,
And in thy radiance I shall shine,
An earthly clod made all divine,
Thy grace to show!

And through the universe to raise
New hallelujahs to thy praise,
And hymns for everlasting days,
All worlds to know!
Thy boundless love, through thy dear Son,
For guilty men, by sin undone,
But yet by patient mercy won,
Heaven to bestow!

Oh, wondrous mercy! by the blood
Of our incarnate blessed Lord,
Poured forth for our eternal good,
In grace forever!
Grace that the vilest heart may reach,
And sinners even like me might preach,
And pardon for the lost beseech,
Abandoned never!

If the blest boon for those who pray,
Be sought while it is called to-day,
And those who seek God's mercy say,
Lord, I believe!
The costly gift by Jesus' blood,
To bring thy lost soul back to God,
In boundless tenderness bestowed,
Thou shalt receive!

But if the habit of delay
Persuade you madly, far away

God's priceless offer to betray
For one more morrow, —
The righteous issue will proceed;
You never can prevent its speed,
Nor, though eternity you need,
One moment borrow!

To-day, while it is called to-day,
Oh, seek Christ's mercy while you may,
Nor till the warning deluge stay.
Fly to his throne!
Then only are you safe, for there,
In Jesus' loving grace and care,
The crown of life your name shall wear,
Sealed as his own.

No more by sin and hell distrest,
But sweetly on your Saviour's breast,
Under his wing your soul shall rest,
Condemnèd never!
With him in glory you shall reign,
For him all loss shall be your gain,
And his confession shall remain
Your crown forever!

## A YEAR OF CONFLICTS.

MEMORIAL OF 1857.

THY perfect love, O precious wife!
Heals, in the pilgrimage of life,
The Marah of external strife.
Thy radiant presence doth impart,
Beyond the reach of wealth or art,
Such sunshine to my inmost heart,
That nothing bitter can remain,
But sunbeams play across the rain,
And chase the lingering shades of pain.

In our dear covenant of love,
Ascending at our first remove,
We came to Elim's palmy grove;
Came to the shadow of the Rock,
Whither the Shepherd leads his flock,
Life's crystal fountain to unlock, —
That fountain which has ever flowed,
The gift that is the grace of God,
Attendant on our winding road.

Nor shall it in the desert cease,
Companion of our life's increase,
With manna of celestial peace:
We find it each successive morn,
Fresh as the glow of rosy dawn,
Or pearls upon the dewy lawn,
New sprinkled from the hand of God,
Where human feet had never trod,
The approaches to his own abode.

Our covenant divine abides;
And whom the Eternal Refuge hides,
The angel of his presence guides,
Across the wilderness of earth,
Across old Jordan's stormy firth,
Up to the city of our birth, —
The throne and dwelling-place of love,
The Salem of the souls above,
From which they nevermore remove!

## THE SWEET SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

O THE spirit of prayer! the sweet spirit of prayer!
The peace of the soul at the mercy-seat kneeling,
In the hour of temptation and trouble and care,
The infinite love of the Saviour revealing!

For the song and the burthen come often together,
When the pilgrim is bearing the heat of the day;
But the song breaketh forth in the darkest of weather,
And the pilgrim forgetteth the wearisome way.

Though our foes be so strong, yet ever the victor
Is he who is taught by the Spirit to pray;
The soul that is safe, in the Lord's loving-kindness,
Is the soul that is watching and praying alway;

While I wait for the Lord, by the promise of Jesus,
He 'll not let me perish in sin and despair:
Whatever can happen, my heart is submissive;
Content, if God gives me *the spirit of prayer.*

## GOD IN GRACE AND NATURE.

DEAR Lord, I know each sweet command
Is sovereign love and grace divine;
Teach me to bow beneath thy hand,
And know no other will but thine.

Oh, let me not an ingrate prove,
Nor careless of love's reprimand,
Nor ever from thy footsteps rove,
Neglectful of my Shepherd's hand.

Let me not turn from thee aside,
Nor from thy living pastures stray;
Thy looks, thy words, my loving guide,
Thy precepts ever to obey.

The ripples of thy running brooks
Part of my daily songs shall be,
And some reflection of thy looks,
In every crystal spring I 'll see.

The lilies of the field, dear Lord,
Arrayed in lowliest form and place,
Teach us, as sweetly as thy Word,
Thine own creative power and grace.

Thine is the wisdom of their story,
In loveliest blooms so sure to please,
That Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these.

Sweet Nature, every hour to me
How clear thy sacred lessons shine!
My Saviour, grant each page may be,
As I grow older, more divine!

Thus, when from sin and death set free,
All worlds entranced in bliss, shall see
Nature created but to be
Bright emblems of thy Deity.

This universal frame shall prove,
And rising worlds on worlds adore,
Jehovah's Omnipresent Love,
And LOVE, th' Omnipotence of POWER!

O God, my Saviour! dwell in me,
All life, all law, all heaven above; —
And I shall all this glory see,
Dwelling in God, for God is Love!

## THE HEIRS OF HEAVEN.

O SON of God, whose life was given,
That we might be such heirs of Heaven,
For thee to live, with thee to die,
Thy wondrous love to glorify!

Life out of death, — what bliss divine!
Death swallowed up in life is thine;
The dying thief's believing prayer
On Calvary is answered there,

In words of mystery and surprise, —
"Shalt be with me in Paradise!"
Oh, dying love's eternal bliss,
Breathed as with sacramental kiss!

"To-day with me in Paradise!"
Christ's words, that all mankind may hear;
Faith's endless and all-conquering prize,
Dispelling every doubt and fear.

This covenant no death can sever;
'T is yesterday, to-day, forever!
"Ye heavy-laden sinners, come"
To me, your everlasting home.

Come unto me, with me to rest
In God's eternal Sabbath blest.
To me, that dying you may win
My victory over death and sin.

'T is God's, 't is yours, 't is mine for you,
Believing, suffering, loving, true,
Ye dear confessors of my name,
In Heaven your crown, on earth your shame!

On earth the followers of the Lamb,
Meek, gentle, patient, without blame;
The scorn'd of this world's pride and power,
Whose glory withers in an hour.

Prepared in heaven with him to reign,
By sacred discipline of pain,
Endured on earth a few short days,
To live forever to his praise!

## "HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE."

O LORD, my God! wouldst thou but grant to me
This wondrous love and glory so to see,
That my experience might draw souls to thee,
That but for this were lost eternally, —
What higher bliss could I desire or know,
Than that which must from such divineness flow?

For oh! what mortal mind on earth can measure
The heritage of bliss, held in the treasure
Of such a talent, given by Christ to be,
With fervent prayer and meek humility,
Employed for him, through everlasting days,
The song of Moses and the Lamb to raise,
For the lost sinner to the Saviour's praise!

Oh for the grace of treasures so bestowed,
To lead one dying sinner up to God, —
Through sin's dark wilderness to his abode;
There to behold the bright reward of grace,
Through mercy's use, even in the briefest space,
By love Eternal, in the lowliest power
Of talent trusted to the passing hour!

Oh, costliest jewels, in such worthless vase,
Deposits claimed through everlasting days,
For an eternity of love and praise!
My God! if such thy mercy shown to me,
What must the bliss of thy dear servants be,
Sublime confessors of Christ's dying love,
Through flames and tortures carried up to thee!

Oh, from the depths of sin and hell's despair
Could I but help to raise one sinner there,
And his own grateful song of glory hear, —
An everlasting fountain it would be,
Kingdom of grace and glory given to me;
And I should shine, a never-setting star
Of light and love, where brightest angels are.

Oh, wondrous recompense of bliss divine,
For the least service to our Jesus given,
Through his eternal firmament to shine,
With endless crowns, in everlasting heaven!

## LOVE'S MERCY-SEAT.

THE lines that on our dial move,
Are drawn by Jesus' dying love;
The dawn, the noon, the evening hour,
But mark the progress of his power,

Whose love doth cause our days to be
Bright portals of eternity,
Through which our guardian angels wave
Their signal banners at the grave.

Teach me, with meek, submissive mind,
And will to thy sweet will resigned,
The sorrows of my Lord to share,
The yoke of his dear love to wear.

By faith encouraged to repeat
His pleadings at the mercy-seat,
Help me to know the promise mine,
And so fulfil his blest design.

O God of mercy, meet me there;
Dispel the darkness of despair.
Though chief of sinners, may I meet
My Saviour at the mercy-seat!

## GOD IN THE SPRING.

COME forth! It is the first of May,
A Sabbath with God's worship bright,
And he hath crowned this lovely day
With diamond dew-drops of delight.

And thoughtful symbols flash from earth
The gleams of resurrection life;
And blossoms, all of Nature's birth,
With prophecies of heaven are rife.

One month ago, as white as snow,
The sleeping world with frost was bound
By throes of silence and of death,
With storms and cyclones circled round.

So every winter's reign doth teach
For every autumn's grain a tomb;
Whose depths eternal none can reach,
Or interrupt the arctic gloom.

Yet each return of lovely spring, —
The buds that ope their starry eyes,
Leaves that unroll, the birds that sing,
And flowers that whisper Paradise,

And every throe of restless power,
And every blade of grass that pries,
With force as of the central fire
That made the eternal mountains rise,

As if the sepulchres had thrown
The leaden lids of death away,
And from earth's burial depths had flown
On wings of light the eternal day; —

All impulses of every name,
All emblems of resistless strife,
Through all the realms of death proclaim
The Resurrection and the Life.

Love and Omnipotence the same,
When God incarnate walked the earth,
And spake the almighty word I AM,
When Lazarus from the grave came forth.

That Word of gentleness and power
Still conquers our misdoubting wills,
And in life's latest, darkest hour
Christ's victory over death reveals.

## GOD IN ALL THE SEASONS.

O EARTH! so like the cradle of our mother,
Bringing such love-stores from the Power Divine,
Would that my God might give my years another
Sweet spring to see these lovely blossoms shine!

Low in the vale the sweetest violets blossom,
As they from show the dearest thoughts would hide,
Where hidden fountains overrun their borders,
And summer roses through the autumn bide.

And streams that ne'er run dry through all the seasons,
Where mailèd thorns all fragrant fill their ranks
With perilous attractions for sweet maidens
Let out from school to play their innocent pranks;

Where earliest lilies of the valley open,
Nor ask the stranger to admire their bloom,

But here and there some youthful lovers plunder,
And poets breathe with joy their sweet perfume.

Oh, could my days, with natural sacred reason,
So well fulfil the appointed laws we bear,
And keep, in harmony with each bright season,
God's flowing praises equal with the year!

Whatever hour it pleased our God to sunder
The links that bind us to our place of birth,
We know would take us to adore and wonder
The brighter joys in his new heaven and earth;

Where from eternity God's angels ponder
The mysteries all created minds above,
And learn ecstatic, through their own existence,
One boundless melody of endless love.

And yet that name, baptized in blood, remaineth,
Writ from His veins who deigned to die for me,
Whose love the wrath for all my crimes restraineth,
And leaves me nought but his own grace to see!

## CHRIST OUR LOVE AND LIFE.

LORD, thou art mine, and death itself
  Is but a life with Thee;
The passing of a soul beyond
  The life that now I see.

Eternal life! O gift divine!
  Christ's dying love for me!
The secret place of the Most High
  My home in heaven shall be.

Where Jesus reigns, there I shall dwell,
  For his delight made fit,
Complete in him, and his dear name
  Upon my forehead writ.

To live with him, in his abode,
  To see his glorious face,
Clothed in his righteousness divine,
  The white robe of his grace!

His loving life inspires my will,
  His blessed word my guide,
And so within his promise still
  Forever I 'll abide.

Thus with thy Spirit clothe my soul,
  And thou art near to me,
And every step is happiness,
  If I but follow thee.

Treasures are mine, and friends and lands,
  A hundred fold to-day,
For every thought of love in which
  I give myself away.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
  No ill can me betide;
For death itself no terror brings
  To those that in thee hide.

And as the nightingale doth sing
  In sunshine or in rain,
So I my melodies will bring
  Even from the depths of pain;

And gratitude to thee shall be
  My soul's eternal gain,
For all thy discipline of grace, —
  Love's musical refrain!

## CHRIST OUR ASSURANCE OF HEAVEN.

MY Jesus! thou art mine!
My life is all thy gift,
Thou gavest thine for me,
When on the cross uplift;
And I commit to thee,
To guard and keep and save,
The soul that from despair
Thy death deliverance gave.

My Jesus! thou art mine!
I cannot be alone;
My life is all divine,
Supported by thine own.
If thou inspire my love,
O infinite delight!
When all my passions move,
In that ecstatic light!

In heaven, on earth, or hell,
'T were Paradise to be

Wherever I can tell
  That thou didst die for me;
Oh, blissful joy to know
  That I am wholly thine,
Self-will forever gone,
  And Christ forever mine!

Still to Thy mercy-seat
My soul would fain retreat,
  And there present her powerful plea,
The might of His dear name
Who bore my sin and shame,
  The dying Lamb once slain for me.

There shall I find relief,
'Mid all my care and grief,
  From unbelief and sin and shame:
The atmosphere of prayer
Shall be my native air;
  And Christ in me shall live and reign.

## ALWAYS LIVING, LORD, FOR THEE.

MAY Thy Love, my Lord, control
Every impulse of my soul;—
And my bliss forever be,
In loving and obeying Thee;
To such love and duty won,
Through the Grace of Thy dear Son.

O the Heaven on earth to be
Always living, Lord, for Thee!
By Thy death from sin set free;
The prisoner of Love to be,
Imparadised with Liberty,
The liberty of serving Thee.

In each path of duty true,
The Will of Christ alone in view:
His sacred likeness still to share,
His yoke to bear,
His crown to wear,
Though in a world of sin and care!

## "FOR YE ARE DEAD, AND YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD."

"WITH Christ in God"! Eternal life!
How wondrous, how divine!
Each letter of this blessed text
Doth with God's glory shine.
Dear child! be quiet with thy God;
He never can forsake
His own eternal perfect work,
Nor leave it to mistake.
His loving-kindness he 'll command
By day and all the night;
His song shall be thy saving health,
His love thy soul's delight.

Who kindled in thy restless heart
This sacred heavenly fire?
Who bade thy longing spirit burn
With such supreme desire?
If thou commit thy life to Christ,
It will be found in God,
In his eternal sunshine wrought
By his enduring Word.

Oh, day divine! Oh, glorious power!
Lord, give my soul to know
Some sure foreshining of this grace,
While struggling here below;
For now, alas! sin's rising gloom
So oft beclouds my dawn
That I am at a loss to tell
The midnight from the morn.

Oh let me hear thy voice again,
Still walking on the sea;
No more I 'll fear, no more refrain
From following after thee.
The ruling of thy love in me
Shall be my sole desire,
And every power of heart and mind
With this bright flame on fire!

## GOD'S PREPOSSESSIONS FOR OUR FAITH.

WE walk by faith; but God imparts
Foretastes divine within our hearts
Of what his love intends to give,
And on the promise bids us live.

As Jacob's fainting soul revived,
When Joseph's messengers arrived,
The Spirit's earnest, so designed,
Convinces and assures the mind;
The sweet pale glimmering of the dawn,
Foretelling an eternal morn.

So God doth help our faltering faith
To credit what his Spirit saith:
Gives with his Word some coin in hand,
Some product of the promised land;
A cluster of rich grapes to prove
The certainty of endless love.

A promised Christ we thus receive,
And on the present interest live;
Pilgrims of hope, through all the way,
Our burthens on the Lord we lay.

If famine, when we need His frown,
To Egypt's bondage brings us down,
Still with God's love our tents are bright,
A sun amidst Egyptian night.
A school of love is his intent;
Though Pharaohs still new yokes invent.
Labor is sweet; unrest is ease,
When we are seeking God to please;
Sowing or reaping, joy or pain,
What harvests of rich love we gain!

A thousand years fly as a dream,
When once we learn the blissful scheme
By which, forgiven, believers win
The victory over death and sin.
Co-heirs with Christ, the sons of God,
Once lost, but washed in Jesus' blood,
Robed in that righteousness divine
In which the heirs of glory shine,
Who stand upon the golden sea,
And in God's image changeless be.

O God, if, having gained that prize,
We help one soul to reach those skies;

If we not single-handed come,
But bring some dying sinner home,
Where angels shout the Saviour's name
And all his wondrous love proclaim, —
A past eternity of sorrow
Would be but dawn to such a morrow;
A veil of mist, a storm by night,
The usher of eternal light!

So God doth raise us from despair,
And gives to dwell with Jesus, where
He lets his morning stars behold,
As o'er the firmament unrolled,
Themselves divine with ecstasy,
How vast the joys of harvest be,
Reaping, in measureless reward,
The boundless glory of their Lord.

Partakers of his cross below,
So round the eternities they go,
Forever singing, all forgiven,
Partakers of his crown in heaven!

## THE CHIEF OF SINNERS SAVED.

THOUGH I the chief of sinners be,
Yet Jesus Christ has died for me;
Lord, help me to receive
This mighty truth that opens heaven,
And shows how I may be forgiven,
If I will but believe.

Lord, I believe! Increase my faith,
That what the word of Jesus saith,
My soul thereon may rest,
As if I sat with him at meat,
Or in the loved disciple's seat
Reclined upon his breast.

So may the doubts that rise, repose
Soft as the sunbeams on a rose,
Or motes that in the air
Invisible no shade can throw,
But only make the sunlight show
More radiantly fair.

If he but sprinkle o'er my guilt
The drops of blood on Calvary spilt,
Then I am white as snow;
The light of life my soul surrounds,
The love of Christ in me abounds,
His pardoning grace I know.

Bright as that grace the robe shall be,
In which the universe shall see
My guilty soul arrayed.
Nor sin, nor gloom remembered more,
But I in Christ's almighty power
His new creation made.

Love will complete what love begins, —
Deliverance from all my sins,
Though deadlier than the grave;
And in the morning I shall rise,
And know, seraphic in the skies,
His wondrous power to save.

## MINE AND THINE.

MY God! and may I call thee mine?
And wilt thou deign to call me thine?
Then the whole universe is free,
And I am heir of all in thee!

If thou art mine, no space can part
Me from the dwelling where thou art;
If thou art mine, thou wilt not let
My thoughtless, wandering heart forget

The blessedness of being thine
In immortality divine,
Thine by the covenant of blood,
Through endless life a son of God!

Dear Lord, bestow this blessed grace,
The entrancing light of thy dear face,
And keep each passion of my soul
Held by thy love's supreme control.

No more from thee to go astray,
But kept in thy most holy way,
And following, through thy sacred Word,
The footsteps of my loving Lord.

My heaven on earth shall be to see
His reigning likeness formed in me.
Oh, infinite and blest delight,
To serve him in those robes so bright.

Cleansed by his grace from each dark spot!
The radiance so divinely wrought,
Whiter than snow shall ever shine,
Through everlasting ages mine!

## THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

LORD, keep us through thy sacred Word,
Secured from all mistake;
Our shield, our hiding-place, thou art,
And never wilt forsake,

Through all the pilgrimage of earth,
The chosen heirs of heaven,
The children of a Saviour's love,
Through his dear grace forgiven;

Still keep our hearts from deadly pride,
Safe in thy holy truth,
And shining in the crystal dew
Of our Redeemer's youth.

His blessed words make darkness bright,
His love directs our way,
And we shall walk in his clear light,
God's everlasting day.

Grant me such presence of thy grace,
My Jesus, all divine!
Grant the clear shinings of thy face,
That I may call thee mine!

## THE PROBLEMS OF ETERNITY.

GETHSEMANE and Calvary!
O mysteries of agony!
Life, death, and Christ's atoning love,
All thought, all measurement, above!

The Son of God, who for us died,
That in God's love our souls might hide,
And, dying, prayed that we, through faith,
Might know the triumphs of his death!

Led by thy gracious Spirit, Lord.
We come, according to thy Word,
To plead our Saviour's dying prayer,
Who breathed his life out for us there.

Taught by such loving grace to sing,
Our songs of praise to thee we bring;
The day is passing, night is near,
But in thy love there is no fear.

The Lord, who keeps our life from ill,
On Jordan's brink is with us still;
The shadows of life's evening prove
Prophets of Jesus' dying love.

And soon he 'll call our spirits home,
No more from his abode to roam;
And in this faith we leave to thee
The problems of eternity.

## THE DEAD EMPEROR.

HE has gone to the land, through eternity's portals,
Where dukedoms and kings are remembered no more,
But the wearers of crowns are the lowliest servants
Of Him who for sinners the crown of thorns wore;

Where the proud and the mighty are counted as nothing;
Where the court of the soul is in justice arrayed;
Where the verdict of innocence cannot be purchased;
Where the wages of character promptly are paid.

He has gone where the feet of oppressors tread never,
Nor the prayer of the prisoned for freedom is heard;
Where the flatterer's music is silent forever,
And the snare 's never laid for the innocent bird;

Where the voice of a senate's applause cannot
reach him,
Nor the wailing of conscripts by armies mowed
down;
Where the votes of a parliament cannot impeach
him,
Nor the bribes of the universe offer a crown;

Where the calm of eternity gives him the leisure
To study the tempest of passion on earth, —
To ponder the pathway of glory and pleasure,
And balance the world with the soul in its worth.

The strange silent man from the field of Magenta,
The unsceptred monarch from bloody Sedan,
The chess politician whose moves were a venture
The subtlest inquisitor never could scan, —

Where now is the spirit that grasped at dominion,
That rode on the whirlwind of power to a
throne?
Does it soar with the angels on ecstasy's pinion?
Does it span like a rainbow the storm overblown?

Has it gone to inhabit in darkened seclusion
Some penal Helena far off on the wave;
Or joined the proud Cæsars of Old World delusion,
Or roused the Achilles of Gaul from his grave?

Have the sides of the pit ordered forth their possessors
To hail the Usurper with desolate stir?
Do the aisles of the Hades of sceptred confessors
Resound the grim satire of "Vive l'Empereur"?

Oh, tell us, ye forms of immortal forewarning,
That watch at the gateway of morning and night,
Was the spirit withdrawn in the blackness of darkness,
Or lost in the splendors of infinite light?

## FOR MRS. W——.

### TO HER BABE SLEEPING IN THE CRADLE.

THOU lovely miniature of Nature's painting,
Thy beauty mingles care with my delight.
These colors are to grow, — not like the fainting,
Soft, dying hues that mark the eve's twilight;
But evermore renewed, as if the dawn,
With its deep, rosy tinge, instead of fading,
Ran hand in hand with the bright, dewy morn,
The sky by sunlight with all colors shading.

These colors are to grow, — from where, an infant,
Thou sleepest cradled by thy mother's side,
On through thy childhood's beauty, every instant
To maiden loveliness; thy mother's pride.
And she will guide the pencil: hers the art
To deepen Nature's lineaments, or alter;
To image heaven or earth upon the heart; —
What if her pen should err, her pencil falter?

Oh, 't is a sacred, sweet, and fearful duty
To train these earth-born spirits for the skies;
To keep this household flower green in its beauty
Till it in Paradise transplanted rise!
May He who took the nurslings in his arms
Keep thee and thine, his richest grace revealing;
Hid, as His pilgrims, from the world's alarms,
Where quiet brooks in pastures green are stealing.

## BOBOLINK AND CANARY.

NEARLY two months ago we presented the "Bobolink and the Canary" to the "Church Union" children. Since then, a famous minister who loves the little folks has tried his hand at rhyme for their sakes, and sent us a sort of answer to the verses which we print again below. Having both of the poems, the children will get the whole story, and the precious lesson which so many old folks have learned "under the cross."

AT the window hangs Canary,
Singer sweet and true;
Bobolink, from out the hedge-row,
He is singing too.

Now his liquid notes Canary
Pours like music rain;
Now the voice from out the hedge-row,
Bobolink again.

Stints his song awhile Canary:
"Who may this bird be,
That with ever-answering carol
Strives to vie with me?"

"Only Bobolink, the singer;
Merry bird am I.
Through the wood and fields and meadows
Back and forth I fly."

Now his bravest song Canary,
Now his finest trill;
Bobolink's from out the hedge-row
Braver, finer still!

Then the tender-voiced Canary,
Wondering, paused in pain,
And the careless hedge-row singer
Trilled his lay again.

"I am weary," sobs Canary,
"I am all outdone;
'T was the trial test between us, —
Bobolink has won.

"Even my mistress, — she who fancied
My poor song divine, —
See how eagerly she listens
To *his* song, not mine.

"Knows she why in happy music
He surpasses me?
I am but a caged Canary;
Bobolink is free."

## THE OTHER SIDE; OR, CANARY AND BOBOLINK.

THUS the little prisoner trilled
His passionate lamentings;
Tragic song could ne'er express
Deeper soul-repentings.

Never from wild orange grove
Poured such tones of feeling,
To the lady's tender heart
Depths of woe revealing.

While the little warbler sang,
Tides of grief awaking,
Tears like rain began to fall,
As if *her* heart were breaking.

Then did Bobolink attempt
Those wild notes of sadness;
But for all that he could do,
It was only gladness.

Every twist he gave his throat,
'T was a merry clatter;
You 'd have thought a Christy's band
Asking what 's the matter.

Often as he tried the voice
Of the sad Canary,
Nature's power left him no choice
But that of making merry.

So it was the grief that won
The praise of sweetest singing;
For you cannot judge the end
By a gay beginning.

"Ah, my pretty bird," she cried,
"Yours the song of Nature;
All the art of Bobolink
Makes but an imitator.

"Joy is all that he can preach,
And that he has to borrow;
Adversity alone can teach
The deeper tones of sorrow."

## NEARER TO CHRIST.

LORD, I would from the world retreat,
And, weeping at thy sacred feet,
Would all my sins and follies mourn,
And to my Saviour's grace return.

I come to thee for heavenly rest, —
I cannot with the world be blest;
'T is sin and grief if I can be
A moment happy far from thee.

Then save me from the Tempter's power,
And make me watchful every hour;
Thy Spirit for my comfort give,
And let thy word within me live.

I would be fastened to thy cross,
And count all other things but loss, —
Would tell to mortals, far and near,
Thy precious name, to sinners dear.

Oh keep me near and dear to thee,
Till I thy face in glory see;
Cleansed by thy blood, and saved by grace,
I shall forever sing thy praise.

## THY WORD MY WILL.

LORD, when my soul is filled with grief,
In thee alone I find relief;
When tempting cares disturb my breast,
I fly to thee alone for rest.

Oh, to be wholly thine, my Lord!
Daily to feed upon thy Word,
Daily thy life as mine receive,
And constantly for thee to live!

From every sin that stains my soul
Thy blood can cleanse and make me whole;
From every cloud that hides thy face,
Or grieves the spirit of thy grace.

That every day my life may be
Rooted and grounded, Lord, in thee,
I would, for love of thy dear cross,
Earth's richest treasures count but dross.

To thee my longing heart aspires,
For thou hast given me these desires:
Increase the gift, and then fulfil
The glorious purpose of thy will.

## REMEMBER ME FOR GOOD.

REMEMBER me, my God, for good!
Alas! my wayward thought
Oft hath forgotten thee, and ne'er
Hath loved thee as I ought.
Yet though I have forsaken thee,
And wandered far away,
O God, my God, forsake not me,
Nor leave thy sheep astray.

I cannot live cast out from heaven,
Or banished from my Lord;
I cannot rest without the joy
Of thy forgiving word.
Undone, and sinking down beneath
The burden of my sin,
Out of the depths I cry to thee,
That thou wilt make me clean.

Thy dying love my only plea:
Thou canst, Lord, if thou wilt;
For thou art infinite in grace,
Though I am nought but guilt.

Thou didst provide this grace divine,
Spontaneous, rich, and free;
That I the sinner might not die,
The Saviour died for me.

Oh to the fountain of his blood
Give me the faith to flee;
And in my death and on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me!
And in thy crown my soul shall shine
Through all eternity;
And the whole universe shall sing,
Such love divine to see.

Then let me know mine interest, Lord,
In this prevailing prayer;
The earnest of thy Spirit give,
To save me from despair,
And from this hour, a child of God,
My burden lost from sight,
My soul shall walk, by pardoning grace,
With Jesus in the light.

## COME TO THE LAMB OF GOD.

COME to the Lamb of God,
For dying sinners slain,
That, sprinkled with his blood,
Thou mayst new life obtain,
And safely rest thy soul on him
Who gave his life thine to redeem.

He by himself hath purged
Our souls from guilt and sin,
That we by grace divine
The crown of life might win;
Preserved from darkness and despair,
For light and love and glory there.

From sin, the world, and death,
O Love divine, to thee
Our souls in sacred faith
For such redemption flee:
O loving Saviour, at thy cross,
For thee we all things count but loss.

## ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

ALONE, alone, and distant far
From all I love on earth,
Yet thou, my God, art near, and still
Thy Spirit leads me forth.
I know thou wilt not take me where
I am not near to thee;
The morning light, the sunset fair,
Are thy sweet gifts to me.

Safe in thy love, secure from harm,
I know, where'er I roam,
The days and nights, the months and years,
Still bring me nearer home.
In scenes of trouble or of joy
Thy presence makes me blest;
Thou art the guardian of my soul,
And mine eternal rest.

For this is life, eternal life.
When I my Saviour see,
And know that he will make me such
As he would have me be.
To live with him, in his abode,
To see his glorious face,

Clothed in his righteousness divine,
The white robe of his grace.

Lord, with thy Spirit strengthen me
Thy counsels to fulfil,
And comprehend the love divine
Of all thy blessed will.
No evil can I know or fear,
If thou art near to me;
And every step is happiness
If I but follow thee.

If from the misery of sin
Thy grace doth set me free,
I only care thy love to win,
And death is life to me.
I'll go or stay at thy command,
Thy word my shining guide;
And in the glory of thy love
Forever I'll abide.

Be every wish and word of life
To thy dear will resigned;
And by such grace, my God, remove
The darkness from my mind.
Then shall I with undoubting faith
Thy service sweet pursue,
And peace and joy attend the work
Thou givest me to do.

## HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

OF all inscriptions that illume
The destiny and death of men,
The most significant in gloom
Is this that writes, HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

*He might have been* a soul of fire
Ascending to the parent Sun, —
Example for a world's desire
To think and act as he had done.

*He might have been* (who burns afar,
With passion and himself at strife)
A living light, a blissful star,
The shining flame of endless life.

*He might have been,* had he believed
The truths of which he was forewarned,
A spirit into bliss received,
A soul with heavenly grace adorned.

WE might have been, if WE had trod
The highway taught by Truth and Time,
A people of the living God,
A race with every gift sublime.

Might ALL have been, if we had used
The wisdom by experience given,
Spirits with light and love infused
To climb the ladders dropped from heaven.

*They might have been* — those deathless Jews —
Engraven on the hand of God, —
His chosen: it was theirs to choose;
But madness scattered them abroad.

*They might have been*, had they but read
His Word, through martyred prophets known,
A priesthood holier than the dead,
And standing nearer to God's throne.

Jerusalem! If thou hadst known,
How would thy King have honored thee,
The royal seat of David's throne,
In glory through eternity!

Hadst thou but for thy children won
The things of thine eternal peace,
Thine offspring all had been God's own,
In bliss forever to increase.

But, ah! the heart of man declines
God's perfect tenses for his good;
And still, to baffle Love's designs,
I *will not*, waits upon I *would!*

Alas! the treasure of our light
Is spent before we come of age;
Lost in the revels of a night
Our life's eternal heritage!

A mess of pottage we accept;
Temptation rules the present hour,
Till, out of reach the promise swept,
Remorse and pain our life devour.

Ye will not come, is Christ's lament;
And *cannot*, finishes the rôle.
The gifts of Love Divine are spent,
And *Lost* is sealed upon the soul!

God's kingdom, even in Nature, comes
In vain, for man's eternal good!
Alas! undying history proves
All men's perverse ingratitude.

Each blossoming spring, fresh buds foretell
Full years of precious promised fruit;
But, ah! what melodies are lost,
From careless rifts within the lute!

How long, O God, shall all mankind,
  Through Satan's wiles, thy throne assume!
How long the races, so consigned,
  Go down despairing to the tomb!

Oh, let thy Heavenly Kingdom come!
  Call all the nations to thy rest,
To find in thee their endless home,
  Their endless life in Christ possessed!

## PROPHETS OF THE LOVELY AUTUMN DAYS.

THESE perfect days from God's right hand
Such loving praise from us demand,
That God himself alone can give
The thoughts in which such praises live.

Dear Lord, with these sweet gifts impart
Thy love within a grateful heart,
That gifts and songs may both endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

That ever, as the years go by,
Our thoughts the ages may defy,
And more, as blessings crown our days,
Our hearts be strong to sing thy praise.

The riches of eternity,
Lord Jesus, shall be ours with thee:
Thy death hath purchased this advance;
Our souls are thine inheritance.

But can it be, oh, can it be,
That souls so lost should live with thee? —
So dead in sin, should yet be found
With Christ's own love and glory crowned;

And found in Christ by one sweet prayer,
Breathed from the soul in self-despair:
"From sin, my Saviour, set me free;
And when I die, remember me!"

And when we die, the leaves that fall,
God's tender mercies shall recall;
The colors of those days of grace
When we, transported, sought his face,

And through prismatic autumn known,
Beheld such rainbows round his throne,
Such promises in covenant sealed,
And e'en through natural laws revealed.

For so these Sabbaths of God's glory,
Creations of redemption's story,
Were woven ere the world began,
Foresights of Love's eternal plan!

Forever be the love adored
That made us read that gracious word
Of Jesus o'er the eternal gate, —
Enter, before it be too late.

O trembling souls, behold the way,
And enter, while 't is yet to-day!
Come in, come in; nor wait to see
But this, that Jesus died for thee!

## OUR RISING DAWN AND SETTING SUN THE TYPES OF IMMORTALITY.

O GLORIOUS types of Heaven above,
All radiant with my Saviour's love!
Would God that thus my life might shine
Would God, each morn and evening so,
That all my days on earth might glow
With flames of gratitude divine!

Glory, beyond all glory bright,
Except in visions of the night,
When God bestows upon the soul,
Baptized with spiritual power,
The work of years in one swift hour,
Prophetic Truth from pole to pole.

But soon, at break of earthly day,
The dream of glory fades away,
With the whole troop of midnight stars;
And wondrous worlds each other chase,
Cleft by infinitudes of space,
With elemental crystal wars.

So might I, as this radiance dies,
To scenes more radiant lift mine eyes;

The New Jerusalem behold,
And know, through God's amazing grace,
My soul's eternal dwelling-place,
Its holy bowers, its streets of gold;

Its mansions from eternity,
By Love Divine, secured for me,
Though I the chief of sinners be;
Then the whole universe shall raise
For one more soul the song of praise,
And I in Heaven begin to know

The meaning of that sunset glow,
Glory beyond all glory seen,
When God shines in upon the soul,
With immortality of light,
And then at break of earthly day
The midnight glory fades away.

O God! that mine might never fade,
But all my days and nights arrayed,
In holy longings after thee,
As in a mirror's light displayed,
With glowing radiance still may be
Foresights of immortality!

So each day's harvest, and the reapers singing,
Would be the earnest of life's setting sun,
The race for glory thus in life beginning
Through love's dear victory by the Saviour won

## WHERE ONLY LOVE IS KNOWN.

MY Saviour! in Thy Father's house
I see Thy childhood's truth,
And Thou wilt give to souls that pray
The sweet dew of Thy youth.
For all Thy mercy and Thy truth,
To Thee, my God, I cry;
My Saviour from the sins of youth,
Thy name to glorify!

Beneath the shelter of Thy wing
Forever I'll abide,
And with Thy saints and angels sing
Where all Thy children hide.
Thou wilt fulfil Thy words to me,
Of Life for evermore:
Thy words of promise, O my God!
As boundless as Thy power;
Through the dear covenant of Thy Love,
Forever sweet and sure.

And I shall drink the Living Spring
Of blessings from Thy throne,
Where neither death nor sin can come,
But only Love is known.

Thy dying Love, O Saviour dear!
Eternal and Divine,
Of power to make our life on earth
With Thine own glory shine,
Each day, each hour, of endless worth,
Thy name, Thy gift, Thy sign!
Thy robe of glory o'er us thrown,
Ours such eternal mercy known,
Even through the death of God's dear Son!
Whose dying prayer our endless mercy won!
Salvation from the guilt on earth begun,
To make the pardon our eternal crown!

## GOD'S COVENANT OF GRACE.

O LAMB of God, thus slain
To take our guilt away,
That we might plead God's pardoning grace,
In the Great Judgment Day!
The Covenanted Grace,
That saves us from despair,
And in the Saviour's lovely face
Reads full redemption there,
And not a wrinkle of Remorse
Recorded anywhere.

His Life for ours He gave,
His blood for us was shed,
Who came and suffered, died and rose,
To raise us from the dead.
To give us Life Divine,
With Him to reign on High,
And in His glorious likeness shine
Through all eternity.

O bliss beyond all thought!
O Paschal Lamb thus slain!
Our Great High Priest at God's right hand
Our prayers to entertain;

Who intercedes for us, that we
  Might never plead in vain,
But in the Assembly of the Just
  With Him forever reign.

Beyond the reach of sorrow, sin,
  Or memory of pain,
What was our loss converted now
  Into Eternal gain.

Oh that we might, like Paul, obey
  The impulse of a glowing Soul,
To Him who bore our guilt away,
  And made such dying lepers whole.

The heart that grateful love doth rule,
  No more content abroad to roam,
Will shut the half-learned book at School,
  And finish all its lore at Home.

## THE LIGHT OF GOD'S GLORY.

O COULD I keep, from hour to hour,
A sense of things divine,
And see upon my pathway here
The light of glory shine,

My soul, superior to the wiles
Of pleasure, care, and sin,
Would press with restless fervor on,
The heavenly crown to win.

Oh could I see as in a glass,
The glory of the Lord,
And daily into heaven look through
The windows of His Word;—

By faith I'd mount, as on the wings
Of angels, far above,
And breathe the blessed air of heaven,
And dwell in perfect love.

So guide me, Lord, in faith and prayer,
And bear me up by grace,
Till faith is lost in heaven's own light,
And prayer is turned to praise.

## THE ANGUISH OF THE CROSS.

O LORD, when on the cross I see
Thy suffering Life breathed out for me,
And hear Thy meek forgiving prayer,
Beneath the anguish Thou didst bear,

I think my sins, forever slain,
No more within my heart shall reign;
I think thy dying love supreme,
Shall be my life's perpetual theme.

But if from Thy dear cross I stray,
Upon the world's ensnaring way,
My joys depart, my sins return,
My contrite feelings cease to burn.

Dear Lord, forbid the mournful change,
That would my life from Thee estrange;
Oh, make my heart Thy constant throne,
And rule unrivalled and alone!

For I would live for Thy dear name,
And count my former gain my shame;
Oh, let Thy love and sufferings be,
The death of self and sin in me!

## ALL ETERNITY'S DELIGHT!

OH the bliss for such to be,
Jesus, comforted by Thee!
Raised from sorrow, sin, and shame,
To the glory of Thy name.
In our grateful hearts engraved,
By Thy suffering mercy saved,
From the dungeons of Despair,
The golden keys of Faith and Prayer,
Of such Eternal Mercy there!
Where our Guardian Angels wait,
To unlock the iron gate,
And release the victims there,
To fly as seraphs in the air;
Like the lark upon the wing,
In the morning sky to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!
In whose blissful Presence move
All the subjects of His Love;
All enraptured with the grace,
Shining in their Saviour's face;
Clothed in His own Righteousness,
Seeing Him as they are seen;
In His image pure and bright,
For seraphim's enraptured sight,
And all Eternity's delight.

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

KEEP, O gracious Saviour, keep me!
Leave me not from Thee astray;
By thy crook and staff still guide me,
Kept in Thy most holy way;
Folded with Thy flock, preserve me,
All Thy precepts to obey;
Lead me as a little child,
Lest I be by sin beguiled.
Thou canst keep, and Thou alone,
Precious treasures, all thine own,
From the wiles of Satan won,
Jewels brighter than the sun,
Known, the universe abroad,
As the Little Ones of God!
Dearer than the angels known,
That surround God's glorious throne,
Guardian angels of the Lord,
Guided by His blessed Word,
To sow, even where the Devil roams,
Seeds for heavenly harvest-homes;
Diadems for the Saviour's crown,
Gathered by His Love alone;
Diamonds of celestial light,
Brighter than the stars at night!
His Love can make earth's burning wastes

With living waters flow,
And vales of thorns in beauty drest,
With roses white as snow;
And lilies, such as Jesus loved,
In roughest fields to grow;
With fragrance sweeter than the gales
Of Araby could bear;
With colors brighter than the hues,
King Solomon's robes did wear;
Whose brilliance might a joy diffuse,
Through all the realms of air;
With power to pluck from mortal souls
All misery but Despair!
O God! be to such darkness kind,
And from such death set free,
A weeping soul, that fain would find
Its happiness in Thee!
I cannot live without Thy Love,
To guide me day by day;
Without Thy Spirit teaching me,
I cannot even pray!
Distracted by such wandering thoughts,
I know not what to say.
O God of Mercy, Lord of Love,
Drive all these thoughts away;
Mine Unbelief with Faith reprove,
And suffer me no more from paths
Of Grace Divine to stray;
But lead me up the angelic stairs
That Jacob's dreams did greet,

And teach me Faith's incessant prayers
Till Jesus' Love I meet;
So oft enrapturing all my soul
At His dear Mercy-seat!
Thus may I welcome Death itself,
Thy summons to obey,
As if Elijah's chariot were,
My heaven's Eternal Day!
Oh that I were already there,
At Jesus' feet to lay
The tribute of a grateful heart,
That once knew not to pray,
But spent, alas! what precious years,
In madness thrown away!
Yet now, my God, regard the tears,
Remorseful, that betray
The darkness and repentant fears
Grace makes me know to-day.
Leave me no more in Satan's power,
Through such prolonged delay;
But grant me now the gift of Faith,
My contrite heart to bring,
And lay the offering at Thy feet,
My Lord, my Life, my King!
Make this the consecrated hour,
Thy boundless Love to meet,
And henceforth know the power of prayer
At Thy dear Mercy-seat!
Where songs of seraphs' joy repeat
The heart-pulse of Life's last retreat.

## REGENERATION, A SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION.

WHEN shall this world-wide darkness of the soul
Change to the sweet delight of heaven's pure dawning?
O Grace Divine! Despair itself control,
Shed forth the Holy Spirit's blissful warning;
And bid the midnight of each darkened heart,
Receive the transport of Christ's cloudless morning.

O Christ! redeem Thy child from pride and sin,
And all my wandering thoughts from worldly passion;
Give me to find Thy Love within my heart;
Making my life some ray of Thy devotion;
Teach me to know, by longings so divine,
That Thou in me hast made Thy pleasure mine;
Cause me to walk in Love, as Thou didst walk,
And in the light of God, each day secure,
Communion sweet with Him who once did talk,
With those dear saints whose eyes, though dim with weeping,

Saw, half-awake, the watch He still was keeping,
While they with weariness o'ercome were sleeping.
Christ's final coming shall not long delay,
When all His followers, taught to watch and pray,
In His sole service give themselves away,
His kingdom finished, for the Last Great Day.
Oh what a glorious Universe shall then,
Repeat, Lord Jesus! Thy Divine Amen!

## TEACHING LOST ONES HOW TO PRAY.

TO Thy cross, my Saviour, bind me;
In Thy mercy seek me, find me,
Never more to go astray,
But Thy loving Word obey.
Other souls to seek and watch for,
In the strait and narrow way,
Teaching lost ones how to pray!—
Oh the bliss of such employ!—
In the house or by the way!
He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing Jesus' words to sow,
Doubtless in the harvest reapeth
Sheaves of souls in heaven to show,
Products of Christ's work below;
Through eternity to prove
Christ's omnipotence of Love.
Every grain a radiant volume,
To be read in worlds above;
Every sheaf a living column,
Harvest for the Son of God
Through eternity to raise,
Melodies of rapturous praise!

The mystery of Godliness,
Though His own most precious blood,
Beyond all power of earthly reason,
Beyond all measurement of sense,
  That God's dear Son for us must die,
  If we would know His Son on high,
Forgiveness of our sins on earth;
Through such a Saviour's mercy blest,
And in Him find our Heavenly Birth,
And know the soul's eternal worth,
  In such a Saviour's arms to rest,
  Like John, on His Redeemer's breast.

## THE SOUL ON ITS PILGRIMAGE HOME.

ALL praises to the God of grace,
Who gives such shinings of His face,
That hearts once full of sin and shame,
Become the Saviour's blest abode,
To show to multitudes the road,
That leads us to the bleeding Lamb!
Protecting from the wrath to come,
The soul upon its pathway home!
For the comfort and rest and sweet sleep of the night,
For the light and the air and the beauty of morning,
For the mercy-seat covered with cherubim bright,
For the Love of the Lord all creation adorning;
For the counsels of grace and the watchwords of warning;
For the wings of the angels that minister nigh,
And in the dear care of Christ's little ones fly;
And strong in the faith of His sufferings borrow,
A shield to preserve from temptation and sorrow.

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Inspired with the Faith of Assurance that blest it,
Oh the infinite gift of the spirit of prayer!

What would we not give if we always possessed it;
For oft has it raised, from the depths of despair,
The soul under billows of sorrow and care!
With the heart in full sight of the merciful Master,
To make me a friend of my pain and disaster;
To make me in love with the sight of His cross,
To count the world's riches but trouble and loss,
And hold by the anchor of Faith all the faster!
Eternal life the infinite reward,
For all who spake on earth the words of God,
In life and death confessors of their Lord!
O God of mercy! thus to live for Thee,
Shall my whole glory and salvation be!
But Thou alone the Power divine canst give,
And I can only from Thy grace receive,
The Wisdom, Will, and Spirit so to live;
Thy Word, Thy Love, in all things interweave,
Till never thought of self my Lord shall grieve,
Nor for one moment from His Love depart,
Engraved forever in my contrite heart.
Jesus, my Saviour, let me ever be,
Redeemed from self and sin to worship Thee;
On earth Thy service as my heaven beginning,
The contrite sinner to his God returning,
A holocaust upon Thine altar burning;
The whole burnt-offering consecrated there,
Memorial of my Saviour's dying prayer,
To save me from the death of hell's despair,
My new-born soul His gift, eternal life His care!

## I WILL NOT LET THEE GO UNLESS THOU BLESS ME.

THEN help mine unbelief, O Lord!
And teach me how to pray,
And let me see Thy shining ones
Before me on my way.

To my distress'd and doubting heart,
So doubtful of Thy Word,
The wondrous miracle impart
Of wrestling with my Lord.

What Thou hast done Thou canst repeat,
And wilt, if such our need,
To be laid low beneath Thy feet,
In weakness to succeed.

Then Jacob's heavenly dream bestow,
Those golden stairs to see,
And cheerful tread the shining road
Ascending up to Thee.

From midnight to the breaking morn
We will repeat our prayer,
Nor let Thee go except Thou bless,
And save us from despair.

O gracious Lord, our only hope
  Is in Thy wondrous grace,
That Thou from death wilt raise us up
  To see Thy blessed face.

Almighty grace alone, divine,
  The fallen can restore,
And raise such long-lost souls to shine,
  Christ's likeness evermore!

## GOD'S HEAVEN OF LOVE.

AUTHOR and Finisher of Faith,
What love I owe, what grateful praise,
That I may freely ask of Thee
The gift of such amazing grace!

Thou only source of life and light,
Dear Fountain of the life above,
Help Thou mine unbelief, and fit
My spirit for Thy Heaven of Love!

If Thou within my heart wilt dwell,
And make me Thy divine abode,
Then by this sign I know full well
That I shall dwell with Thee in God.

O hope divine! O boundless grace!
To such a sinful soul express'd,
That I, even I, may see Thy face,
And in Thy likeness stand confess'd.

O Son of God! Thy filial heart,
The spirit of faith in me create;
O Lamb of God, Thy love impart,
And at Thy bidding let me wait.

So, with Thy meek and lowly mind,
A Heaven on earth Thy yoke I'll find,
And from all thought of self set free,
Angelic happiness granted me,

Thus to obey and follow Thee
My Life and Immortality,
Begun on earth, in Heaven to be,
Thy glory through eternity!

## THE GIFT OF HEAVENLY GLORY IN OUR LORD'S PRAYER.

LORD, Thou hast taught this fervent plea,
To love and worship only Thee!
Thy law of love in every thought,
That we may serve Thee as we ought,
From all self-interest pure and clean,
And naught but Thy dear image seen;
From every selfish yoke set free,
Redeemed from sin's captivity.

This blissful prayer Thyself hast taught
The loftiest reach of human thought.
All blessed, infinite, sublime,
Law of eternity and time,
The likeness of Thyself to be
Inwrought in us, eternally;
Each other as ourselves to love,
All envious interest above;
All injuries from our foes forgiven,
That we, forgiven, alike may live,
And God's eternal life receive.
Oh who could live without such grace,
Or die, but in Thy Love's embrace!
Oh let such mercy gird us round,
Till in Thy likeness we be found

Before Thy throne, at Thy dear feet,
And in Thy righteousness complete;
Our endless glory thus inwrought,
The perfect image of God's thought;
Perfected through this heaven-taught plea,
O Christ Divine, thus learned from Thee,
Before Thy throne I humbly fall,
My Soul, my Life, my All in All!

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Oh thus, dear Lord, remember me!
And love me through eternity!
For Thine's the kingdom, power, and glory,
The gift of heaven's immortal story,
Gethsemane and Calvary;
The prize of endless life to be,
Through Thy dear blood forever free,
For all who will but trust in Thee!
Father of grace, who art in Heaven,
The God of all salvation given,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Through the vast empire of Thy Son;
Empire of Bliss, that we may prove,
The glory of celestial love!
Man's Paradise begun on earth,
To be renewed in Heaven above,
For all who through the Saviour's prayer,
Receive eternal mercy there,
His Robe of Righteousness to wear!

## THE GIFT OF GOD'S REDEEMING GRACE.

O GRACE immortal, boundless, where
Once 'twas a world of guilt and care,
Anguished with ravings of Despair!
The bliss of every soul restored,
To sing such grateful hymns to God,
Where once 'twas Satan's dreadful reign,
Of gnashing blasphemy and pain.
Lord, I could run eternally,
If Thou such utterance give to me;
Suited for such unmeasured glory,
Of Zion's Mount and Calvary's Story,
To fill the years incessantly,
With ravishing celestial song;
Eternal Sabbath strains prolonging,
Heaven's highest anthems all adorning,
Songs of the Resurrection Morning;—
Nor thought nor word shall silent be,
But vocal with Eternity!

The radiant, boundless, changing sea,
Of Life and Immortality,
Its waves of song and melody,
Interpreters of speechless glory;

From death's dark bonds forever free,
Inhabiting Eternity,
The children of God's love to be.

O never-ending ecstasy,
Of Gratitude and Happiness,
The Gift of God's Redeeming grace,
For every meek and lowly child,
Baptized and cradled in the truth,
Of every Mother, meek and mild!
The Angel Guardian of her child,
Committed to her keeping so,
Protected from the World of Woe.

O blessed cradlehood of Christ!
In the rude manger laid to rest,
So sweetly upon Mary's breast!
Humility and meekness blest,
By Jesus' infant love possest;
Their Shepherd, in such fold caressed,
The riches of his glory theirs,
The answer to their infant prayers;
The dearest radiancies of Heaven,
The brightest jewels of Love's crown,
Through Everlasting ages known.
The raptures of Jehovah's Throne;
Melodies of the great I AM,
The songs of Moses and the Lamb!

## GOD'S ENDLESS MERCY TO BELIEVERS.

ON land or sea, to heirs of heaven,
By storm and tempests rudely driven,
God makes His grace and mercy known,
With thoughts of love from His bright throne;
And to the listening ear of Faith,
Through glooms of spiritual Death,
Makes His Eternal Mercy shine,
With all the bliss of Love Divine,
A paradise renewed on earth,
But in God's pardoning grace to be,
Man's holy and Celestial Birth,
From sin and death forever free!
Such love is as the Evening Star,
That leads a thousand angels forth,
With light and glory from afar,
To watch and wait, even on this earth,
The pilgrims of celestial birth;
To guide their way to brighter skies,
Where planets more ethereal rise,
And firmaments with glory filled,
And opened gates of Paradise,

Once shut, but night and day thrown wide;
Where sentinels of Love abide,
And flaming songs of seraphim,
Sound forth the Universal Hymn,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men,
And glory to our God on high,
In Bethlehem born, for man to die,
God's wondrous Love to glorify!
Now Truth and Mercy kiss each other,
And Righteousness and Peace together,
Beneath God's Mercy-seat descending,
To all eternity are blending,
Upon the Son of God attending!
  So love is as the Evening Star,
With light and glory from afar,
And when the shades of evening fall,
And twilight softly veils the scene,
The voices of God's Spirit call,
With harmonies of praise serene,
And Hope with Faith's all-conquering shield.
In such soft lustre shines revealed,
Where God's own mercy still presides,
And Love the panoply provides,
To quench the Devil's fiery darts,
Aimed at believers' contrite hearts!
  Such promises of blessing meet,
Each suppliant at the Mercy-seat!
O Love Divine! still keep me there,
From the dread gloom of Hell's despair,

Safe through the power of Christ's own Prayer!
Him prostrate in Gethsemane I see,
Who in such dying anguish prayed for me—
Father, forgive! Which ever shall prevail,
And not the humblest sigh of Faith shall fail!
Oh with what bliss is that assurance fraught,
With Christ's own cross, from Heaven for mankind brought,
Who prayed for Peter, that his faith fail not!

## FROM ENDLESS LOSS TO ENDLESS GAIN.

O LOVELY day! such bright array
Of light and cloud, sunshine and shade,
As if the pavement of our way
To Heaven were of Heaven's substance made!

We could be travelling always here,
Nor ever know fatigue or fear,
Nor more desire a change of state,
Than angels to be new create.

Who then has given this spring of joy,
This Pilgrimage without alloy,
And made our natural life's design
Some foretaste of the world Divine?

Who but the Lord, whose name is Love,
And when His sheep from Him had strayed,
To bring them to His fold above,
Their debt in His own sufferings paid!

And this bright day, with blest array,
Of faith and hope in His dear cross,
Its color pleads, its lightnings play,
To save our souls from endless loss!

To lead us in the path of Life,
To bring us to eternal gain,
Where we shall see as we are seen,
Nor sorrows know, nor sin, nor pain.

Forever by His love's constraint,
From unbelief and guilt withdrawn,
Forever spared the dread remorse
Of Jesus' sufferings put to scorn.

## GOING HOME, GOING HOME.

NO more thunder, no more wrath,
No more lightnings on our path;
No dread terrors of Remorse,
Nor false prophets in our course,
Nor flatterers to lead astray
Unguarded souls from Heaven's highway:
But Jacob's Dream, of angels bright,
With radiant golden stairs of Light,
God's central firmament adorning,
Let down from midnight until morning,
Earth's wayworn pilgrims to invite,
With tenderest vigilance and warning,
To tread God's glorious pathway there;
Each step a blissful conquering prayer,
With wings for little ones to wear—
Dear cherubs of the Saviour's care!
Like youthful Pleiades divining,
From their sunlit courses shining,
Myriad Seraphs throwing down
From the unveiled Heavenly Throne,
Quite as much as we can bear
Of the worlds of glory there!

## THE PRAYER OF MY HEART.

O LORD, subdue my selfish will,
All thy commandments to fulfil;
Thy Word on earth thus Heaven to be,
In glory through eternity.

To say Thy will, not mine, be done,
Shall be a Heaven on earth begun,
An ecstasy supreme and free,
Of Love and glory given to me.

O God of Mercy! hear my prayer,
That I Thy glory thus may see;
Oh, take me on the wings of love,
And bear me safely up to Thee!

Oh, give me to believe the grace
That pardons all my pride and sin,
And opens wide the gates of Heaven,
That such as I may enter in!

That I may see the blissful face
Of Him whom I would fain adore,
And in His likeness know the bliss
Of Christ's own Love for evermore.

O God of Mercy, grant my prayer,
  His boundless glory to behold:
His robe of Righteousness to wear
  Among the lambs of His dear Fold.

By His dear name forever known,
  His cross on earth daily confest,
To be on earth my joy and crown,
  With Him in Heaven forever blest.

## BUT ONE BOOK.

DEAR Lord, leave not Thy hold on me,
But let me still Thy glory see;
Nor ever from Thy Word depart,
But hide its lessons in my heart;—
The only Book that speaks for Thee,
Of Life and Immortality,
Revealing Thine Eternity;
The only Book that holds my soul
Beneath Thy Spirit's sweet control;
The only Book that keeps my mind
Within the range by Thee designed;
The only Book that gives relief
From the dread schemes of Unbelief;
The Book that teaches us to live,
The Book that shows us how to die;
The Book that opens wide the gates
Of sinless Immortality;
The Mystery of Godliness,
Gethsemane, and Calvary.
The Book that reads for us the prayer
Of Christ, still interceding there;
And from the Throne of God replies:
To-day with Me in Paradise!

Lord, save by Thine Almighty Word,
And in that Book of Life record
The names that, trusting in their Lord
Received such Infinite Reward.

My Lord! my God! may mine be there!
My worthless name beneath Thy Word,
Of holy, blissful Promise heard,
In pain, in darkness, and in grief,
The cure of all mine unbelief;
Raised in Thy glory I shall rise,
With Thee to-day in Paradise!
O Words of Lightning and Surprise,
To-day with Thee in Paradise!
In Paradise to-day with me
God's angels shall such glory see!

Jesus, my Saviour, can such be—
The Resurrection Life for me,
Such glory, glory, glory mine,
Inhabiting eternity!

## PRAYER OF A CONTRITE HEART.

JESUS, save a broken-hearted
Sinner that would trust in Thee;
Oh, that faith might be imparted,
From the power of sin set free,
At Thy cross to leave my burden,
Evermore at liberty,
Thy dear name alone to worship,
In the tenderness of mercy,
Sweetly shining upon me!

From Thy throne in highest Heaven,
By the Father's Grace Divine,
That thine enemies, forgiven,
Might with Thee in glory shine;
Oh what wealth of suffering mercy
Made the gift of pardon mine!
From the depths of Love o'erflowing,
From Eternity's design!
Who the boundless deep can measure
Of unending love like Thine.

Lord, as I behold Thy Passion
In agonies of death for me,
See Thy drops of blood down falling,
And in dark Gethsemane,
Hear the dreadful exclamation:

"Why hast Thou forsaken me?"
May my heart in anguish broken,
Bleeding there on Calvary,
Hear Thy words of mercy spoken,
"Thou in Paradise shalt be!"

## THE HOME OF THE SOUL IN CHRIST.

THERE is a Heaven where I shall be
With Christ forever blest,
And in His Presence always know
My soul's Eternal Rest.

Then every doubt shall be dispelled
That once involved in gloom
The truths that, half believed, yet held
My Hope beyond the tomb.

O blissful radiance, now so fair,
And I so near the sight
Of those celestial promises
That filled me with delight.

Sad intervals of unbelief,
The terrors of despair,
That day and night without relief
Still sought relief in prayer,

And at the mercy-seat of grace
What seraphs held me there!
Gethsemane and Calvary,
To shield me from despair!

Lord of such mercy! Boundless worlds,
The purchase of Thy Love,
Through countless millions so redeemed,
To wear Thy crown above.

Oh, what return of gratitude
For such redemption given,
Can mortal spirits hope to bring,
Immortal heirs of Heaven.

## TIME'S BEQUEATHMENT FOR ETERNITY.

I GIVE my body to the grave,
From sin and pain forever free,
New life in Christ is promised me;
His glory I'll forever see;
It never limited can be,
But runneth through Eternity,
His Love to bear the penalty
I must have borne eternally
Had not my Saviour died for me.
His blissful nature I shall share,
His robe of Righteousness shall wear,
His image perfect shall be mine,
And in His glory I shall shine,
O wondrous Heritage Divine!
Inheritance of Saints in Light,
The Crown of Love's Eternal Might,
The Diadem of Christ's Delight!
God's whole Creation far above,
Perfected in Eternal Love!
What images can ever prove,
Till we with angels dwell in Heaven,
The bliss of such amazing love,
To such amazing rebels given!

## THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL AN ETERNAL HEAVEN!

LET me not dwell from Thee, my Lord, apart,
But shed abroad Thy love within my heart;
My dwelling thus, wherever it may be,
Shall prove a heavenly Paradise for me;
On earth, or midst the stars, where'er I roam,
God's Love for me is mine Eternal Home.
His wondrous gift of grace, a lowly will;
My whole heart His, a greater wonder still.
Lord, with such Love each wayward thought control,
And cleanse and new-create my careless soul.
A prey to Doubting Castle leave me not,
Thy promised grace in anguish there forgot.
If Thou wilt make Thy Presence my delight,
There shall be sunrise even in blackest night!
The iron gates fly open to the day,
God's flaming chariot bears me safe away;
And I as free as air by seraphs stirred,
On wings of mercy at Thy blissful word,
Fly as the lark to meet the morning sun,
A new existence in God's light begun!
With Hope and Faith and Love and fervent Prayer,

Oh lift my soul from darkness and despair
To the bright regions of Thy loving care
My dear Lord's Prisoner held in triumph there,
From all the doubts of unbelief set free,
To know that Christ has died even for me;
And in His righteousness my soul arrayed,
Assures my resurrection from the dead,
When I shall see, with infinite surprise,
Myself, once lost, a seraph in the skies.

Oh give me now Thy new-creating grace
To make mine inmost soul reflect Thy face;
Oh, bring me out of prison to praise Thy name,
And put mine enemies and Thine to shame,
Oh, no more hide Thy loving face from me,
But let me evermore Thy glory see,
And find my blissful home eternally,
In loving, praising, and adoring Thee!

Dear loving Saviour, leave me not alone;
But with Thy Presence may Thy Love be known,
And make it certain that I am Thine own,
So shall Thy Love mine endless anthem be,
And I the wonder of eternity,
That Christ could love a sinner such as me,
And make my soul an angel's harp to sing,
"O death, where is thy victory?
O grave, where is thy sting?"

## LOVE'S HEAVEN WITHIN THE SOUL.

O LOVER of my soul, have mercy on me!
Through the dear grace of Thine own cross that won me,
My guilt, so vast, Thou madest me to know,
Through faith of all Thy sufferings here below;
Oh, let Thine anguish conquer all my sin,
From every idol mine affections win,
In every thought and impulse reign forever,
To be divided from Thy worship never;
But as a radiant and redeemed star,
To shine unto Thy glory from afar,
Wherever souls or flaming worlds are found,
Or angel keepers of Emmanuel's ground,
The knowledge of Thy grace to spread around.
Dear Lord, my only refuge from distress,
Who grantest now such glimpses of Thy face,—
Keep in my thoughts these holdings, day by day,
These Life-lines in my soul, Thy grace to stay,
And guard my will from shipwreck by the way,
And help me at Thy word to watch and pray;—
That, anchored thus, in Thee, within the veil,
I never may that Heavenly Harbor fail,
But find my Heaven within Thy loving heart,
And be like Thee, seeing Thee as Thou art,
No more forever from Thy love to part.

## THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

O MYSTERY of Godliness,
To end in Everlasting glory!
The Cross, the Word, the Dying Lamb!
The pardoning Prayer on Calvary,
The Anthem for Eternity,
For you, O sinner, and for me,
The glory of all worlds to be;
The death of God's Eternal Son,
And by it man's Salvation Won!
O wonders of Eternal Grace!
Who can their Memory erase?
The song of Moses and the Lamb,
The Alpha and the end of praise,
The glory of the Great I Am,
Through angels' and archangels' days:
The glory of the Harvest Home,
The heritage of saints to come;
The glory now of Jesus' Name,
Though once the heritage of shame,
For all who dared His Son proclaim!

Lord, hold me in Thine own embrace,
And bid me run the Heavenly Race;
Oh, leave me not from Thee astray,

To wander in the World's highway,
But hold me in Thy powerful hand.
Obeying each Divine command.

Oh, keep me praying every day,
And new demands of grace supply,
That hourly, momently I need;
For Thou must give and Thou must lead,
And in Thy mercy intercede!
Oh, who that lives with hope to meet,
A Saviour at the Mercy-seat,
Dare waste a moment of the Rhyme,
Betwixt Eternity and Time,
Or reckon, but by Christ's control,
The Endless Value of the soul!
Lord, thus be with me when I die,
And on the wings of Faith I'll fly
To meet my Saviour in the sky!
My Lord, my Life, my Heaven on high,
The bright fulfilment of my dream,
Whenever I can think of Him,
He takes me in His own right hand,
My every step at His command.
Oh, this is joy on earth to be,—
By Christ's dear self from self set free,
His blissful Yoke of Love on me;
My Yoke, with every burden laid
On Him, by whom the words were said:
My child! 'tis I; be not afraid!

And so the wildest storm is laid,
By sunlight through the tempest played;
The manger's homely crib becomes
The friendly cradle of a babe;
The grandest of all earthly homes,
The loving chariot of the Lord,
To wing me up to His abode!
Lord, when it comes mine hour to die,
May I but know that Thou art nigh,
Death's gloomy terrors I'll defy;
For Jesus on the cross doth reign,
And sin, but not the soul, is slain.
So in His Love I shall remain,
Forever loved, to sing His praise
Who could so great a sinner raise,
And make me as an angel pure,
God's blessed mansion to secure,
Through the dear Covenant of His Son!
And who from Death's command can fly,
Except the Lord of Life is nigh,
Satan's dread presence to defy,
And raise the flag of mercy high?
Assured the soul's salvation there,
And Resurrection from Despair!
That else were endless misery where,
The Holy Spirit shall preside,
And in the weakest heart reside,
In Faith, Hope, Love, and Patience tried;
A Refuge and a glory where

The purchase of such grace shall be
The glory of Eternity,
The gift of every sinner's Friend,
The glory that can have no end.

O glory, glory, glory, Lord!
  The mystery of Godliness,
The Throne of the Eternal Word,
The boundless Mercy of our God!
  O glorious Hope, forever nigh!
Who would not all earth's treasures give,
  For that to live, with that to die,
Christ's grace receive, His Love believe,
  And with such glory reign on high,
  Inhabiting Eternity!

## INVOCATION OF THE ALMIGHTY.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thy guiding heavenly Grace afford,
To know the leadings of Thy Word,
That bear me safely up to God.
Oh thus, Almighty Saviour, guide me,
And in the secret of Thy Presence hide me!
Lord God of such Redeeming Power,
Be with me in my dying hour.
Thy guiding shining grace afford,
To know the footsteps of my Lord,
My once lost nature to restore;
Thy Promise Infinite, divine,
How glorious doth its radiance shine,
Each word a diamond of God's mine!
And the dear likeness of God's Son,
A daily heaven in me begun!
Be with me thus, O God of Love!
Send Thy good Spirit from above;
My daily wanderings forgive,
My ruined nature to restore,
From Thee and heaven to part no more,
And so Thy pardoning grace receive,

The Faith for Him alone to live,
Who for my soul His life did give!
Oh, what a world if guilt and grief,
The work of sin, were dead,
And all but Love in human hearts
From God's remembrance fled!
Oh, what a world where Sun and Moon
Had no more need to shine,
Because all being lives and moves
By breath of Love Divine!
Oh, what a world if I were there
Among its sons to dwell!
Oh, what a world if Thou be there
Whom I have loved so well!
And what a world if some were there
Whom I on earth had known,
And sought to lead in earnest prayer
Before Jehovah's throne!
To whom on earth, in humble faith,
My Saviour's words expressed,
Had taught some trembling heart upon
His dying love to rest!
His blissful words from Heaven revealed,
"In Paradise with Me,"
Wide opening thus the gates unsealed
Of blest Eternity!
O blest Eternity revealed!
O work of grace to sinners given,
From earth transported thus to Heaven!

Lord, sanctify me by Thy grace,
Till I in Heaven behold Thy face.

Oh, who can chant such ecstasy,
Such joy through all Eternity,
Of gratitude each soul unfolding,
God's Paradise of Love upholding;
A Paradise that ne'er began,
But through the wickedness of man
Rejecting God's Eternal Plan!

O Mystery of Iniquity,
That endless ages cannot scan!
But oh the glorious Grace that rises
In the soul of Fallen Man!
Oh, the overwhelming prizes
Of the Life that thus began!
Sweetest thoughts in loveliest language,
Colors drawn from sunset skies,
Always blending, never ceasing,
Fill the soul with glad surprise;
Prisms newly formed, unfolding
All the scenes of Paradise,
Man's first sin, and first forgiving;
Angels, gratefully beholding
New-created Planets rise;
Comets their career unfolding
Where the forked lightning flies;
And God's thunder-peals, resounding,

Shake the Universe around,
With sublimest peals of sound,
  Echoing through Eternal Ages.
Filling Angels with surprise,
Through new-created azure skies,
Universes that arise;
Defying all created Plan,
One attribute of God to scan,
But only Love to guilty man.

## FEAR NOTHING, O TRUE BELIEVER!

O GOD of grace and mercy, hear me!
Thy words in darkest midnight cheer me;
All evils fly when Thou art near me.
Thine is the Heaven in which I learn
The thoughts that breathe, the words that burn;
The light by which my soul doth live,
And all its faculties receive;
The endless blessings Thou dost give.

Thou art the Life of all delight;
The mysteries of Heaven are Thine,
Supreme, Eternal, and Divine.
All joys creation can believe
Doth Thine all-blissful Presence give;
Eternity of being Thine,
Without beginning or decline,
Who can such mysteries divine,
By which such boundless glories shine,
Vast and Eternal their Design?

O God of Mercy! make them mine;
Omniscient and Almighty Power,

The breath of every passing hour;
God, whose existence we adore,
Yet human Thought can ne'er explore,
Nor estimate the precious dower
Of each remembered shining hour,
Bestowed, of Life for evermore,
In God's Redeeming Love secure!

Unparalleled, Omniscient Bliss;
  Omnipotent, unmeasured all,
  Yet at command of human call;
The universe a measureless
  Provision of celestial grace,
  For those who seek Jehovah's Face,
The Father of the Fatherless.
Unparalleled, unmeasured bliss,
Of Love the Unsearchable abyss,
The wonder of creation this!
Omnipotent, Omniscient all,
Yet at command of human call,
Of Faith and Hope and Love the dwelling,
The mystery of the Cross revealing,—
The mystery of the great I AM,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
The glory of the Saviour's Name,
The gift of His celestial grace,
For all who humbly seek His face,
And triumph in His Righteousness?

Oh haste, my soul, to make it sure
That I on earth such Love may know,
And in such faith to glory go.
Hear me, O Lord! and grant the prayer,
Which Thou hast taught me at the cross,
To save me from the dread despair,
And madness of blasphemers there,
Deniers of the Son of God,
Despiser of His holy Word!

## THE JOY OF HEAVEN ON EARTH.

THIS is the Christian life to lead,
Our bliss divine on earth;
No other heritage we need,
But that of this New Birth,
To make one hour of such a life
Eternal ages worth;—
The joy of Heaven on Earth!

Yea! the same life that Jesus lived,
The Love divine to show,
That shall be ours who will but seek
Such blessedness to know;
And to our fellow-prisoners teach
Some glimmerings here below,
Ere we to glory go!

Christ's death itself Love's sacrifice,
His Life our only Paradise,
Regained by His most precious blood,
That on the cross so freely flowed,
That we might thus return to God,
From sin and death forever free!
Gethsemane and Calvary,
Love's Radiance through Eternity,

Our Robe of Righteousness to be!
In wondrous likeness of our Lord,
The mystery of Heaven's grace adored,
The promise of Jehovah's Word,
Ecstatic study of all Heaven!
For Cherubim and Seraphs given,
The unfallen first-born hosts of Heaven!
To see God's prodigals returned,
When Satan to his place is driven,
In penitential grief adorned;—
God's waiting and Redeeming art,
That we Love's holocaust might bring,
The broken, humble, contrite heart,
Forever His dear praise to sing,
Who for our Life His own laid down,
That we might wear the conqueror's crown.

## THE CHRISTMAS SONG OF SERAPHS.

NOW o'er the wide world, on the wings of the Morning,
From Pharaoh's stream to the ends of the earth,
The heralds of Zion in anthems of glory
Proclaim the glad news of Immanuel's birth.
Over Bethlehem's plains, in their lowly seclusion,
The shepherds, unconscious, are watching their sheep;
While the moon and the planets wheel on in their glory,
All nature in innocent beauty asleep.

Then swept through the heavens, in choirs all seraphic,
Soft preludes of joy from the Ancient of Days;
Singing loud to the hearts of the wondering shepherds
The birth of the King of Eternity's praise!
To you He is born in the city of David;
You first of all people His glory shall know;
Ye first shall adore Him, and all the bright story
The world as His earliest witnesses show.

Withdrawn through the azure, the night-song is ended,
And Ages steal silently over the plain;
But slowly, ah! slowly the tidings have wended,
Though flung from the mountain-tops over the main.
Oh haste, mighty Saviour! complete the blest story
Of Death, Resurrection, and Glory divine;
Till earth's distant regions shall shout the grand Anthem,
The Birth and the Cross and the Blood all divine,
The Mercy, the Crown, and the Majesty thine!

## THE QUESTION OF ATONING BLOOD FOR REBELS THUS BROUGHT BACK TO GOD.

I ASK the Eternal Son of God:
Canst Thou have died for me?
Oh help me to accept this Word,
And all Thy glory see!
I hear Thee question me again:
Dear child, dost thou love Me?
The doubt conveyed fills me with pain,
Unfit to answer Thee.
But Thou must give the certainty,
By grace confirming me;
The bliss of Love within my soul,
That drew my heart to Thee:
The healing grace that made me whole,
From death forever free!
Henceforth I give my life to Thee,—
The least that I can do;
For Thou didst give Thy life for me
Before Thy name I knew!
No more mine own, but ever Thine,
Love's purpose to pursue!
In prayer and praises to Thy name,
Lord, help me to believe,

And the vast gift of Thy dear love,
  Through Thine own blood receive!
The stars of an Eternal Life
  In our horizon rise:
Oh, when shall men the glory learn
  That in God's kingdom lies!
Heaven's representatives to be,
Redeemed forever, Lord, by Thee;
And through the purchase of Thy blood,
Dead unto sin, alive to God!
O boundless, endless Mystery,
  The Mystery of Godliness,
Hid by God's Being in His Son,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
That none might seek His Grace in vain!
O God! that mercy to obtain
Were worth Eternities of Pain;
But Thou hast left it for Thy Son,
Eternity of Bliss for all begun,
The crown of such amazing glory won;
None can deny that such must be
The Mystery of Eternity!
None can delay, but those who borrow,
From wasted Time, Eternities of sorrow!
Oh to be wise, and count not on To-morrow!
To-day believe, To-night in earnest pray,
And Heaven shall be your Everlasting Day,
God's Paradise of Love your Soul's array!

## FROM SIN'S DREAD DELUGE FLEE TO-DAY.

GOD bless our progress day by day,
Till we be found amidst the array
Of just ones perfected by grace,
To see our Saviour face to face.
The General Assembly there,
Who served their Lord with holy fear,
To be presented at His throne,
Nor spot nor wrinkle ever known,
But the dear likeness of God's Son,
In meek and lowly witness known!
Oh to be perfect in Thy sight!
Lord, who can know our soul's delight,
When we, from every stain set free,
Shall find our being pure in Thee?
But can it be that such as we
E'er should such boundless glory see?
Thou art the Shepherd of Thy Flock,
Their Guardian and their Living Rock:
In form and nature how serene
The human and divine are seen!
Thou leddest us in pastures green,
Where freshest streams did intervene;

Thou wast our everlasting Light,
Our Sun by Day, our Moon by Night;
Thy cloudy pillar led us on,
All sheltered from the noonday sun,
The Desert's dreadful scorching glare,
A Terror to the footsteps there;
Where yet we breathed a gentle vernal air
Amidst such dreary sand-wastes of Despair.

## CHRIST OUR ETERNAL LIFE IN HEAVEN.

THERE sin forever is forgiven,
There Life is Love Divine;
And all the souls that enter Heaven
In Christ's perfection shine.

The Life that's hid with Christ in God
Shall my salvation be,
The conscience sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

There, in the bliss of loving God,
Eternal Life is mine;
And I shall be a child of God,
And in His nature shine.

And mine shall be the eternal joy,
From sin and death made whole,
To be engaged in God's employ,
The glory of the soul!

O God! my God! when shall it be
That I shall know such grace,
From self and sin forever free,
My Saviour, face to face,—

To know as I myself am known,
In God's Omniscient Light,
And with His saints and angels there
Drink infinite delight!

And God's own Holy Light the sphere
In which ourselves we see,
Transfigured with Our Lord to shine
Through all Eternity.

Oh, then it will be ecstasy
The breath of Heaven to breathe,
Where no more thought of sin remains
Than God Himself can have.

Then, oh, the ecstasy divine
Of rising from the grave,
To see the Lamb for us once slain,
And know His power to save.

## FLY TO THE ARK.

TO-DAY! While it is called TO-DAY,
Oh, seek Christ's mercy while you may!
Nor for the coming deluge stay;
Fly to the Ark!
There only are you safe, for there,
Through Jesus' loving grace and care,
The winds and waves that roar shall bear
Your soul to Heaven!

No more the sport of Satan's Feast,
But sweetly on your Saviour's breast,
Soft as a robin in its nest,
Sealed as Christ's own,—
Under His wings your soul shall rest,
No more by Guilt's despair opprest,
But in His glorious likeness drest,
Bright as His throne.

The sun in Heaven may lose its fire,
The glorious stars in clouds expire,
A mightier Universe to see
In Jesus' Personality.
Then shall His servants here on earth,
Rejoicing in their heavenly birth,

By Grace Divine, in God's own worth,
Such glory see.
Through grace descending from above,
In all the Eternity of Love,
From sin and death such Liberty,
Inhabiting Eternity!

## THE HEAVEN OF GRATITUDE DIVINE.

OH! Gratitude is so divine!
It makes the Eternal Godhead shine
By rays created from above,
Returned in Everlasting Love.

Located thus, that we might know,
Before we unto glory go,
Divine Experience here below,
Through endless life in Heaven to show.

How far beyond the creature's praise
God's pardoning of our wayward ways!
Filled with the joy of Life Divine,
In God's own likeness so to shine,

That all created worlds may gaze,
And with ecstatic anthems raise
The Song of Moses and the Lamb,
The worship of the Great I AM.

By countless millions thus adored,
Their Loving, Dying, Rising Lord!
O Grateful Love, and Bliss Divine!
Lord, make it thus forever mine,
Theme of Archangel's Reasoning powers,
Lord, make it thus forever ours!

## HIDE ME, O MY SAVIOUR! HIDE.

IN Thyself my spirit hide,
From myself deliver me;
From self-righteousness and pride,
Wholly consecrate to Thee.

Dead to sin, alive to God,
Through the Power of Love supreme,
By the grace of Christ my Lord,
By the Law of Life in Him.

From the Law of Death set free,
Thus forever to abide,
Knowing that He died for me,
Proud of nothing else beside.

Oh to be thus baptized with Love,
Oh to be absorbed in God,
Through Eternity to prove
All the fulness of His Word.

Through Eternity to show
His dear Love to all I meet;
Making heaven and earth to know
How he brought me to His feet!

Songs of Moses and the Lamb,
Endless praises to repeat,
How the knowledge of His name
Brought me to the Mercy-seat.

Taught atoning blood to plead,
And its cleansing power to find,
Through the righteousness of God,
Dropped upon the guilty mind,

Wrought by the Eternal Word,
In the robe of glory drest,
Spotless at the throne of God,
In His likeness there confest.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide;
From myself deliver me,
In thy mercy to abide,
Loved through all Eternity.

Dwelling in the Secret Place
Of the Lord of glory, where,
Heaven's Redemption shall be known
From the Prison of Despair!

## OH THAT I WERE AN ANGEL FAIR!

OH that I were an angel fair
As all this lovely scene,
My heart as gay, to weep or pray,
And nothing ill between!
Oh would I were as those bright clouds,
All garmented to raise,
From sunrise to its setting light,
Their unseen Maker's praise!

Might but my natural thoughts express,
As modest daisies hide,
The joy of Nature's loveliness,
Without one thought of pride!
In words illumined as the air,
Arraying earth with Heaven,
Unwearied flames of faith and prayer,
And colors wreathed in banners where
No thought need be forgiven;
As when the stars together sang,
And mightiest melodies outrang
Their wondrous birth in heaven.

The chariots of a new-made world
On wings and wheels of rainbows whirled,

By angel heralds driven,
  With sparkling dewdrops that declare,
And hues of rosy dawn,
  And Messianic prophets fair,
The day-break of the Morn!
  O Life, how blest! And every guest,
Though once from Eden driven,
  Returning to that sacred rest
Spotless in Christ's own heaven!

## BROOK MELODIES, GOD'S MERCIES!

THE music of this running brook
Is God's dear melody to me,
For, 'midst the howl of Winter winds,
It says, Another Spring you'll see;
Though now by icy fetters chained,
It sings of Paradise regained,
And Summer's loving minstrelsy,
With brief, prelusive pause restrained!

Sure as bright clouds sweet drops contain,
Sure as the rainbows bind the flood,
God never made the brooks in vain.
The brooks are promises of God;
And ever, in their babbling ways,
To the dear heart of childhood plain,
May teach the sweetest hymns of praise,
Where sunset dews are Love's refrain.

Would God that every time I see
A star in Evening's cloudless sky;
Would God that every time I hear
The fragrant breezes whispering by,—
Mine unbelieving soul might learn
His loving presence to discern!

Though Winter whirlwinds rage and die,
  The gurgling rills go dancing by,
And heavenly breezes whispering nigh,
  Where darkness is but Love's refrain,
And rainbows every storm defy.

## ETERNITY IS HEAVEN FOR ME, WHILE I THE CROSS OF JESUS SEE!

O LORD, within my heart appear,
Bewildered now with doubt and fear,
And let thy mercy still prevail
Where else my trembling faith would fail!
O let that mercy comfort me,
And from guilt's terror set me free;
Guide my despairing soul about,
And drive each faithless anguish out.
Save, Lord! I perish! is my cry
As on the lake Thou passest by;
There let me hear Thy welcome shout,
Oh thou of little faith, why doubt?
Dear Lord, my trembling faith increase,
And in my heart there shall be Peace,
The raging tempest I deride,
And in my Saviour's bosom hide.
How can I fail to be supplied
With all that's needful for my guide,
Till Heaven, within my heart renewed,
Shall show the faith by Christ pursued,
And mine Eternal gratitude!

## THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE IN THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

OH the gift of God's grace in the Spirit of Prayer—
What boundless salvation encompasses there
The soul that is winged with the Faith of the Lord,
To fly with the strength of the oath of His Word,
From the Temple of Praise, where the Promise is heard,
And the crown of God's Mercy on Sinners conferred.
God's Mercy-seat! His blessing there
Saves the lost Sinner from Despair!

God's Mercy-seat! And there are waiting
His cherubim on Wings of Light
To carry to His glorious throne
The supplications there made known,
For intercession by His Son;

The Holy Spirit's breathings shown
Even in the guiltiest Soul's confession;
The hope of mercy shed abroad,
The first dear faith in man's possession.

The Mercy-seat, the Court of Love,
Where Angels wait to bear above
The Sinner's penitential plea,
O God, have mercy upon me ;

And work the Faith that can receive,
Even at the Cross, the dying prayer.
The guilt of all my life forgive,
And in Christ's mercy let me live !

The Mercy-seat, O power of Prayer
To save the dying sinner there
From Guilt's Remorse and Hell's Despair !

God's Mercy-seat in Jesus' name
Doth His Omnipotence proclaim,
Despite our unbelief and shame,
The promise of His conquering blood,
To bring remission from our God,
And carry through all worlds abroad
The Song of Moses and the Lamb,
The Glory of the Great I AM.

The Mercy-seat ! God's Mercy-seat !
God's love in Christ o'er all supreme,
Heaven's Everlasting Theme,
And Time's foretold, believing dream,
Of Faith's Divine, forgiving scheme.

## THE SOUL'S ADIEU TO TIME.

TIME, that hath brought us thus far on our way,
In bidding us Good-bye asks, as a friend,
May God be with you to your journey's end!
Always at parting teaching us to pray,
Be with us, Lord, and give us grace to mend
What paths or footsteps we have gone astray,
And with us henceforth all our steps attend,
That we may speak *A-Dieu* to every day,
And give to God our heart and life alway.

But who to parting Time *farewell* can say,
If, ever careless of the Soul's welfare,
We have not watched and kept account in prayer,
As punctual as the dawn and sunset ray,
To write for God the ledger of each day.
For thus, in weal or woe, from thrift or waste,
We execute a mortage on the past;
Farewell or ill is tallied with our time!
Alas! we bind him as our foe, with crime,
His treasures for our guilty pleasures lending,
As if we had Eternity for spending!

And what we make of him he makes for us ;
A flame of fire, an angel, or a friend,—
An offered friend betrayed! What can be worse
Than what was given for blessing turned to curse?
Saviour Divine ! be with us and prevent
Th' abuse of graces for our glory meant ;
Careless or prayerful, months and years make haste,
Since God that gives requireth all the past,
And added moments sum the account at last.

But thou, dear friend, hast learned a brighter strain,—
The song of faith and penitential praise,
Taught by the discipline of prayerful days :
The farewell hours, that never come again,
Yet live forever in the glad refrain
Of that sweet story told, *Behold, he prays !*
By Love Divine, to Wisdom's pleasant ways,
The wandering sheep brought back to Christ's dear fold,
With all the lost ones in His book enrolled :
There may the record of our names be found,
With Eve's and Adam's in Emmanuel's ground.

## CHRIST'S BLOOD UPON THE HEBREW TENTS.

A LIVING Temple thus
In every tent was found,
The dwelling-place of God's own love,
Where angels watched around.
The cleansing Blood that saves
Was on each threshold seen;
That Death's dark angel might pass by
The family within.

And children to their sons,
Believers in the Lord,
Should to their latest race secure
The promise of His Word!
O Type of Love Divine!
God's mercy for the lost!
Eternity alone can prove
At what a boundless cost!

O bliss beyond all thought!
The Paschal Lamb thus slain
To intercede for us, that we
Might never plead in vain!
The Son of God in Heaven
Repeats our childhood's prayers,
That, by the Father's Grace, we all
Might be with Him CO-HEIRS!

## SEEK HIS MERCY WHILE YOU MAY.

OH, to some lost Soul to say,
Spirit, seek thy God to-day!
In the name of Jesus pray,
Seek His mercy while you may!
Till you seek and find His love,
Every blessing thrown away,
Darkening your horizon round,
Till in Jesus you are found.
Now begin the work of Love
Offered to you from above,
From the Cross upon you thrown—
The Cross itself a living Crown;
Love, that you may make your own
To eternal ages known,
Simply by the rude beginner,
Jesus died for me, a sinner!
If for me, as well for you!
Take the song and make it true;
Then prove it in another's Soul,
Thee the Saviour maketh whole!
By the melody of grace,
By the power of endless praise,
By the example of your faith,
Though it were your dying breath,—
You, the dying, rude beginner,
Jesus died for me, a sinner!

## KING OF NATIONS, KING OF SAINTS.

BEHOLD, all ye peoples, the King in His beauty;
Arise from your madness, your fever, your gloom!
Pour forth, in the name of the Saviour of Sinners,
The song of all nations raised up from the tomb!
All kingdoms shall praise Him, all races adore Him,
From the Sun's morning throne to his seat in the West;—
The incense of Prayer never failing before Him,
The songs of Eternity calling Him blest.
Forever and ever all souls shall adore Him:
Forever and ever the Crown shall remain,
By all the Redeemed, with divine adoration,
Laid on the dear head of the Lamb that was slain.

The poor and the needy, delivered, shall love Him;
The Righteous shall flourish, like Palms of the earth;
With riches and peace, as an ocean, all nations.

Shall bring to His worship their treasures of worth.
The handful of corn shall shake as the mountains,
Where forests of cedar by tempests are stirred,
A blessing shall rest on the rivers and fountains,
And the deserts shall bloom as the flowers of the Lord.
O Joy of the World, the Desire of all Nations!
Appear on Thy throne as the Ancient of Days!
Come now in Thy Love to the Soul's Living Temple,
The Lord of all Majesty, Glory, and Praise!

## OUR SUN-DIAL FOR ETERNITY.

THE lines that on our Dial move
Are drawn by Jesus' dying Love;
The dawn, the noon, the evening hour,
But mark the progress of His power
Whose Love doth cause our days to be
Bright portals of eternity,
Through which our guardian angels wave
Their signal banners at the grave.

Teach me, with meek, submissive mind,
And will to Thy dear will resigned,
The sorrows of my Lord to share,
The yoke of His dear Love to wear,
By Faith encouraged to repeat
His pleadings at the mercy-seat;
Help me to know the Promise mine,
And so fulfil His blest design.

O God of mercy! meet me there,
Dispel the darkness of Despair!
Though chief of sinners, may I meet
My Saviour at the mercy-seat!
Let my soul the pardon see,
Writ in Christ's own blood for me!
Show Thy reconciling grace
In my Saviour's loving face!

## GOD'S SERMON FROM THE LILIES.

DEAR Lord! the lilies of the field
Might cure mine unbelief,
But Nature's law without Thy Love
Turns everything to grief.
Thy gracious meaning let me learn
From sunshine, clouds, and rain,
And from the hours that bring the stern
Vicissitudes of pain.

For Thou must give the eye that sees,
The meek, attentive mind,
The watchfulness of gratitude,
Or all within is blind.
A patient waiting on Thy Love
Doth every mercy ask,
And sweet submissions to work out
Love's disciplining task.

Oh let Thy grace within my soul
In heavenly beauty shine,
And make, by Love's supreme control,
My being wholly Thine!

## LOVE'S MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

OH, Love is as the Star of Morn,
The rosy radiance of the dawn,
New-risen upon the soul;
And Love is as the Evening Star,
Softly stealing from afar
The twilight's sweet control.

More lovely in its modest ray
Than all the brilliance of the day,
The Star that leads us on;—
The Evening Star, that through the night
Proclaims, with sweet prophetic light,
The Resurrection Morn.

O Day of Glory! may thy ray
My life illume each rising day,
And every midnight hour,
And scatter from the opening tomb
The midnight shroud of doubt and gloom,
Of sin and death the power;

Till He who is our Life appears
In majesty of endless years,
Of Faith and Hope the prize;
And in His likeness we assume
Our thrones, transported from the tomb,
Triumphant in the skies.

## OH FOR THY LIKENESS, LORD!

LORD, could we but reveal Thy glory,
Ourselves from sin and folly free,
And in the doubtful lanes of life
Remind each wanderer of Thee;
This were a Heaven on Earth to be
So filled with light and life divine,
That men would crowd in haste to see
Such bright incarnate glory shine!

Like Thee on earth, and so in Heaven,
Because we see Thee as Thou art,
Our pardons sealed, our sins forgiven,
And Christ's dear image in our heart:
The light of Love and Life Divine
All shining through our bliss,
Could all the blest in Heaven design
Or dream more godlike joy than this?

Oh to be like Thee as Thou art,
On earth from human folly free,
As thine Ambassador to teach
Of holiness the mystery:
Calling the dead in sin to rise,
And find eternal Life in Thee.
What else were this but Paradise,
Inhabiting Eternity!

## THE DEWS OF CHRIST'S YOUTH.

HAPPY for you, in Life's young fairy morning,
To have received, through Love's maternal warning,
The blessed heirship of your promised Home,
With holy teachings of that heaven to come,
And visions of the Angel-trodden stairs,
With Jacob's pilgrimage and wrestling prayers;
And many a shield from sin's attractive snares,
By earliest hymns deep planted in the heart:—
Divine fruition of God's promise, bearing
Such endless joys of gratitude and glory,
Increasing through eternities of years!

The Cross, the Crown, your infinite delight;
In memory of your Saviour's endless story,
The morning's radiance, and the sunset bright,
Each evening's starry maze of splendors showing
The glorious mansions of the Saints in Light!
For, in God's wondrous mercy, even so
Our peaceful nightly slumbering visions show
To what bright realms in yonder heaven we go,
By Love protected from the world of woe!
Ye dearest little ones, come all to Me,
For I your endless happiness shall be,
In every world where you My glory see,
Bearing My likeness through eternity!

## LET NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN.

EMPLOYED for God,—'tis all I want
For life and bliss forever!
Give but the grace for this sweet work,
And strength for the endeavor!

Give but the heart all filled with Love,
The Love of Christ impelling,
And I of blessedness am sure,
Wherever be my dwelling.

If I have learned to make Thy work,
O God! my daily treasure,
'Tis better than ten thousand realms
Of boundless power and pleasure.

And when I find Thy holy will
Supreme through all my nature,
I know it is the gracious work
Of my Divine Creator.

O happy soul whom Christ's own grace
In God's dear love is keeping!
O happy whom the years' increase
To His abode is sweeping!

May all mankind possess th' estate
And take the crown of winners;

Let me but hear the welcome word,
  Here comes the chief of sinners.

I'd rather at the eleventh hour
  Teach one of Christ's Hosannas,
Than keep the array, or hold the power
  Of armèd hosts with banners.

Give but commission from my Lord
  To call one soul to glory,
I'd gladly run a million years
  To tell Redemption's Story.

If but the longing Thou implant,
  And zeal for such endeavor,
Lord, this shall be my cup of bliss,
  Forever and forever!

Through worlds below and realms above
  I'll tell, forgotten never,
The story of my Saviour's love
  Forever and forever!

## THE JOY OF REAPERS, AT THE HARVEST HOME.

DEAR Lord, I cry for mercy;
Oh let my prayer be heard;
Make me a faithful messenger
Of Thy most Blessed Word!
Might I but bring one sinner
To learn Salvation's Way,
And thus become the Guide of some,
Long gone from Thee astray,—
Then at the primal Harvest Home
My joy would be so great
That it would take Eternity
The wonder to relate.
Oh thus to be employed for God,
His mercy to proclaim,
And tell to all the lost on earth
The glory of Thy name!
A brighter crown no soul could wear,
The gift of Thy dear Love,
Than such Redeeming grace to share
With all thy Saints above.
Oh Heaven will be God's universe,
Such glorious hosts to see,
And countless seraphim disclosed,
Of those that worshipped Thee!

## CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

MERCY, mercy, Lord, for me!
Oh let mine Thy service be,
Now and through Eternity,
By constraining love a free
Consecration unto Thee.
Mercy, Lord, is all my hope,
Thy wondrous love to take me up,
Redeemed from guilt and hell's despair,
Resting on my Saviour's prayer.
Thy dear mercy unto me,
Though I the chief of sinners be,
Infinitude of Love profound!
Boundless and amazing grace!
Kept for the vision of Thy Face,
In my Redeemer's righteousness!
At Thy feet, O Lord, I fall,
For Thou art my all in all;
And in me this Life Divine
Shall show the world that I am Thine,
While I hear Thy mercy say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
Faith given thee so to praise and pray;
His glory thy divine array;
His Word the Holy Spirit's guide,
Within thy heart and by thy side,

To keep thee on thy Pilgrim Way;
The Shepherd's Crook and Staff divining,
And His grace thy soul refining,
That thou mayst His love obey;
And His blessed Words discerning,
Starry orbs forever burning,
With thee, for thee, day and night,
Never more to walk in darkness,
But with Jesus in the light,
Heaven before thy raptured sight!

## IN GOD OUR REST.

O LORD, My God! in Thee I rest,
My doubt and darkness gone,
And in Thy Love, forever blest,
My soul shall travel on!
No more shall guilty unbelief
Intrude within my heart:
No more this hopeless, withering grief
My soul from Jesus part!

He ever lives, my Light, my Love,
Who died and rose for me;
And now, His grace, all joy above,
I just begin to see!
My Lord and God, my Life, my Light,
My Saviour, all Divine!
How dear, how infinitely bright
Thy wondrous glories shine!
I see Thee risen from the grave,
Thy Face Divine I see.
None but Almighty Grace could save
A sinner such as me!

Thus I before the Throne of God
His likeness shall retain,

And faultless through the atoning blood
Forever thus remain ;
No more to leave my God, my Heaven,
But thus forever shine,
The chief of sinners, so forgiven,
And God forever mine !

## IN DEATH REMEMBER ME.

THOU only refuge of my soul,
O Son of God Most High,
My heart is overwhelmed with grief,
But unto Thee I cry;
For Thou wilt hear my fervent vows,
Nor leave my soul to shame,
But give the heritage to those
Who love and plead Thy name.

So when my soul is overwhelmed,
To Thee for grace I cry,
That though in present darkness still
Thy foes I may defy.
Thou wilt support my trembling faith
Till I Thy glory see,
And save the soul from endless death
That trusts alone in Thee.

O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
And therefore slain for me,
Thy blood can so remove my guilt
That none a stain shall see,
Nor spot nor wrinkle on the robe
That Christ throws over me!

## MY SOUL BELONGS TO THEE.

THY mercy is above the heavens,
Above the clouds Thy truth;
And Thou wilt give the soul that prays
The sweet dew of Thy youth.
Be merciful to me, O God!
My soul in Thee doth trust.
Beneath the shelter of Thy wings
I'll never fear the worst.

For Thou hast given to me the best,
Thy name to sing and praise,
And in Thy Love forever rest,
To serve Thee all my days.
My Saviour from the sins of youth,
To Thee my soul doth fly
For refuge from the death of sin,
Through all eternity.
And so in life and death, in Thee,
On earth, in heaven most high,
My sweetest joy shall be
Thy name to glorify.

O Joy of Heaven! What grace, what Love,
That I should see its light!
Though once a madman, travelling swift
To everlasting night!

Lord Jesus, keep me while I live,
No more from Thee to stray,
But dwell forever in Thy Light,
Mine everlasting day.
Thy righteousness my heavenly robe,
Thy Life, Thy Truth, Thy Way,
The glory of Thy holiness,
My soul's divine array.

## THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER, OUR EARNEST OF HEAVEN.

O THE Spirit of Prayer, the sweet Spirit of Prayer!
'Tis the key that unlocks the Kingdom of Heaven,
To the faith of each penitent prodigal given,
The clear shining seal of his pardon revealing,
And Paradise angels to welcome him there.

O the Spirit of Prayer, the sweet Spirit of Prayer!
Precious gift of the Comforter, Christ interceding;
His love at the Mercy-Seat promised to all;
With His own dying words for the sinner still pleading,
Dispelling the tempest of sin and despair.

O the Spirit of Prayer, the sweet Spirit of Prayer!
How it lifts up the soul, at the Mercy-Seat kneeling,
In the hour of temptation and trouble and care,
The infinite Love of the Saviour revealing,
The gift of God's Mercy-Seat, JESUS IS THERE!

The wings of His cherubim over thee hover,
And the boundless compassion of Jesus discover;

And the clouds and the darkness are fled from thy soul,
Through faith in the name of thy merciful Saviour,
Whose rainbows of glory are making thee whole.

'Tis the lesson of Faith, the sweet Spirit of Prayer!
The wings of God's Seraphim cover thee kneeling.
'Tis the voice of God's Covenant, NEVER DESPAIR,
The bliss of His own lovingkindness revealing,
And the plea of thy Saviour OMNIPOTENT THERE.

O the Spirit of Prayer! 'Tis the voice of God's Son,
The Gift for the soul in Gethsemane won;
In His own blissful likeness forever to rest:
And the whispers of angels around thee are stealing,
Heaven's accents of gratitude softly revealing
From earth wafted up to the HOME OF THE BLEST.

Where the guardian angels each other are greeting,
Foreseen, all the joys of the Harvest-Home Meeting,
Assurance of Faith in God's promised salvation
For all who believed in Christ's dying compassion,
"WHEN I COME IN MY KINGDOM, THEN THOU SHALT BE THERE."

## CHILDHOOD'S MORNING, CHRIST'S ADORNING.

WHO would not always be at school
Where Love Divine is still the Rule?
The leaves of Love are children's play,
As flowers are Nature's Holy Day.
Oh sweetness of the Morning Hour!
Were life all moulded by its Power,
We folded in the dawn should be,
Nor wish for wings away to flee!

Touched with such Light, by Grace Divine,
What miniatures of glory shine!
The playmates of each village green,
Angelic youths of Heaven foreseen:
Such children would we be forever!
From the Lord's fold to wander, never!
Content in childhood's Morn to stay,
New lessons learning every day!

But every day Christ's Loving Rule
Hastens our progress from the school:
Always the Grace of our Lord's Love
Preparing for our last remove!
And when we to that World repair,
The Home of all that's bright and fair,

The angels to our graves may come,
And plant God's lilies round the tomb!

Then at the Resurrection Morn,
In the bright opening of the Dawn,
The fragrance of the sod may show,
Where flowers for transportation grow;
And in the Holy City's street,
The song of Love will we repeat;
The earliest taught in Jesus' name,
The Song of Moses and the Lamb!

## CHRIST'S PREACHER IN DECAPOLIS.

O SWEETER than Music's ecstatic enchantment,
Oh dear as the sun to one blind from his birth,
The Light of the Lord's new-creating compassion,
The voice of a Saviour forgiving on earth!
Sitting low at the feet of his Merciful Healer,
Extinguished insanity's fire in the soul,
In calmness of reason, with loving emotion,
Who knoweth the joy of the sinner made whole!

Oh could he but stay with his Saviour forever!
No more of sin's ravaging demons afraid,
But rest in the light of His smile, as the angels,
And never more wander again with the dead!
But higher than Heaven the glory baptizing
A sinner forgiven to work for his Lord,
And carry the tidings, through danger and ruin,
For others to trust in His life-giving Word!

The song of the healing shall echo before thee,
The sound of the King in His love passing by;
No more shall men perish before the Destroyer,
Nor the wounded lie down in the desert to die!

Now, freed from the bondage of hell and destruction,
Fly forth to the comfort of all in distress;
And tell, for the rescue of lost dying sinners,
His all-healing mercy and pardoning grace!

By the light of the face of the Lord of such glory,
With the flames of his love kindled up in thy heart,
Go, tell in Decapolis Jesus' sweet story,
Fly swiftly the Life of such Love to impart!

## ALIVE TO GOD ETERNALLY.

O FOR the reign of Heavenly Peace!
Lord, bid my angry passions cease.
Speak to the tempest, and control
The strife of sin within my soul.
The darkness and the guilt dispel,
Such passions sweeping down to hell,—
The clouds of envy, malice, pride,
That turn the lights of heaven aside.
Oh let my nature wholly be
Absorbed in Love Divine through Thee,
O Lamb of God, dying for me,
My bliss through all Eternity.
O thus may I in Jesus rest,
His Love Divine within my breast,
My every thought by Him possest;
My dreams by night, my plans by day,
And every turning of my way,
Whate'er I think, or do, or say,
Be Thou in every wish supreme,
Inspiring each unconscious dream;
That morning, noon, and night may be
The same sweet Paradise for me,
Of radiant Life and Light in Thee;

That, crucified to self, and dead,
But made alive in Christ, my Head,
I dead indeed to sin may be,
Alive to God eternally.

## THE LIFE OF LOVE DIVINE ON EARTH.

DEAR Lord! to live this life of Love,
Shall bring us all to heaven above.
Our souls, renewed by Thy blest Word,
The voice of our Incarnate God,
Shall then behold Thy blissful Face,
In us reflected by such grace;
Thine own indwelling makes our heaven;
And fitness for Thy Presence there,
By thine own gracious Spirit given,
Alone can save us from despair,
Alone can make us fit to shine
In likeness of such Love divine.
Thy love can make a heaven on earth,
The treasure of eternal worth.
Thy life below of perfect Love
Is that which makes our Heaven above;
O Power divine, with Love's control
Bind every impulse of my soul,
And by the bliss of sins forgiven
Make known the certainty of heaven!

## THE DEATH OF CHRIST OUR ONLY PLEA.

GOD, my Redeemer, set me free
In Heaven's Eternal liberty!
Teach me to trust alone in Thee.
God, my Redeemer, Thou art nigh,
From sin and death to Thee I fly.
Oh, rescue me from guilt and pain,
Never to make this world my gain.
Jesus, my Life, my Love, my all,
On Thee at Thy dear cross I call.
Thy dying grace my only plea,
Thy latest prayer to God for me,
That all my sins forgiven might be.
God's only Son, the Crucified,
The Lamb of God for me hath died,
That all my guilt might be forgiven,
And I His saint be found in heaven;
An outcast once, but now Love's crown,
Through the Eternal ages known!

## BLOSSOMING AND BEARING FRUIT.

IN a world so full of beauty,
Why am I a barren thing? -
By the Law of Truth and Duty,
I too should be blossoming.
Every flower fulfils the season
Of its natural pursuit;
By the right of useful reason
I too should be bearing fruit.

Fruit for whom but Him who made me,
For the joy of Life Divine,
For the glory of my Saviour,
Through Eternity to shine.
Such the Law, the Life, the Reason,
Of mine immortality;
Such the seed, the fruit, the season,
For perfection, given to me.
Oh Thou Merciful Creator!
Of a treasure so divine,
Take me, love me, new create me,
Seed and fruit forever Thine!

## NOT AS I WILL, BUT THOU.

DEAR Saviour, as Thou wilt!
To Thee I all resign,
Thy precious blood, so freely spilt,
Thy Mercy all divine!
Thy Will is only Love
To me and all mankind.
Oh let me not an ingrate prove,
But peace and pardon find.

For such amazing grace
Eternal thanks I'll bring,
And with immortal choirs of saints
My Saviour's praises sing.
The Love that lasts is Love that grows,
Nor ever end nor limit knows,
But Life that consecrates each hour,
And from the rose-bud to the rose,
The sweet perfections of the flower,
In full meridian disclose;
The shinings of Eternal Power,
The Fount whence every blessing flows!

## THE EVENING STAR, LOVE'S EMBLEM.

O LOVE is like the Evening Star,
That leads a thousand angels forth,
With light and glory from afar,
To watch and wait upon the earth,
For Pilgrims of Celestial birth,
To guide their way to brighter skies,
Where planets more ethereal rise,
And firmaments with glory filled,
From all Eternity revealed.
Sound forth the Universal Hymn
Of peace on Earth, Good-will to Man,
And Glory to our God on High,
In Bethlehem born, for man to die!
Now Truth and Mercy kiss each other,
And Righteousness and Peace together,
Beneath the Mercy-seat descending.
To all Eternity are blending,
Upon the Son of God attending.
So, Love is as the Evening Star.
With light and glory from afar,
And when the shades of evening fall,
And twilight softly veils the scene,
The voices of the Spirit call,
With harmonies of praise serene,

And Hope, with Faith's all-conquering shield,
In the soft lustre shines revealed.
Where Holy Mercy still presides,
And Love the panoply provides,
To quench the dread blaspheming darts,
Aimed at believers' contrite hearts.
The God of Nature and of Grace
Appears in Jesus' glorious Face,
Where all celestial lights combine
In unity of Love divine!
Such promises of blessing meet,
Each suppliant at the Mercy-seat!
Oh Love divine, still keep me there,
From the dread gloom of hell's despair,
Save in the power of Christ's own prayer!
Him prostrate in Gethsemane I see,
Who in His dying anguish prayed for me!
"Father, forgive!" forever shall prevail,
And not the humblest sight of Faith shall fail!
Oh with what bliss is that assurance fraught,
When Jesus looked upon the terrors wrought,
And prayed for Peter, that his faith fail not!

## O LAMB OF GOD, THY LOVE IMPART.

AUTHOR and Finisher of Faith!
What thanks I owe, what grateful praise,
That I may freely ask of Thee
The gift of such amazing grace.

Thou only source of life and light,
Sole Fountain of Eternal Love!
Help Thou mine unbelief, and fit
My soul for such a heaven above.

If Thou within my heart wilt dwell,
And make me Thy divine abode,
Then by this sign I know full well
That I shall dwell with Thee in God.

O hope divine! O boundless grace!
To such a sinful soul express'd,
That I, even I, may see Thy Face,
And in Thy likeness stand confess'd!

O Son of God! Thy filial heart
The Spirit of faith in me create,
O Lamb of God, Thy love impart,
And at Thy bidding let me wait.

## NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

O LAMB of God, whose precious blood
Makes such a treasure mine,
And weaves the Christmas Robe with which
I may in glory shine,
Because Thy birth and death have crowned
My citizenship in heaven,
And with such love forever bound
A sinner so forgiven!

Shall not my soul forever breathe
In Love Divine Thy name?
And sing the Everlasting Song
Of Moses and the Lamb?
Thou wilt remove the deepest gloom
From my despairing mind;
Then let me not impatient be,
But to Thy will resigned.

Beyond the darkness of the tomb
I shall in glory shine;
God is my Refuge and my Home,
For Christ Himself is mine.
So give me, Blessed Lord, this grace
On Thy dear love to wait,

Till Thou shalt open wide for me
  Assured 'tis not too late,
Thy Love to know, Thy welcome hear,
  And enter Mercy's Gate!

Till Thou prepare my soul to bear
  The joy of mine estate;
And from such guilt forever there,
  Such boundless Love narrate
That countless millions could redeem
  From their deserved fate,
In heaven the monuments to be
  Of pardoning grace so great,

That only God's Eternity
  Could measure or conceive
For mortal and created minds
(Gethsemane and Calvary)
  To witness and believe!
And when the Crucified shall come,
  The Crown of Faith receive!
Lord, help our hearts to Thee the praise
  Of all such faith to give!
Who couldst from such dread unbelief,
  Our dying souls restore,
And raise us up to know in heaven
  Thy Love for evermore!

## THE GLORY OF CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

MY God! Thy presence with delight
My daily life doth fill;
The source of all my happiness,
My shield from every ill!

For every day, each hasty hour,
Thy loving grace I see;
Oh never, never, never more,
Let me depart from Thee.

If aught of blessedness I know,
It is Thy gift alone,
And if I offer aught to Thee
I give Thee but Thine own.

From day to night, from night to dawn,
Thy mercy is my guide;
I never can be far from Thee,
But in Thy love abide.

Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
And wait Thy word from heaven,
More than they watch the morning light,
By storm and tempest driven.

Oh Thou, my Life, my Light, my All!
Still keep, as heretofore,
My going forth, my coming in,
Now and for evermore.

## THE CHILD'S SPRING SONG.

THE grass is springing, the birds are singing
How do? How do? How do?
The buds they open, and blossoms answer
And you? And you? And you?
The blossoms are coming, the buds are open,
And oh, how sweet they smile on you!
The violets blue, to lovers true,
The cowslips golden, the hare-bells purple,
The kiss-me-jennies, for me and you!
The grass is springing, the birds are singing,
'Tis true! 'Tis true! 'Tis true!

Take Nature at her word, and come,
As if the roses were your home,
And honey-cups were made for you
To drink the sweetest morning dew.
Come forth and fill your little fist
With May-flowers that the sun hath kist,
And by such kisses waked to see
How they could fill your heart with glee
To listen to their melody!

## LOVE DIVINE.

O LOVE Divine! How blest its power,
From childhood to the dying hour!
What so omnipotent as Love!
All power, all Majesty above!
The cedars of the earth it breaks,
The mountains to their base it shakes;
It sets the distant orbs aflame,
In adoration of His name,
Who from Eternity afar,
Kindled with ecstasy each star!
It calms the anguish of the mind,
In sweet submissive peace resigned;
Forbears the injuries of years,
Arrests the drops of falling tears.
It heals the wounds of deep remorse,
And guilt deprives of all its force;
It turns old age to infancy,
And manhood into boyish glee;
Fills maidens sweet as breath of June
When clouds sweep past the silent moon,
With thoughts that rise, distinct and clear,
From the deep heaven of souls sincere.

## THE SOUL CREATED AND KEPT FOR GOD.

IF Thou but make me wholly Thine,
  What can I think or ask for more?
If Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
  In Faith, and Hope, and Love Divine—
If all these graces sweetly shine,
  As Christ on earth their pattern gave,
And rose, Death's Conqueror, from the grave,
  His righteousness in Heaven shall be
Transfigured through such grace in me,
  From all my guilt forever free,
To wear in such blest liberty,
  His image through Eternity.
So bright the justice of His Laws,
  His dying Love my righteous cause,
To plead before His Father's throne
  With intercessions not mine own,
But only by His Spirit breathed,
  For such as in His Death believed:
Taking the chief of sinners' place —
  The Sacrificial Lamb, to trace,
For contrite hearts, the heavenly road
Of pardoning mercy up to God!

## THE LAMB OF GOD THAT TAKETH AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD!

O WONDROUS Mystery of Grace,
Not to be wrought again!
That I, before the throne of God,
His likeness may retain!
And faultless, through atoning blood,
Forever thus remain!

O wondrous plan of mercy wrought,
Salvation so divine!
By such exceeding mercy brought,
For such a heart as mine!
No more to leave my God, my Heaven,
But there forever dwell;
The chief of sinners thus forgiven,
Redeemed from death and hell!
Henceforth, no other claim but Thine
My constant life shall wear,
And by no other name be known,
But Mercy in Despair!

A life beyond the grave mine own,
The crown of Christ to wear;
So I to Thee my soul resign,
My God, my God, forever Thine,
Almighty thus to save.

Descending to the grave!
Lord, save me from myself!
Deliver me from pride,
And in the ocean of Thy Love,
My sins and follies hide!

My soul is as a field
Ploughed deep with Satan's care,
And through its furrows Satan drives
The harrows of Despair!
But, Lord, the field is Thine,
And only loaned to me,
By Thy sweet grace, to make it shine,
A garden dear to Thee!

Oh take me as Thine own,
From sin and folly free;
And with its fruit it shall be known,
All wrought by Love for Thee!
Oh with such work for my dear Lord,
How blessed I shall be!
Of all Thy Mercies ever known,
The greatest Mystery!
That Thou couldst bear me as Thine own,
From all transgression free,
The pardoned of all ages known
Thy prisoner to be!

## PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

EVENING and morning and at noon,
My God, to Thee I pray!
Oh may Thy Spirit thus inspire
And teach me what to say!
For morn and eve, midnight and dawn
Are all alike to Thee:
Oh let Thy Presence fill my soul,
Wherever I may be!
So may my brief existence here,
By Thy good Spirit given,
A reflex image be, of those
Who worship Thee in Heaven!
A wounded, bruised, and broken heart,
O God, to Thee I bring!
Oh for the grace to quench my thirst
At Love's Eternal Spring!
Partaker of Thy holiness may I forever be,
By all Thy discipline of grace
And mercy wrought in me!
Forgiving mercy, boundless grace!
By chastening out of deep distress,
To bring my soul to Thee!
Father of Lights, whose grace we seek,
Grant us the wisdom of Thy Word,

That so we may with freedom speak,
The glory of our risen Lord;
The perfect Law of Liberty,
The covenant in Jesus' blood!
Father! I fall before Thy throne,
And Jesus' love I fain would plead!
Oh leave me never more alone,
But save me in the hour of need,
And at the fountain of Thy grace
Thy favor give my heart a place.
So may Christ's cleansing blood control
The mortal anguish of my soul.

Oh speak the word that bids sin cease!
Oh give the faith that may release,
And let me, pardoned, go in peace!
I cannot live without Thy Light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight!
Oh bring, by Christ's atoning blood,
The dying sinner back to God!
I bless Thee for this precious prayer:
May it but find acceptance there,
Delivering me from dread despair,
My Saviour's dying love to plead,
And with calm faith to intercede.
Then, even in my dying hour,
Thou shalt be Light and Love and Power,
And Mercy raising me to Heaven,
The chief of sinners, so forgiven!

## "WITH CHRIST IN GOD."

"WITH Christ in God!" Eternal Life!
How wondrous! How divine!
Each letter of this blessed text
Doth with God's glory shine!
Dear child, be quiet with thy God!
He never can forsake
His own unceasing precious work,
Nor leave it to mistake.
His loving kindness He'll command
By day, and all the night;
His song shall be thy saving health,
His Love thy soul's delight!
Who kindled in thy restless soul
This sacred heavenly fire?
Who bade thy longing spirit burn
With such supreme desire?
If thou commit thy life to Christ,
It will be found in God;
In His eternal sunshine wrought,
By His enduring Word!
O day divine! O glorious Power!
Lord, give my soul to know
Some sure foreshining of this grace,
While struggling here below;—

For now, alas, sin's rising gloom
So oft beclouds my dawn,
That I am at a loss to tell
The midnight from the morn!
Oh let me hear Thy voice again,
Still walking on the sea;
No more I'll fear, no more refrain
From following after Thee!
The entering of Thy Love in me
Shall be my soul's desire;
And every power of heart and mind
With this bright flame on fire!

## BY LOVE DIVINE REDEEMED FROM SIN.

THOUGH I the chief of sinners be,
Yet, Lord, my God! I fly to Thee!
From Death and hell to set me free,
Because so vile and lost I be.
Oh help me to believe in Thee,
Because my Saviour died for me!
And while I live and breathe on earth,
Oh let it be a second birth,
New-born by Thy Creative Power,
Which could to Life and bliss restore,
A soul condemned to death before;
To live and love for evermore,
With the Angelic hosts above,
Him who for me the crown of thorns
And Death by Crucifixion bore,
And hate and scorn and misery wore;
That I, by Grace Divine set free
From sin, might only live for Thee,
To sing through all eternity,
The song of Moses and the Lamb,
The Virgin's Hymn at Jesus' birth,
Her Babe's soft lullaby on earth,
Glory to God! Good-will to men,

And Heaven's First Paradise again!
As Thou didst give Thy life for me,
Lord, I return the gift to Thee!
By wondrous power of grace set free,
Nothing I bring Thee of mine own,—
All is the grace of Thy design,
The boundless gift of Love Divine
Through all Eternity foreknown;
The work of such amazing Love,
All measurement of thought above:
Would God I could its grace fulfil,
Such Love unknown, such mystery still,
The mystery of Godliness!
O Love Divine, constraining Love,
To leave His Father's glorious Throne,
And from angelic worlds come down!
A manger for His cradle bed,
Nor place elsewhere to lay His head—
That from hell's centre to the sea
Men might in Heaven's effulgence be,
And from their sins forever free
Enjoy Angelic Liberty.
Oh as a dove my heart to Thee
From storm and tempest, Lord, would flee.
Thou wilt not leave in guilt's Despair
The soul that seeks Thy grace in Prayer!
Oh then in Mercy keep me there,
With humble penitential care,
Thy yoke, so easy, Lord, to wear,

Thy burden such a bliss to bear:
Then, if Thou give the power of Faith,
Thou wilt receive my parting breath;
A blissful Life to live with Thee,
Inhabiting Eternity!
O God! that such my death may be!
Eternal blessedness to see
With endless gratitude to Thee!

## CHRIST'S LIFE ON EARTH, OUR BLISS IN HEAVEN.

MY thoughts are but the smoking flax,
The smoke is all I see;
But Thou canst light the flame of Love
Ascending up to Thee!
My Saviour! up to Thee!

Oh daily make my heart and Life,
A whole burnt-offering given,
Accordant with Thy sweet command,
And typical of Heaven!
Where Jesus reigns o'er souls that love,
For Jesus' Love is Heaven!

My daily duties then shall prove
A Holocaust Divine,—
The elements—of grateful Love —
The fire forever Thine:
Each penitential gift of Grace,
An offering how divine!

Search me, O Lord, and know my heart!
Try me, and know my thought!
And lead me in that Way of Love
By my Redeemer taught —
For me on Calvary wrought!
With Jesus' Mercy fraught!

So shall I walk, as He doth please,
With Jesus in the Light,
And every foot-fall of my Life
Be with His Presence bright!
This Earth a Paradise begun,
Christ's Presence, day and night,
The angels down from Paradise,
Each other to invite!

## "'T IS I: BE NOT AFRAID."

WHEN gloomy night and storm appear,
O Lord, my sun, my shade,
How sweet thy loving voice to hear,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

When painful sickness wastes my strength,
And fears of death invade,
Oh the sweet mercy of that word,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

Lord, give me this divine delight,
Who for us all hast prayed,
To hear thy voice, by day, by night,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

Oh, come in rainbow or in storm,
Whatever love hath said,
I 'll welcome thee, and trust thy word,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

Across the sea thou com'st to me
In pardoning love arrayed;
I can but answer, "Lord, of thee
I 'll never be afraid."

My Saviour holds me to his breast;
The storm is all allayed.
Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
And be no more afraid.

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LORD, when upon life's raging sea
The dreadful storm I fear,
What hope, what bliss, it brings to me
Thy loving voice to hear!

Thy form of glory and of grace
Shines o'er the deep afar,
And sovereign mercy lulls to sleep
The elemental war.

When neither sun nor stars appear,
But mountain crimes upbraid,
What joy divine thy word to hear,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

Beleagued by enemies and cares,
By sin and death dismayed,
That pitying voice dispels my fears,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

Fled are the phantoms of despair,
The fiends of unbelief,
If I but know my Lord is near,
And comes to my relief.

Above the penal dread of hell,
By mine accuser played,
The melody of heaven comes down,
"'T is I: be not afraid."

From every terror of the grave,
By guilt tremendous made,
Thou art all merciful to save:
I will not be afraid!

## THE BOW IN THE CLOUDS.

LOOK up! The Bow is round the cloud!
How beautiful! How fair!
'Tis not the desolating shroud
Of anguish or despair,
Nor are the griefs, to many given,
Employed to keep thee out of Heaven!

Then wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
And He will shelter thee.
His Bow above the stormy cloud
Who trusts His Word shall see:
The thunder may be long and loud,
The rain a deluge be,
Still thou art covered with the wings
Of His protecting grace,
Though for the day thou mayst not see
The sunshine of His Face.

Yet out of all these fearful storms
There shall be brighter skies:
Beyond this desolated world
God's stars of glory rise,
And bows of promise span each cloud
With cheerier meaning than the shroud!

The foregoing poems, with the exception of those culled by Mrs. Cheever, were selected by the author himself out of a mass of manuscripts and pencillings, multitudinous and mixed as the Sibylline leaves. The principle of selection seems to have been to choose those that were intensely subjective and serious, expressing the thoughts, moods, and aspirations of the writer's mind, and giving therefore its predominant experience.

The humorous and satirical pieces, of which there are not a few in manuscript, are wholly omitted. Aside from the composition of one long poem in blank verse written early in his ministry, and entitled, "Discipline of Earth and Time for Freedom and Immortality," Dr. Cheever was too busy a man to cultivate this department of literature. But he was in the habit of pencilling his thoughts and analogies from Nature wherever he might be, in prose or rhyme, on the blank leaf of a book, the back of a bill, the wrappings of a newspaper, the cover of a pamphlet, the top of a paste-board box, or any scrap of paper that might be at hand.

This habit grew upon him in his later years; and this may account for the changes of rhyme and metre in the same pencilling that are so often noticeable in the last selections. They were not pruned or polished, as poems often are, but appear for the most part just as they were first indited, in the simple dress of nature itself. The writer saw into the soul of things. Pre-

eminently he looked through Nature up to Nature's God. With his friend, the poet R. H. Dana, he could say:

> " I see the tinted trunk of brown and gray,
> And rich, warm fungus, brighter for decay,
> Whence rays of light as from a fountain flow.
> I hear the mother-robin talking low,
> In notes affectionate ; the wide-mouthed brood
> Chattering and eager for their far-sought food.
> The air is spread with beauty ; and the sky
> Is musical with sounds that rise and die
> Till scarce the ear can catch them ; then they swell ·
> Then send from far a low, sweet, sad farewell;
> My mind is filled with beauty, and my heart—
> With joy? Not joy,—with what I would not part:
> It is not sorrow, yet almost subdues
> My soul to tears ; it saddens while it woos.
> My spirit breathes of love ; I could not hate.
> Oh, I could match me with the lowliest state."

Dr. Cheever appreciated and enjoyed all the aspects of creation, all the varied scenery of the seasons, the storm, the calm, the gold and crimson coloring of the clouds at sunrise and sunset, with a subtle sense of their beauty and their relation to the adorable Creator. He mused to himself upon the glory of God and the love of Christ, as the elder Edwards is reported to have done, and then in prose or verse recorded his passing experience, but seldom returned to it. The last pencillings he is believed to have made are these, entitled

## LOVE'S ENTRANCE ON ETERNITY.

O God, be merciful to me,
And leave me not to unbelief.
Ten thousand deaths I'd sooner choose
Than the Eternal Life to lose.
Let me be dead indeed to sin,
Through Faith Eternal Life to win.
Jesus, my never-dying Lord,
Make me obedient to Thy Word.

With my whole soul, O God, I pray,
Take all mine unbelief away:
O leave me not outside Thy care,
But save me from such dread despair.

O keep, by Grace Divine, my contrite heart,
Thy loving-kindness, Lord, impart,
That I may all Thy goodness know,
Nor ever from Thy presence go,
But through Thy teaching all things see,
Believing and adoring Thee.
So may my life responsive be
To every promise made by Thee.

Creator, Saviour, me refine,
And make my life entirely Thine,
So that I may to others prove
The Power of Heavenly Truth and Love;
The glorious law, that does forever shine
Throughout all Worlds, for all are Thine—
That we not buried in the earth should be,
But through the exchangers kept for Thee,
To find Thine own with usury;—
The heavenly harmonies to be
The riches of Eternity.

In sympathizing love behold me,
Oh support me by Thy grace ;
By Thy promises uphold me,
'Tis with these I seek Thy face.
Oh lead me safely up to Heaven,
For all Thy Saints the final haven !
So, trusting in Thy pardoning Word,
May I lay down my life, O Lord :
For me to live it may be pain,
For me to die it shall be gain ;
If spared to live, I live to Thee,
In death shall my salvation be
LOVE'S ENTRANCE ON ETERNITY !

When on his dying bed two weeks before his entrance upon eternity (on the first of October, 1890), he was asked by his brother, upon awaking from quite a long sleep, if he had had dreams in his sleep. "No," he said, "but such visions of the love of Christ, and the infinite reach of His salvation! God manifest in the flesh (and he repeated most impressively the whole passage in Timothy)—justified in the Spirit—seen of angels—preached unto the Gentiles—believed on in the world—received up into glory—The kingdom of Heaven opened to all believers—Salvation certain to all them that believe through the all-sufficiency of the atonement by Christ—His tender condescension to doubting Thomas: 'Reach hither thy fingers, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless but believing.' And then the overwhelming force of the conviction to the disciple's mind, MY LORD AND

MY GOD! Then the confidence, the enthusiasm, the holy zeal of the apostles, as they went everywhere preaching the Word, so that great multitudes became obedient unto the faith! Oh, that we might see it yet again in these last times, and we shall, we shall—preachers baptized with the Holy Ghost and with power; on fire and passionate with the love of Christ and love for souls. Let dear Brother Booth know how comforting was that passage of Paul he quoted at my bedside: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' The consolations of God, how large with the soul, and underneath us the everlasting arms!"

> Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
> Yes, but not his: 'Tis Death himself there dies,
> While angels shout HIM WELCOME TO THE SKIES.
>
> *S. T. Coleridge.*

# APPENDIX.

CONSISTING OF MRS. CHEEVER'S LETTERS AND THOSE OF MANY OF HER FRIENDS.

# APPENDIX.

*From Mrs. C. to her Cousin.*

My much-beloved Cousin:

I am just longing for one of your nice, pleasant letters, but a visit from you, if it could be granted us, would be better still. I greatly desire to see you, my dear cousin, and what can hinder your coming to us when the cold season shall have passed, and we are all alive and well?

I have been thinking much of you lately, and hope you have been well all through the cold weather. What a winter of floods, storms, and disasters of every kind we have had! God has been teaching by his various providences the instability of all earthly possessions. Yet how little his warnings are heeded by multitudes who are living on as if there was no hereafter, and in the sinful neglect of their dying souls! What madness! How I wish they could be aroused from their indifference and insensibility to their higher interest, and the things pertaining to the kingdom of God! We are now living in an age of wonders. Events are crowding upon us in the most startling manner, and the predictions of Isaiah and David seem to be fulfilling. Read Isaiah, chap. 19.

The Egyptian question is now commanding the attention of England and the whole world. We are watching it with the deepest anxiety, and indignant at the vacillating policy of England, and lamenting that the opportunity for the history of great principles is in danger of being sacrificed by hesitation and half measures, and lamenting, as my husband says, "in not taking the tidal wave on the forward top, and driving all before them. When God had given the means, they might, and ought to have

sent, twenty thousand men with a rapidity and power of justice, that, in the name of God, would have swept the forces of the territory of the False Prophet and his slave-holding tribes like a cyclone. Do you take the *Evangelist*, Dr. Field's paper, in which his travels in the Holy Land are being published? They have also been published in volumes and are exceedingly interesting. He writes charmingly. We have received two volumes from him lately, and my husband sent him a note of thanks, never dreaming it would be published; but as he so pleasantly put it forth to the public, I thought I would let you see it. When you read it please return it with one of your nice letters. Do you ever hear from dear Cousin A——? She is a remarkable woman, and her letters are charming. M., her daughter, has recently had some high honor conferred upon her by the Emperor of Germany, at the special request of the Empress, who has taken a great fancy to her, seeming to appreciate her lovely Christian character and desire to do good. We are delighted that our dear cousins are so much beloved and respected abroad, and are exerting such an influence for good around them. Cousin A. P., who resides at Auburn, often writes to me. She is now 84 years, but vigorous in intellect though feeble in body. She often refers to the many charming visits to Providence, and her love for your dear parents and mine. Those days, she writes, are too full of sweet memories ever to be forgotten.

*Extract of Letter of Sympathy from Mrs. C. to a Friend.*

Your affectionate letter, containing tidings of such overwhelming affliction, has filled our hearts with mingled thoughts and feelings of sorrow and gratitude. We sympathize deeply with your stricken and desolate heart; we rejoice in God's great, sustaining mercy with which he visits and consoles you. Alone, and yet not alone, for God is with you, and the Lord Jesus takes you by the hand and tells you, I am the Resurrection and the Life. But oh how desolate the separation from the sharer of your blessings! But God be praised for the grace and faith and submission with which you can look upwards and behold your loved one in Heaven, and through the Redeemer may hope to join her there! How the sting of death is taken away by the presence of Him, our Di-

vine Redeemer, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and whose grace, imparted to us, makes us feel and know that He is the Conqueror of sin and death; and thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory. The Lord bless and keep you, and all who are dear to you, and shine upon you, and give you peace! Oh, the infinite preciousness of the consolation that Christ gives! Dear, afflicted friend, again we say, the Lord comfort, soothe, and bless you evermore. Be assured of our sympathy and love, and that we are

Most affectionately yours, etc.

*From Mrs. C. to a Friend on the Death of her Son.*

The loss of your beloved son is truly so great an affliction, that the tenderest sympathy can for the present only look on in silence.

We know not what to say. "I was dumb. I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it." God's own words are the only suitable utterances in the moment of such trial. But they are very precious. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." "For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee;" and Christ's own prayer, "Thy will, not mine, be done." We can only repeat those ever-abiding and living truths.

Nevertheless, it is very consoling and delightful to be assured that others who knew him, as we love to have him so affectionately remembered, appreciated the rare excellence and beauty of his character. Seldom do men witness so lovely a combination of manly and Christian virtues and characteristics; and it was a growth so gradual and natural, so unobtrusive, genial, and pleasant for daily companionship and life, and not for set occasions, that it was like the sunshine and the fresh air. He was full of kindness, gentleness, cheerfulness, and courtesy; a pleasant smile of welcome always on his countenance, and words of friendly greeting always on his lips, that it was a refreshment to meet him; and you knew it was not put on or forced, but sincere and genuine. He was one of whom it can truly be said, that "none knew him but to

love him, or named him but to praise." In all his business transactions there was the same transparent openness and sincerity, guilelessness of purpose, and integrity of principle. His hopefulness, industry, carefulness, and perseverance in his work were remarkable, and while he was unfit, because of bodily weakness, to be at work at all, his conscientious performance of the external religious duties of teaching, visiting, praying, as he had the opportunity, doing all the good he could, when such ill-health as his would have constrained most persons to remain at home, are too noticeable to be forgotten ; a great grace indeed it was, of self-denying love. And then his sweet, submissive faith and patience under sickness and disappointment were very touching and beautiful. Altogether, his was a bright, though alas! so brief an example of very noble and precious qualities, without mixture of self-consciousness or conceit or ostentation ; manifestly one of God's jewels, prepared and taken for the making up in Heaven. Oh, that it might please God our Heavenly Father to endow us, who are left a little longer, with some measure of the same gifts and graces and faithfulness in the use of them, that for us also it may be Christ to live and gain to die. May the God of all grace and comfort keep and bless you all, now and evermore.

Most truly and affectionately yours,

E. H. C.

*From another of Mrs. C.'s Letters of Sympathy.*

May God bless and comfort you, and with his abounding grace be nearer and dearer to you than any earthly relatives or friends. In the night of this sorrow may the light of His love shine upon your soul. May the Good Shepherd fold you in His own loving heart, and shield you from all evil while passing through those depths of such great affliction. May His rod and staff support and guide your steps, and His love inspire, strengthen, and sustain your soul. These are our prayers and fervent desires for you.

I am grieved not to have been able to be with you, but a prevailing cold, and this morning the severity of the weather conjointly forbid my leaving.

Therefore, I can only send the first expression of our heartfelt sympathy with you, under this great bereavement

you are suffering by the all-wise and merciful will of God, in the death of so dear and loving and precious a companion and friend. Her bright genius and warm love were to you a second life, and oh how you will feel her absence! I wish we could say something to bless you; but it is not in the power of any human being to minister support at such an hour; and God our Saviour draws you to Himself for that communion with Him, and that sustaining power of His Spirit in answer to prayer, by which you have learned to cast all your care upon Him, and to draw near to Him with the blessed spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father. May the Lord minister this precious, all-consoling grace more and more to your inmost experience, making even this time and method of trial His chosen way of your greatest blessedness. This is our fervent prayer for you, dear friend. And evermore so may our Heavenly Father bless you, and all dear to you, and order all his discipline with us all for our Heavenly Home.

My dear Cousin Mary:

I have just received your sweet letter and proofs of the tracts, and heartily rejoice that you are interesting yourself for the poor Indians. They have long been neglected and treated shamefully, and now the poor Chinese are sharing the same fate in and by our own country. Was there ever a nation on the face of the earth that ever so disgraced itself by the violation of innumerable treaties, and of all the principles of love, justice, kindness, charity required in the Word of God, especially to the poor and the helpless, ignorant and untaught, thrown by God upon our care as a Christian nation! Really, we cannot find words to express our grief and indignation against the conduct of our government and people, professing to be a Christian nation. What a bill the Almighty has against us! He has settled one on slavery in our war and blood; and will He not do it again, unless we repent?

*From E. Harris about the "Way-marks."*

My dear Pastor:

If Rev. Mr. Kinney chances to be with you at any time, please to place a copy of Dr. Wright's sermon in his hands. From what I heard of his discourse last evening,

I know that he will be interested in the simple and touching memorial of one who, by "looking unto Jesus," was enabled to triumph over death. By permission of Miss West, who is at present a guest in our family, I enclose a precious memento of an influence your writings exert, wherever men read, to be fearless and faithful.

JAMES FRASER, of the 79th Highlanders, may have fallen at Alma or Inkerman, in the Barrack hospitals at Scutari, or he may have praised God with his dying breath that a Florence Nightingale had soothed his last hours on earth; but the "Way-marks" that he lost from his knapsack while hurrying from Pera to the Galata bridge reveal to us the food which stout hearts and fearless souls are wont to feed upon.

I may state to you that at the time my dear sister, Mrs. Rhea, left this city for her work in Persia, I placed in her hands all or nearly all your published works. She loved to listen to your instructions while with us, and she carefully digested your various writings.

Yours, with highest regard,

E. HARRIS.

*Extract of Letter from Mrs. C. to Mr. David Banks.*

You will remember the long conflict we had in our church while the Doctor was maintaining the principles of freedom.

Well, during those seven years the Doctor's salary was not regularly paid, and when the church was sold, after the lease of twenty-one years expired, the trustees generously computed the amount with interest, and gave it to him. But the Doctor and myself considered it a sacred trust for religious purposes and the spread of the Gospel; and as he could no longer preach regularly himself, he conveyed it over to the two societies: two thirds to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and one third to the American Missionary Association.

*From Mrs. C. to her Friend Lady Kinnaird.*

MY DEAR LADY KINNAIRD:

It is some months since we received your letter conveying the sad intelligence of your beloved and honored

husband's death, which I have wanted to acknowledge sooner, but many unexpected demands upon my time have prevented the accomplishment of my purpose. But we have thought *often* of you, and felt for you in your sad bereavement, for we well know what a loss you have sustained. We have never ceased to remember with grateful regard the affectionate kindness manifested by your most excellent husband and yourself for us, and for your interest in the cause of humanity. We often look with pleasure upon the beautiful photographs you gave us, and have much enjoyed the little devotional books, so precious and comforting. We had been thinking and hoping that some day you and yours would visit our country and allow us to reciprocate some of the many kindnesses we received at your beautiful and hospitable mansion; but alas! how little we can calculate for the future. God has taken your beloved companion to a better world, and though you are parted for a little season, you have the blissful assurance of a happy reunion with him in heaven. My dear husband desires me to express his most sincere and heartfelt sympathy for your loss, and says he regards the deaths of your honored husband and Lord Shaftesbury as a public calamity. I rejoice that God has spared your little grandchildren to comfort and brighten your home. I can never forget their sweet mother. She was so attractive and lovely. We should be greatly pleased to hear again from you, at your leisure. And now with our earnest wishes and prayers that the God of all consolation may sustain and comfort you,

I remain very sincerely yours, E. H. C.

*Mrs. Codwise's Letter to Dr. C.*

DEAR FRIEND:

I met with at this place, and read for the first time, your work "Powers of the World to Come." It is, in my judgment, a work of surpassing grandeur of conception. It wakes up in the soul such sublimity and depth of emotion, and withal is *so* calculated to promote practical piety, that, as I closed the volume, I instinctively returned thanks to that Great Being for using *you* as the instrument of conveying such heavenly knowledge to simple, ignorant man; I thank him for enriching and thoroughly furnishing you for the great work of your holy calling.

May you, dear friend, drink deep and yet deeper at this spiritual fountain; and may your valuable life be long spared as a life-giving teacher, under the "Great Teacher," to the children of men.

Pardon this impromptu expression of heartfelt gratitude. Mr. Codwise unites with me in the expression of the same views, and believe me with respect and affection we unite in the kindest regards to your excellent wife.

Yours, F. CODWISE.

*From Mrs. C. to her Aunt Hoppin.*

At the very same moment we received intelligence of Mr. Cryder's death, we were summoned to the bedside of Mr. Washburn, of Worcester, my husband's brother-in-law, who was supposed to be close on the verge of the other world. We left immediately, trusting we should once more see him, and found him in a most blissful, heavenly frame, and all ready for his departure. It was vouchsafed to him the privilege of going down to the very brink of the River of Death, and finding his Saviour there, a very present help in time of trouble. The fear of death was all taken away, and God's infinite mercy and love was revealed to him in Christ Jesus. The sick-bed of a child of God, in the exercise of Faith, illumined by the Holy Spirit of God, is a privilege to behold, and we felt it was good to be there. We left him yesterday, with symptoms more favorable, and we trust through the great goodness of God he may be spared to us yet a little longer, and do something more for his Master before he goes hence, to be here no more forever.

*To Mrs. Washington from Mrs. C.*

TEMPLE GROVE, SARATOGA SPRINGS.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. WASHINGTON:

Our love has not cooled for keeping since we bade you good-by. Our sick friend, Miss Peters, was much delighted with the flowers; and as to the apples, they were baked and eaten every day while I was recovering from my cold. I have kept the lamb so long that I feel almost *sheepish* in sending it back, but hope the conductor will deliver it before it changes to mutton. *There*, dear Mrs.

Washington, my miserable puns are quite as good as some of Mr. Proctor's anecdotes in his book, so says my husband.

The Doctor sends the proofs for Prof. Lewis to your care by the conductor, this evening or to-morrow. We had a most charming visit to you, dearest friend, and think your children and your home perfectly lovely. It carried me back to the time when your *angels* were *babies*, and you sang to us, as to them, your sweet, wild lullabies. A happy time that can never be forgotten! My dear husband, with me, looks forward with pleasure to the promised visit from you all, and to hear you sing to us as of old. We have made a long stay here, but will leave, God willing, on Saturday next for Worcester, where we shall remain a week or two, and then return to our home in the city. Do write us while in Mass. if you can, for I long to hear from you. With our dearest love to all your darlings—they are so sweet and charming that we wish we could have them with us always,—I must stop, so good-by, and believe me ever your devotedly attached friend,

E. H. C.

*From Mr. Longfellow to Mrs. C.*

CAMBRIDGE, March 26, 1879.

DEAR MRS. CHEEVER:

If I ever went from home to visit anywhere, I would accept with alacrity your kind and hospitable invitation to Englewood. But, alas! I have not yet wholly vanquished my old enemy neuralgia, which perhaps you may remember so tortured me three years ago at Brunswick. Invalids are not pleasant guests. The best place for them is at home, where, in a little round of alternate rest and occupation, they can patiently wait for better days. I often think with pleasure of the Brunswick episode in our lives when I saw you for the first time, and met once more my old college friend and classmate after an interval of fifty years. Ah me! what gaps of time, what different destinies, what different avocations. Joys and calamities separate those who have known each other in youth, till the old friendships seem like rivers running under ground; the same, though unseen.

But this is a sentimental answer to a joyous invitation, which I wish with all my heart I could accept.

Please give my kindest and most affectionate remembrances to your husband, whom I always remember as a youth under the balm of Gilead trees in the college-yard, dreaming and talking of Coleridge, and believe me sincerely and cordially,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

*Dr. C. to Mr. Longfellow.*

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW:

After much unnecessary delay I have at length got my photograph at the disposal of our classmates, according to our anniversary covenant of exchange. It is not so good as some that I have received, but was taken by the same artist that took Bridge's, which I think very good; and since then I have been reading your volumes, both of prose and poetry, with a leisure such as I have not had at command for many years, and with so much delight that I cannot help thanking you from the heart for the deep and pure enjoyment of them. You are so used to such acknowledgments, that they may seem trite or formal; but there was nothing such in the tribute of our love and admiration at Commencement. I don't believe there was ever in the world any such expression more heartfelt and sincere. And now you are exemplifying your own encouragement to us, that Age hath its opportunities, and by more interesting instances than that of Cato's learning of Greek, or his stern old grandfather dying with the Phædo in his hand. How often do I think of Wordsworth's lamentation over things incomplete and purposes betrayed, as making sadder transits over life's mystic glass than noblest palaces in ruins laid. God be with us all to the end. When we see by what immense majority of men life and all its precious opportunities are wasted, what an infinite mercy to be made an exception in any way! To have done one good thing, even though it were but a cup of cold water ministered to a thirsty soul, is worth a lifetime. Your sweet words have put many such a cup to many lips. Your poem of the Court of Charlemagne made me think of you in our college walks and recitation-rooms.

> "Among them always earliest in his place
> Was Eginherd: a youth of Turkish race
> Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun
> The splendors of a yet unrisen sun."

Dear Longfellow, how much happiness it would give us to welcome you in our country home. It is only fourteen miles from the city. Perhaps when you visit the city of the Centennial you may find time to turn aside and tarry with us for a night. We could minister to you the glories of sunshine and sunset such as you never saw excelled, either in Switzerland or Italy, and themes of sweet poetic inspiration every hour. Mrs. Cheever desires her most affectionate remembrances, and wishes we could have a visit from you.

Ever most truly,

Your loving friend and classmate,

G. B. C.

*From Mrs. C. to Mr. Longfellow.*

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW, DEAR SIR:

We frequently recur with pleasure to the semi-Centennial anniversary of so great interest at Brunswick, and if we remember rightly, you gave us some encouragement to hope that we might some day enjoy a visit from you in our rural home at Englewood. May it not be possible for you to come some time this spring. We have a pleasant, quiet retreat, in the region of the Palisades, and the scenery is beautiful. As to that, my husband desires me to say that however *nonsuited* for him, yet for "*Poeta Nascitur*," it is a good fit, and you would, he thinks, find it pleasant to ramble about at your leisure. He earnestly hopes that you will come and redeem this exquisite pun from ridicule, and put a soul of grand meaning in it by your own presence. I confess I don't think much of his puns, and this seems rather *far-fetched*, and indeed I cannot understand exactly what he means. But he has been talking of a *huge* bowlder in our vicinity which he very much wishes you to behold as it is the most extraordinary and perfect specimen in our land. He says again, you cannot *find* a *bolder*. I cannot cure him, so must let it go; only repeating and assuring you it would give us very great pleasure to welcome you. My husband desires his most affectionate regards, and with my own,

Very cordially yours,

E. H. CHEEVER.

*Extract of Letter from Mrs. C. to Mrs. Carrie Taylor.*

Are you not all shocked at the terrible dynamite business abroad and in our own land? It is truly alarming, and now our people are beginning to realize what a dangerous element there is existing among us. Such manifestations are indeed horrible, but only a small foresight of what hell is filled with: unredeemed sinners, who are the subjects of dreadful, unrestrained passions. How we revolt at the idea of spending eternity with such spirits, when they are not to be endured on earth! Yet all are doomed for that place unless pardoned and saved by the all-merciful Saviour, who must be sought with a believing, penitent, and contrite heart. Oh, that all would seek and find Him before it is too late! God's judgments are now abroad, and the whole earth is fearfully convulsed. God only knows how it will end. Oh, to be ready for what may betide us! for we know not what a day may bring forth. Dangers surround us everywhere. I want you all, dear Carrie, to be safely and securely resting on the Rock upheld by the Everlasting Arms where no harm can befall you. God grant it for the dear Redeemer's sake. My heart is continually with all my dear ones, and in much prayer for them.

*Extract of Letter from Mrs. C. to Mr. J. Taylor.*

What a blessing it is to feel that you were preserved and rescued from the dangers of the sea and restored to your comfortable, pleasant home! Oh, dear John, in all things give God, your Creator, Preserver, and constant Benefactor, all praise, and never forget Him and He will never forsake you, no, never. A friend and classmate of the Doctor's has just passed into the heavens; and oh, John, how I wish I could see you and tell you what a beautiful, triumphant death-bed scene it was! He said the indications that he was approaching heaven made him perfectly happy. It was all rapture and joy and peace. Not a cloud nor doubt, for Jesus had died to atone for his sins, and on Him he was resting in the full assurance of being forever with his Saviour.

*From Dr. C. to Miss Lily Taylor.*

MY DEAREST LILY:

I don't see what in the world you desire a letter from me for. Nevertheless, it is an honor to be asked to write

to an intelligent and charming young lady anywhere' and if I had the leisure I should certainly esteem it a privilege to correspond with forty a day, or even, if it were possible, as many as Solomon himself used to address. My private correspondence would in such a case be voluminous, as his must have been with seven hundred wives to attend to. No wonder they turned away his heart and consumed it entirely. Have you got so far in your arithmetic as to be able to work the sum: Supposing a man's heart divided among seven hundred wives; how much real affection would there be for each one, and how much peace and comfort for himself? For my part, I am satisfied with one loving heart, and I doubt not, dear Lily, you will be likewise when you come to choose; and meanwhile you will have been well disciplined in affection by having so many dear ones round you, each of whom you love with all your heart. We are glad to hear from you, and hope you are all well, as you seemed to be when you gave us your description of Newport. It is certainly very interesting to hear about the girls that have the mumps, and those whose tonsils are cut, and other extraordinary operations. As to the transplantation of some lovely household flower into other gardens, the thing is so customary that we should not be surprised at any time to hear that you yourself were plucked and carried off in triumph by some enthusiastic floriculturist. If my hard words trouble you, Fanny will help you out; but I remember when at your age we used to spell latitudinarian—anybody that could do that had the range of the whole dictionary; and there have been a good many harder words than that put into our vocabulary since then. The girls now wear hoops that even the boys then would not have been tall enough to trundle.

Well, dear Lily, I hope you will keep pace with the spirit of the age in all good things, and throw away all its evils and imperfections, so as to be yourself the very blossom and fruit of all that is good and lovely. Take all your dear brothers and sisters with you in the race, and may it be eternal; and so good-by, dear Lily, with love to all,

Ever your affectionate

UNCLE.

*From Mrs. C. to Mr. John Taylor.*

MY DEAR JOHN:

The past month, and in fact all summer, with the exception of a very few days, has been indescribably lovely, and now these autumnal days are glorious indeed. The grass as green as in early June, the foliage scarcely changed, and the air soft and balmy; it does one good to breathe it. Heaven and earth all combine to make our globe a paradise, yet how unmindful is man of his Creator, God, and how unwilling to serve and adore him. Oh, the madness of man, when God has given him the power to comprehend, and the heart to love, that he should be negligent and unwilling to acknowledge and praise Him! Why is it, when we have the privilege and the offer and the ear of the Almighty Ruler of this universe, that we are so reluctant to draw near to him? What a favor we should esteem it if an earthly potentate should be so condescending! How every tongue would praise and every knee would bow in adoration! Again I say, oh the madness of man to despise and reject such a ruler and such a kind heavenly benefactor! for in Him we live and move, and from Him receive all things that we have and enjoy on earth. His mercies are unnumbered, and He is continually doing us good, and withholding nothing that is for our highest good. Oh, dear John, let this be your determination, whatever others may resolve upon: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Heaven and earth will some day pass away, but this resolve fulfilled will carry you to those mansions of glory where you will find everlasting happiness and rest. You will be sorry to learn that cousin W. H., the Governor, is in deep grief for the loss of his beloved wife. But her end was perfect peace, trusting in her all-sufficient Saviour. Cousin writes me it is the only consolation he has in her removal from him. It is the only comfort to survivors when we can have the assurance of their eternal happiness. I enclose a scrap from a newspaper for your dear wife, which may give some useful hints for the management of her precious little ones. I have an idea that she is very perfect in the government of her household, and she may be in her children, but there can be no harm to have suggestions occasionally. Much love to your wife.

Ever your loving

AUNT LIZZIE.

*Letter to Dr. C., with presentation of Piano from "Puritan" to Mrs. C.*

Under the ministry of the beloved and honored pastor of the Church of the Puritans my soul has been often refreshed, through his preaching, under God. I have been inspired with an increasing love of justice and hatred of oppression. That I have been placed, in the good providence of God, under such faithful teaching, I shall ever regard as cause for increasing gratitude. "I had rather be a *doorkeeper* in the house of my God (with such a teacher) than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," or hold the highest position in a "popular" church, where they are "too religious" to defend the cause of the poor and the oppressed.

Having enjoyed such privileges, I feel that the language of Paul, in regard to "them of Macedonia and Achaia" is applicable to me. "For if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things." While grateful to the Author of all our mercies, it is but meet that some tangible proof of our regard should be given to His servants who minister in holy things. If we minister unto them in "carnal things," it is but an inadequate return for the "spiritual things" we are made partakers of through their instrumentality. These considerations prompt me to present this piano to the faithful wife of the Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D.

May its music be like the loving, gentle voice of dear friends to cheer and comfort you! I don't know that it can infuse more poetry into the Doctor's sermons, though I have understood that he once said that he could write with greater ease while skilful fingers were dancing over the keys; but it may infuse more music into his soul. If by it the strain upon his nervous system should be in any measure relaxed; if it should have any tendency, even the least, to make him, to use his own language, "as free from care as the lark that sings in the meadow"; if it should make one wrinkle upon his brow of slower growth, or retard the work of old age by but a single day,—then I shall esteem myself happy. I shall bless the Lord for enabling me to refresh one of His honored prophets and lighten his burdens with a little music.

PURITAN.

*From Mrs. C. to a dear Relative in China.*

December.

MY VERY DEAR ANNIE:

I *much* wonder at your *long* silence, for I have had *no* response from my letters to you. Have you forgotten me? I do not cease to *love* or *think* of you by day or night. Sometimes you appear in my dreams. Only recently I saw you in my slumbers, looking fresh and lovely, and I exclaimed, How is it possible, dear A., that you have preserved your youth and freshness in the hot climate of China, when the residents of many years there return with sallow complexions? I hope, dear child, that you do keep young in body, heart, and mind. We can, by cultivating a spirit of cheerfulness and resting our burdens on the Lord. Why should we ever feel old when we are only on the portal of our existence? "Immortal youth." How pleasant the thought, yet how hard to realize a life without change, and the blessedness of that world to which we are fast hastening! I do hope, dear A., we shall all be ready for it when summoned to leave this world of so many cares and sorrows. I long to see you, but fear it may be a long time before I can have that pleasure, if you are intending to make China your permanent home. What has induced you to build? I can only feel reconciled by the thought of your doing good among the poor Chinese. I hope you still continue your efforts among them, "for they that win souls to Christ are to shine as the stars in the Redeemer's kingdom for ever and ever." What a glorious promise, and worth striving for! All else is "vanity and vexation of spirit," and is soon gone. The life here is "as a tale that is told, and flies swifter than a weaver's shuttle." While we are reasoning and planning for life (as some author says), *life* is *gone*, and it is marvellous how men waste their precious moments, and toil and labor for that which, when gained, only brings with it sorrow and disappointment. But to be rich in faith and good works is an inheritance which can never be taken from us.

I suppose you hear often from your loved ones at home. It was quite late in the autumn before we returned from our summer tour, and having taken a sudden and severe cold, it has confined me to the house almost ever since, so that I have not been to town; consequently have not seen, or heard of any news to communicate. All are well, however. We much enjoy our pleasant home and its lovely

surroundings. I wish we could have a visit from you and S. We live comfortably and trust are grateful for our many mercies. All my trouble is, that so many are going in the path of sin and neglecting their soul's salvation. I long for them to be aroused before it is *too late*. . . .

Do let me hear from you soon, dear A., all about your plans, your home, and everything that concerns you. Don't let such a long time elapse without a line from you. I long to hear from you. The Doctor is quite well, and the *same good, devoted* husband as ever. We have just passed our thirty-third wedding anniversary. It has been a life of poetry and *full* of happiness, God be praised. Perhaps our letters have been lost in the frequent mail robberies on the Pacific coast. I suppose you receive all the papers, and are kept informed of all that is going on in political life and the general topics of the day. I cannot write more, as it pains me to stoop, and I am forbidden to use my right arm, as it seems to increase my cough. I have had some slight bronchial disturbance, but it is nearly all over now. Still I must be careful. . . .

Good-by, darling. Hoping to see you soon, I am, as ever, your loving aunt.

Love to Sheppard. LIZZIE.

*From Dr. C. to Mrs. C.*

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Monday night, after lecture.

Well, my dear, darling love, I find myself, through the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father, mercifully protected and brought safely here, where I am most hospitably entertained in a very lovely family, at the head of which is a son of one of my old friends in Boston, and all seeming as kind and affectionate as if they too had been old friends. It is really very pleasant and makes me greatly wish that you were with me, you would find it so delightful. And to-night I have got through the dreaded experiment of the trial of my first lecture very much more comfortably than I expected, and with a very large and patient audience, although I am quite ashamed to say that it took me and them an hour and a half—I fighting and they forbearing, I furious in the pulpit, and they faint yet pursuing in the pews. It is not more than once in a year that they are surprised into such a steeple-chase, so

I am not very much concerned, seeing that no necks were broken; and there being no galleries, nobody could fall down dead from an upper window, overcome with sleep by Paul's long preaching. Now, my dearest love, I hope your kind dear friend, Miss Linsey, is with you, comforting and rejoicing your heart, and in that hope I feel much more at ease concerning you than I should if I thought you were alone. Pray give her my kindest remembrances, and tell her I was sorry not to have been able to see her before I left. I am regretting not being able to get this letter in the post for to-night, as the delay will cost a day longer before you can receive it. Don't be too anxious about the house, for though judicious efforts on our part may help towards getting a purchaser, anxieties will not, and I presume the Lord knoweth already who is to buy the house, and when, unless some one is to rent it, and that he knows also. Therefore consume not yourself with care about anything, unless it be your husband's obstinate long-windedness. The guitar in my head made wondrous music to-night. Had I been with the Highland regiment in India, advancing to the relief of Lucknow, and blown my nose in front of the ranks, the besieged would have heard it long before the noise of the Scotch bagpipes, and would have rejoiced accordingly. But my hearers here doubtless wished they could have put bagpipes, guitar, and a sack of cobwebs down my speaking trumpet before I got through. The Lord bless you and keep you, dearest love, as the apple of His eye. Ever your loving husband. GEORGE.

*Mrs. C. to her Husband.*

MY OWN DEAR PRECIOUS ONE:

I was truly glad to receive your *sweet*, affectionate note from Worcester to-day. It was a comfort to my sorrowful heart. I say sorrowful, because I can never feel otherwise in your absence; and how can I when you are the light and life and joy of my existence. But you must be happy, dearest, and improve every moment in growing fat and treasuring up all the sayings and doings of everybody, so as to communicate fully on your return. I shall ask you a thousand questions, and as some compensation for these *long, dreary* days, shall expect the most satisfactory information. I know you will enjoy yourself

among our many dear friends, and wish so much that I could be with you, sharing their hospitality and kindness. You must stop one Sabbath at Worcester with good Mr. Washburn and Lizzie, and not hurry home on my account. I long to see you, but as much as I desire to have you with me, yet I should forego any pleasure and make any sacrifice rather than your health should suffer for the want of a change. Now, my darling husband, do for my sake attend carefully to yourself, and do not lecture too often, neither eat at night, or drive yourself, and be careful in getting in and out of the cars. Miss Owen did not come, as she promised, and George has dined abroad every day since you left; but I manage to live and will strive to be happy and contented for your sake, so don't be troubled. How funny your description of me at the telegraph station. I always laugh when I think of it. A letter from Boston has just been received, desiring to know the subject of your proposed lecture at the Tremont Temple, and when you will arrive, and where you may be found by the committee; also, that Mr. Charles Frothingham, the former correspondent, has resigned his office as secretary, and you must direct to Mr. John J. Foster. Cousin James Hoppin will go to Miss Demming; I am truly sorry, for it would give me such pleasure to entertain him, particularly as I am so much alone. Do remember me with much love to his dear wife and little one; also to *kind* Mr. Waters. He must come on this winter and cheer us with his hearty laugh. I hope he will give you a bag of coffee. Now, dearest, good-by. Write me daily, and with ever so much love, and, as dear little Essie says, so many kisses,

Your *fondly attached* and loving

LIZZIE.

I received your letter dated Tuesday this evening; hope to have another to-morrow. Direct my letters to your care or I shall not receive them. They will not deliver letters from the lower office unless to *your care*. I hope you will not have the *night-mare*. My last thought is of you at night, and to God's kind care I recommend you. Good-by.

I have been reading Stanley's travels through the dark continent of Africa. It is intensely interesting—as much so as a novel. What a field for missionary work! Stanley has opened the way as well as Livingstone, and with the projected railway, we shall soon see Ethiopia extending

her hands to God and Heaven. What a glorious spectacle when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and all the families of mankind shall be blessed in Him! The Seventy-second Psalm is about to be fulfilled, and "He shall have dominion from sea to sea; and from the *Livingstone* River to the ends of the earth." The kings of Tarshish shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him. All nations shall serve Him."

And our nation—what of us, ourselves? Have we yet *even* begun His service? which consists of sparing the poor and needy and *saving* the souls of the needy? Look at the *tenement* houses; look at the Chinese; look at the Indians; look at the negroes, and the *shot-gun* policy with which they are treated! What a bill God has against us, a professedly *Christian* nation! I *tremble*. Good-by, dear Sarah, and with love to dear Willie and your better half,

Ever yours affectionately,

E. H. C.

*The Doctor's Letter. Prescription for Rheumatism from Mrs. C. to Mrs. Hunter.*

My dear Fanny:

I am very sorry to hear that you are such a sufferer from rheumatism, and I want to ask Dr. King to give you some preparation.

It is a mixture of Potassium and Soda Tart., bi-Carbonate Potass., Acetat Potass. ℥ i, with Vini Lem. Colch. ʒ ii, and syr. Aurant q. s. facere ℥ viii —S. Tablespoonful three times a day in carbonic acid water. A syphon bottle of carbonic acid water.

If you can't read this and decipher and understand, it is just because you are no more of a chemist or doctor than we are, who are nothing at all, but have to take on trust what the doctors write out for us. Perhaps if you chew up this leaf of Lizzie's letter, and keep it in your mouth till bed-time, as you would a piece of spruce gum, or as some would a quid of tobacco, taking it out, however, before you go to sleep, it would have all the effect of a bottle of the prescription made up. If, however you prefer the liquid, just hand over the paper to Dr. King,

who will be able to put it into English, or guess pretty accurately at its meaning. I have no doubt he will think it was intended for something good, and probably he can make out of it something better than the inventor ever thought possible. It is worth trying. Our dear Lizzie thinks it is doing her good, though she has very little faith in doctors and wishes to get rid of them just as soon as possible, and generally says that their coming is the cause of her sickness.

Some people are very ungrateful, but it can't be helped; for in this case it is simple unbelief, not ingratitude, she being very thankful for all the merciful restoration of health experienced and hoped for through whatever instrumentalities. She hopes, and we both do, that you will soon be better; but she is quite resolved not to put pen again to her letter, seeing how I have spoiled it, and insists on my finishing what I have spoiled. Another proof of ingratitude, but doubtless from want of belief in my good and kind intentions. It occurs to me, as she has compelled me to go on with this sheet, that if you would write out the names of John's daughters, or get Dr. King to do so, putting a word or two of Latin before them, *fiat quant. suff.*, or something equal, and send it as a recipe to your druggist to be put up, something very powerful would be returned to you. Take of Zenobia, ℥ ii, Eudora, ℥ viii, mingle C. Milfet, ℥ i, syr. Franconia, ℥ iv, Orlando, ℥ vi, and take it in a bottle of Hiram Wilson after each meal. If you wish to give it a more Scriptural air, you might take the names of the daughters of Zelophehad, and tell the druggist to send you a decoction of Malah and Noah, Hoglah, Milcah, and Tirzah with a phial of Aaron's rod that budded.

We are delighted at the grace and beauty with which dear John is populating the English world. What a sweet and charming woman he must have gained as his wife! We ought to have them all in this country, and hope they will not always be expatriated. It is delightful to see your dear children growing up so prosperous and goodly, like young cedars of Lebanon, or perhaps I should say palms of Palmyra, Zenobia being queen and first-born of the grandchildren. John ought to write an Oriental novel and bring them all in. Dear Lizzie sits knitting a pair of stockings, like grandma, and tells me to take up my stitches and say what a noble brother John has been to Willie, and how glad we are that he promises so well to

reward him for all his affection and faithfulness. I believe Lizzie thinks you have no right to have the rheumatism, or any other ailment of humanity, with so many dear children belonging to you. Dear Lizzie will have to add her signature to this, with my love to Bessie and all, and her endorsement of the prescription for Dr. King. And so, dearest Fanny, good-by. A nice dose for you.

Adieu.

*Mrs. C. to the Pilot's Home.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE PILOT'S HOME:

I received your kind note acknowledging the few books I sent, and as it seems an acceptable gift, I take the liberty of adding a few more volumes to your library. I am extremely gratified to learn from Mrs. Wilbur of the prosperity of your enterprise, and hope by the blessing of God it may grow into a great institution. You have now, I believe, quite a good library, and perhaps a fund might be raised to enable you to enlarge your operations. I have great pleasure in adding my mite, which I herewith enclose.

Wishing you every possible success, and the mercy of God unto life eternal, I am sincerely your friend,

E. H. C.

*To the Pilot's Reading-room, Newport, R. I.*

*Resolutions of the Pilot's, Boatman's, and Workingman's Association, presented to Mrs. C.*

At a meeting of the Pilot's, Boatman's, and Workingman's Association, held at their reading-room Monday evening, January 6, the following resolutions were read and passed, and a copy ordered to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Cheever:

"Whereas, By the kind benevolence of Mrs. Dr. Cheever some twenty or more volumes of books and pamphlets, and a Testament to every member, have been presented to the reading-room of the Pilot's, Boatman's, and Workingman's Association, therefore resolved, That the members of the Pilot's, Boatman's, and Workingman's Association tender their kindest thanks to Mrs. Dr.

Cheever for thus generously presenting to their reading-room such a nice and valuable collection of books."

Please to accept this as a testimonial of our just appreciation of your kind and generous heart.

For, and in behalf of, the Pilot's, Boatman's, and Workingman's Association,

HENRY P. WILLIAMS, Secy.
EMILY O. GIBBES, President.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, January 16.

MY DEAR MARY:

I cannot allow this season to pass without sending you our *warm* greetings and *kind* wishes for the New Year. I often think of you, dear Mary, and feel for you in your many trials. How disheartening they would be but for the assurance *you have* that the eternal God is leading and directing; and *underneath* are the *Everlasting* Arms and the comforting, *precious* promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be"! What a blessed thing to know, that in *all* the sorrows and vicissitudes of life God is leading His *trusting* children, disciplined by them, to their final home in heaven!

I was grieved to hear of Mrs. M.'s death. What a *loss* to Cousin Clara! She was a charming woman. I always loved her, though I had not seen much of her in late years. We were playmates in childhood, and I well remember her kind, tender sympathy for me *once*, in my home-sickness, and her earnest pleadings with her mother to rouse her brother Charles from his slumbers to take me to dear Mrs. Russell, *where* I was *comforted*. Mrs. R. has not, I believe, forgotten it.

*From Mrs. C. to a dear Friend in England.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You cannot know how pleased and gratified I was to hear from you once more. I have long been wishing to communicate with you, but not knowing your whereabouts could not, and I have felt sad and disappointed. You can then imagine my pleasure when I received, a few weeks since, your affectionate letter from London, assuring us that we were *not* forgotten. I wrote you soon after

your young friend's return to England from this country, but not receiving any reply, concluded the letter had been miscarried, or you had gone to Switzerland.

So, dear friend, you are again bereaved in the removal of a dear sister. I mourn with you, but I doubt not you have every consolation, and can with trusting faith cast all your cares and trials on Him, for

"All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words he talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

"Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to him *unknown;*
*He* to-day, and *He* to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives his own."

We have once more had the pleasure of welcoming our old friend, Gavazzi, to our beloved shore, and most grateful we have been to see him. He has very little changed in his personal appearance, and is the same bold, eloquent, powerful orator as ever. What wonderful changes have been wrought in his beloved Italy through his instrumentality! God be praised! I thought of you when I saw him, for I knew what a warm admirer of him you always were. He spent a day with us in our rural home, and we hope to have a longer visit from him before he leaves America.

### *Dr. C.'s Letter to Mr. Samuel Wetmore.*

MY VERY DEAR AND KIND BROTHER:

There is a well-known proverb—A Saturday's dream and Sunday's told, will come to pass before 'tis old. There may be truth in it, and if so, then equally a Sunday's dream told Monday will more likely still come to pass. I hope it may be so with mine, and therefore I shall tell it. Last night I dreamed that I met your dear, sainted sister Mary, I know not where, but somewhere in this world, and she appeared very sorrowful because of your illness, but told me that she hoped you had become a true Christian, or was seeking to be such in prayer, and she wished me to see you, and encourage and comfort you. Just think of it! I told her I would endeavor to see you in the evening, and now I certainly will not fail to deliver

her message, for she said you had been deeply inpressed by something you had read or heard from the Rev. Mr. Birks, and I think she added that you had received much comfort and peace from his teaching. Now this was a little remarkable, but may be accounted for partly by the fact that I had been reading some of Mr. Birk's excellent annotations on "Paley's Evidences of Christianity." Now, if the spirits of those dear to us on earth who have gone before us into glory are permitted the blessed privilege of revisiting this earth, sometimes, on errands of love and mercy to those dear to them, I know not why this may not have been one of those blissful transactions of anxiety and love. At any rate, I feel that I ought to report the dream to you and leave its interpretation with you. May God's infinite, precious grace bless you with it and in it, and make the loving message of your angel sister a fulfilment in your own happiness, preparing you to join her before the throne of God in glory, to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. I can't tell you the deep impression made upon me by the anxious, loving, heavenly face of Mary as I saw her and heard her message for you. It is a great thing to have received such a sacred communication. God forbid we should disregard it! For God speaketh once, yea ofttimes, to warn us and prepare us for His blessed will. His merciful methods were well known in the days of Job as well as of Joseph and Daniel and Ezekiel, and there has never been, in any age, any method of the Lord's mercy to awaken us and draw us to Himself which is not still employed in the ministrations of his grace in Christ Jesus to seek and to save the lost, even such guilty creatures as we are in this ungodly and blaspheming generation.

*From Mrs. C. to Miss Noble.*

MY DEAR MISS NOBLE:

My husband has been wishing to write to tell you how he has enjoyed and admired your admirable little book, but for two weeks has been prostrated by a cold which has affected his eyes. He is much pleased with the genius manifested in the work, both in the original delineation of character, and the humor, pathos, and truth to nature. As a picture of practical piety it is admirable, and we hope you will be spared to write many volumes as useful, good,

and attractive. I have read it with the same delight, and we both thank you for its sweet lessons.

Have you met with any of the A. L. O. E. books? The last published, "Hebrew Heroes," "Rescue from Egypt," "Shepherd of Bethlehem," etc. The lessons are in the same method of practical excellence as "Under Shelter." We have both wondered if it could be possible that you have in your region a work-house containing such racy characters and processes of spiritual transformation. If so, it would be a good idea to have all the inhabitants of Sing Sing turned into it. I wish we might have the pleasure of a visit from you some time. We should be so pleased to welcome you. We are having quite an Arctic winter, with much snow, but it is charming in the country, and we are enjoying it. I have not seen your sister, Mrs. W., for many months, but hope she is quite well. Will you remember us very kindly and affectionately to her when you write? With our sincere regards to your parents and sisters, believe me cordially yours,

E. H. C.

*From Mr. W. W. Hoppin to Dr. C.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

I was most happy to get your note, giving us a prospect of seeing you, and especially of hearing you. I shall delight to have Abraham and Moses express their views on slavery in my little church, and I hope that those who will not hear Moses and the prophets may be led to see that it is something *in themselves*, the spirit of injustice and despotism in themselves, that influences them in this matter. Mr. Waters says he has written you about the arrangement of the lecture.

P. S.—I have read with some care your articles in the Bib. Sac. I had the *intuition*, almost, that the truth was so beforehand, that there was really no possession *in man* among the Hebrews, and that the development of perfect freedom was begun in the O. T. to be finished in the N. T., but I was rejoiced with the thorough, logical, *light-breaking* character of your articles. It seemed as if the old eclipse was passing off, and the sepulchral light that a dead criticism had shed over the Bible was giving place to a new morning.

*From Mrs. Abernethy to Dr. C.*

MY DEAR PASTOR:

Have you an extra copy of the *Times* containing your sermon on the Bible in Schools? Mr. Roberts wants one to send to Mr. Clark at Washington. He heard the sermon and it made a great impression upon him. He is about to make a speech on some subject, and for some reason which I do not exactly understand it is deemed desirable, either by himself or some one else, that he should have a copy of your sermon. I wish I could tell you how much my heart is with you in all your trials. I sympathize with you so fully in the stand you have taken, and the sacrifices you have made for a despised truth, that I have gone down into the depths with you and borne my share of distress at the painful spectacle of truth fallen in the streets. I am as thoroughly persuaded that you have done right as I should be if the multitudes in our guilty city were crying Hosanna.

I believe Christ was as truly divine when the multitudes cried "crucify Him" as when they said "Hosanna to the Son of David," and paid Him divine honors. The great work you have done for Christ in bringing His blessed Word out of captivity and freeing it from the dreadful reproach of justifying slavery, is a work which will last whatever else may be buried; and you may rest assured no man can take your crown. May the truth which you have so often dispensed acceptably and profitably to others sustain you and bring you off conqueror, is the prayer of

Yours truly,

M. ABERNETHY.

*To Dr. Cheever from Mr. James L. Batchelder.*

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Since the brief interview yesterday I could not forbear adding a word more. You may recollect that in 1836, when you were pastor of the Howard Street Church, Salem, Mass., that a young man called upon you to converse with you on the subject of personal salvation. He (myself) was then a frequent attendant on your preaching, of which he has been an admirer to this day.

You may recollect of kneeling down and praying for that young man in your study at the house of Mr. Smith.

I never shall forget it; I presume it shall be one of those events to be specially remembered by me forever—not only in the present state, but in that to come. My dear brother, you never knew what it cost, in feeling, to that young man at that time to leave your ministrations to connect himself with the Baptist church in that town. You know it so happens often in this world one spirit wields an immense influence over another. It has been so with you. The impression I then received from your preaching has followed and abode with me through life to the present hour; it has been quickened and deepened into activity as often as I have chanced to come in contact with your writings. My soul was indeed refreshed, as I was permitted on my first coming to this city, some weeks since, to listen to the same Christian fidelity, the same bold utterances, the same God-fearing spirit that I was wont to hear twenty-three years since. The *Independent* now dates your anti-slavery preaching no farther back than 1856. If Brother Storrs made the calculation, it is easily understood, for in 1836 he was a *boy*, and a Sophomore in Amherst College when I was a Freshman. I graduated in 1840, was engaged in teaching in the South four years, came to Ohio in 1844, preached some and engaged in teaching until 1847, when I became connected with the Ohio *Journal and Messenger* as publisher, proprietor, and editor, in which connection I remained until the summer of 1856.

I occasionally sent you my paper from Cinn. I have quite recently been invited to take charge of the business of the *American Baptist*, and to be one of the editors with a prospective view of having the entire control in the future. My connection here, however, I look upon as being *an experiment*, as great changes are taking place in our denomination, and the society in which we are interested is quite feeble—raising only some $8,000 to $10,000 for Free Missions per annum. My dear brother, from the first commencement of the difficulty in your church (which I noticed out West) I have watched its development with the deepest interest. Be assured that many in other churches, like myself, have been praying for you. Only think of it,—you do doubtless,—I was struck with the thought as I entered the house on Union Square some weeks since and heard you for the first time after twenty-three years, What a man may do for God and his race by the faithful, the persistent, unceasing application of

Divine Truth for a score of years! Twenty-three years of faithful preaching, how much has it accomplished! I so expressed myself in our paper, and have sent you such copies as I thought you would be interested in—sent you the one last week. Stand up faithfully for Jesus, my brother! Battle valiantly for the truth! God will ever stand by you if you are true to Him, as He has in the past. Did he not when in the dungeon at Salem? *And then there is to come the eternal fruition in the eternal ages!* Excuse this warmth of expression, and may the Lord Jesus be with you, and the Divine Spirit abide with and direct you, is the prayer of your friend and brother,

JAMES L. BATCHELDER.

### *Mr. Hyatt's Letter.*

VISITING HIM IN JAIL.—The wife of Thaddeus Hyatt, the contumacious witness who was confined for refusing to testify before the investigating Senate Committee, arrived in this city on the day before yesterday, and in the afternoon visited her husband in his room at the jail. Mr. H. has apartments fitted in fine style, and entertains many of his friends.

MY DEAR WIFE:

That dear, good man Cheever has written me again, and *his wife* too. She says she is going to see you. Mr. Sumner was here yesterday; he also came here on Friday last purposely to see you. I was sorry that you had gone. You have never in any letter expressed any thanks to this dear man for his attention to me: he is a man who appreciates such things. It would not be bold or improper, but very proper for you to address him a little note of thanks; say how much you regret that circumstances prevented you from the pleasure of seeing him on Friday last, and how much you feel the attention he shows your husband. When yesterday I showed him Dr. Cheever's letter, he exclaimed: "Ah! what a good man! Cheever is one of the *iron posts* in the balustrade by which *we ascend!* You know," he said, "that when a carpenter builds a staircase he inserts at intervals a certain number of iron posts in place of wood; the rest are pine, put in not for strength but only for looks. The iron posts are the real ones. Well,

Cheever is one of these iron supports that I feel, when I get hold of, I have something to rely on while I am striving to ascend the great staircase of life!" Isn't this beautiful? Well, this dear man Sumner is full of such beauties. He came in yesterday in better spirits than I have ever seen him. Immediately on sitting down he remarked: "Now let me give you the autobiography of a day," and then he narrated how he had gone to the Capitol, where a few forms only were gone through with; how then he went into the studio of the artists in the Capitol, saw Kenset's pictures and Brown's statuary, and remarked to them: "Gentlemen, you see me dodge in and out, stopping but for a moment. Well, my colleagues go into the studio below (the bar) to get their *inspiration* and *take a drink:* they get the kind they want, but I prefer to take *drink here!* this is the kind of inspiration I prefer. I think it far preferable to the other kind which they sell below at a dime a glass!"

Farewell, my dear wife. Give my love to Dolly and the rest, and believe me ever your affectionate husband,

THADDEUS.

*From Miss E. Wheelwright to Rev. Dr. C.*

DEAR SIR:

I trust I may be allowed as an old friend to offer you my own thanks, together with the thanks of other friends, for the precious little volume entitled "Way-marks." On reading it I felt that you had done a service to the church which the light of eternity alone can reveal. I received a note from a friend yesterday, from which I think I may have leave to quote. She thus writes: We cannot say too much of that blessed little volume. When I opened its pages I can say that I felt that I was receiving a gift directly from God, who, knowing how my famishing soul had been yearning after such heavenly teaching, bestowed upon me this treasure as an expression of His tender love.

Another friend in the vicinity of Boston thus expresses her high appreciation: The "Way-marks" I could liken to nothing but one of Beethoven's symphonies, and if any one will read it and trace it along, I think they will find the same harmony, all in a heavenly key. Oh! what strong words start out among all the beauty of it, etc. Perhaps I may venture to extend any quotation, for the purpose, dear

sir, of giving you a word of encouragement. This friend, together with many others, has participated warmly in the trials of the Anti-slavery Contest, through which you have passed. In relation to this subject, she proceeds, after speaking of the influence of your decided course upon herself: Disheartened with the other ministers, so-called, I know not what I should have been, if I had not been able to look up and see Dr. Cheever towering above them all, in all the grandeur and beauty and bravery of the truth as it is in Jesus. I praise the Lord for such a burning and shining light. Yes, dear sir, you have been ascending the hill Difficulty while large numbers of God's own people have been standing at the foot of the hill, fearing to take a step upward. That many of them are truly God's people, we cannot doubt; and more especially when, in some few instances of which we have knowledge, they confess, both publicly and privately, their past errors and mistakes.

We heard of your intention, dear sir, to visit your Newburyport friends, and hoped we should have seen you before this. Perhaps it may be in your power this coming summer. Many of your former friends have gone, and the evening shadows are gathering on others, as you will readily perceive; but I need not assure you that you are gratefully remembered by those who remain. Without apology for this long note, I remain

Truly yours in Christian bonds,

E. WHEELWRIGHT.

*From Mrs. C. to Mrs. Field.*

MY DEAR MRS. FIELD:

My dear husband was purposing to write you to-day, but as he is not feeling very well, having a bad cold, and is so hard at work, that he had deputed me to write for him, and express his heartfelt thanks for your kind remembrance, and to tell you how much he enjoys the flagroot, so beautifully sugared and interpenetrated with sweetness, like your own dear selves. I must thank you too, dear Mrs. Field, and tell you how often we think of you in your charming home at Stockbridge. We can never forget its beautiful surroundings. You must be enjoying intensely the scenery, now so gorgeous with the autumnal tints. Englewood is lovely too, and we want

you all to come and see us as soon as you return to New York, and before you settle yourselves for the winter. Please don't forget. With our kindest remembrance to Dr. F. and Miss F., not forgetting your dear little household pet.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now." My dear husband says he has had such a cold that he would have been glad to have been cradled asleep in a basket of bulrushes like Moses, when a baby, if only the flags had been sugared as yours have been, which it is plain they were not, for when the little fellow woke up finding the flag-root bitter, he began to cry. If you had had the construction of the cradle, we should have had the first testimonial from Moses in a smile upon his rosy lips, saying, as the little babes in Egypt were in the habit of prattling, "This is awful sweet," or "Its just lovely, just too lovely for anything."

Perhaps you may be familiar with this baby language even in New England.

*To Mrs. C. from A. T. Owen.*

MY DEAR AND MUCH-LOVED MRS. CHEEVER:

I was delighted to receive your kind letter and to find that your health is so much improved, and now I hope you will return to New York quite fortified against the severities of the winter. I knew you would feel the loss of your pets, you loved them so much and took such a deep interest in them. They can never cease to think of you and love you, and they very often speak of you and their dear uncle in the most affectionate manner. I don't think there is another being on earth little Fan loves so much as her uncle. Your little Johnny continues to love you dearly, and I have never seen him so sweet and thoughtful with any one else. He is indeed a lovely boy, the most noble-hearted and affectionate little darling that ever lived. I always call him your boy, for I think he is so like you in many ways. Fanny is also very sweet and cunning, but as you know, a little perverse at times. I keep up the constant habit of prayer with them morning and evening; and we go out on Sabbath mornings, when the weather permits, and play Sunday-school in the woods. Fanny begins to pray very nicely, and it seems to come from her heart. Little Milly is sweet,

and begins to speak very well, and I love the baby dearly, on account of its name. I feel, my dear Mrs. Cheever, very much the responsibility devolving on me with regard to these dear children, and an ardent desire to lead them in the right way—to point them to the Saviour, and to the "blessed hope beyond the grave." Do continue to pray for us, that I may have strength and grace to direct their tender minds in the way that is most pleasing to God. I shall feel the separation from you exceedingly, my dear Mrs. Cheever, for I did not know how dearly I loved you until I was away from you. How can I ever feel grateful enough for all your kindness, or ever forget your sweet, encouraging looks and words! How much I shall miss those delightful Sabbath evenings we spent with the dear children in the parlor, and the many pleasant hours we spent under your happy roof! I have never seen those dear little lambs so perfectly happy anywhere else. Hoping soon to see you, ever lovingly yours,

ANNIE T. OWEN.

*From Dr. C. to Mrs. C.*

DEAREST LIZZIE LOVE:

Though this letter may possibly not reach you before the arrival of the writer, yet he chooses to drop it into the office and let it take its chance. It is a fine, bright, clear, cold, sparkling winter's morning, and the weather has been of this type ever since our snow-storm, though the drifts have somewhat interrupted the travelling, and the sudden cold and unbroken ways keep our audiences this week somewhat thin. To-night I expect to lecture in Leominster, on the way back to Worcester, where I expect to spend Thursday, and hope, by God's blessing, to be with you on Friday. I ought to have made arrangements with you to write me at Worcester, for I long to hear from you, dearest love, and how you do. I hope you have not been lonely, nor down-hearted, nor sick, nor in prison, except on your visits of mercy, where may the Lord bless your efforts. We hear of nothing more being done to crush the Rebellion, and begin to think there is no actual intention of doing anything more, except by compromise. Meantime the people are wide asleep and like men walking in a dream, muttering and helpless,

and what is more, unwilling and even angry if you strive to wake them up. Nevertheless we may still hope that God will work for us, and at the darkest hour will appear for our deliverance. In the mount it shall be seen. The Lord keep you, dearest love, and bless you.

Ever your loving husband,

GEORGE.

*From Mrs. C. to her Cousin Mrs. Lee.*

MY VERY DEAR COUSIN:

Many thanks for your charming letter from Lauterbach. I most truly appreciate your loving kindness in writing so often, and I can assure you your letters are highly enjoyed. Mary Hoppin sent me recently your two last, with one from your dear Mary to Josephine, which was very kind. I was very glad to learn of your granddaughter's recovery, and her happiness in having her dear little babe spared to her. How happy you all seem in each other! It is charming. What, dear cousin, is more beautiful than a united, happy family; and what a foreshadowing of that home in heaven, where all is love and joy! Your trip in the summer to Ems with your dear ones, and the Emperor's flattering attentions must have been very pleasant and gratifying to yourself and children. I am so glad you are happy in your loved ones, and hope it will continue far into the future. From one of your letters, dear cousin, I feared that you might have received erroneous impressions of my habit of imparting knowledge and instruction to my servants. I was led to it by reflecting on the neglect, almost universal, of Christian families to provide their servants whom God had committed to their care with spiritual and mental food for the elevation of their immortal natures. In many cases servants are left entirely uninstructed and unguarded, as if they were not responsible beings. This is especially the case with Roman Catholic servants, who are left to the entire dominion of their priests, who keep them in ignorance of the Bible, and of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. The fiction and poetry you would have me drop are such books as would make important spiritual and historical truths attractive, and create a taste for something higher and better than the mass of dime novels now flooding the country, and with which

the servants are abundantly supplied: and for want of better reading and instruction, are in many cases feasting upon them, and corrupting both morals and manners.

I have learned recently, to my gratification, from the Wetmore Memorial, that some of my good ancestors, in early days, were in the habit of reading to their servants and instructing them in the principles of the Gospel, and by their teachings were instrumental in making their lives here good and useful, and in preparing them for the life to come. I hope I may be successful in my efforts, and am inclined to think I inherited the desire from them to labor for such, for I feel happy in so doing, and think their example worthy following. Our good and gifted Aunt Whittlesey, my grandfather's half-sister, and Fred Chauncey's grandmother, was an example, and her household was esteemed a model Christian home, and she was treated by her servants with the greatest deference and respect. I wish you could see the volume; it dates far back, and gives a most interesting account of Colonial times and of the early settlers in the Connecticut colony. Your family is mentioned. It is a large volume, and I had no idea that we were such an extensive family. We are now settled at home, and John Taylor is living opposite to us; but it is only temporary, as he intends to move in the spring. He has a most interesting family and we enjoy having them near us. His youngest boy has mother's family name, Wyatt Warner, on her father's side, and is a bright, darling little fellow of two and a half years.

*Extract of Letter from Mr. Jay Odell.*

DEAR SIR:

I feel as if I would like to volunteer a word of encouragement to you in your great efforts to bring the teachings of God's Word to bear upon the conscience of professed Christians in our land, in reference to the sin of slave-holding. Though a stranger personally to you, yet I am very well acquainted with you through your writings. I have been greatly strengthened and encouraged by the illustration of truth as presented by you.

From my early life I have endeavored to do the same thing with all the ability and wisdom I possessed, and all this I could gather by going to school to you. Be

assured that multitudes of young men are coming up under the same instructor to become sooner or later mighty opposers of this great iniquity. They frequently remark to me that they must have the *Independent*, and the greatest attraction is the instruction derived from your communications. You are thus educating the consciences of the people, and ere long the result will appear for the honor and glory of God, for the spread of truth, and the liberation of the oppressed.

My prayer to God is, that you may live to wield the hammer of Truth these many years yet, even until oppression in our land shall cease, and that you may with your own eyes see its end, and with your ears hear the shouts of freedom from the last bondsman in America. This word of encouragement I most heartily give, for I reflect that you, though a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, are mortal, like others; and since you have so long bent the back, the head, and the heart to this great and mighty work of benevolence, and done it, too, when you had good reason to look for approbation and co-operation from other laborers in the ministry, but instead thereof have received from them rebuke, contumely, disfellowship, scorn, hatred, and all manner of evil speaking, it may be refreshing and cheering to you, as it always is to the reformer, to hear the voice of approbation and friendship. Work on then! Imagine you hear in yonder future world the songs and shouts of gladness by vast multitudes of those who shall have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, and brought into His Kingdom through your labors and instrumentality, because their bonds were broken and they have been permitted to hear, know, and understand God's truth for themselves. Think, my brother, what a glorious crown you shall wear if you remain faithful to the end! What a multitude of stars shall adorn your crown of rejoicing in the day when Christ shall reward His laborers on earth according to the amount of good work they have done! Right over against this thought, and in contrast with it, another is now suggested to my mind. In no place in the Bible has God told us that an apologist for wrong-doing, as such, shall ever add a star to his crown of rejoicing. Smite on them! Smite the oppressor. Smite the apologist for oppression. Smite those who "sew pillows to the armholes of oppressors." Smite those who care not if oppression is done. Smite them all with the hammer of

God's truth. Ere long this iniquity will be broken in pieces. Yea, now long seams have been made in this great rock, and I know of no one in our land who has done so much to make them as you. God and Christ bless you, and give you strength and wisdom all your days. Yours in Christ, JAY ODELL.

*From Mr. Gajani to Mrs. C.*

MY DEAR MRS. CHEEVER:

It is very long since I am deprived of the advantage of seeing you. I remember always with gratitude and satisfaction every kind of attention and favors I have received from you and Dr. Cheever, to whom I am indebted also for moral precious gifts. I shall never forget how much I am indebted to you.

I am here in the house of Mr. Roberti, an Italian gentleman, who keeps a Young Ladies' School. My friend Mr. Foresti came here expressly to present me to his friends. As now I can speak English a little, I have been encouraged to deliver some lectures on the last revolution of Rome, and I am willing to make an attempt to do it about on the 20th day of next September. In the meantime I continue to study your language. If I can make myself understood, I hope to be able to denounce some secret works of the Pope and Jesuits not yet well known.

Present my best respects to Rev. Dr. Cheever, and believe me truly your affectionate friend,

G. GAJANI.

*From Mr. Gajani to Dr. C.*

MY DEAR PASTOR:

Your kind note of the 17th instant afforded me great consolation; I thank you above all for the blessed words with which you remind me of my religious duties. It would be too bad for me to forget them when the Lord gives me so many tokens of His divine grace. I relied upon Him when I had very gloomy days, and now I pray to Him with all my heart, acknowledging His benefits. Gloomy days may yet come, but the Lord will constantly be my refuge: neither excessive fear nor tumultuous joy will be able to trouble my heart, because I take all from

the hand of God. I pray often for you and Mrs. Cheever, ever grateful for all that both of you have done for my spiritual and temporal welfare. My book so far has met with success. Professor Silliman informed me that one of his servant girls, almost entirely perverted and brought to Papacy by a false friend, has been restored and confirmed in the Protestant faith by the perusal of my book. This was the most acceptable triumph for me, for it is something really useful. I strictly avoided speaking of too bad things through fear of scandalizing instead of teaching, for we are all sinners and subjected to temptations. Now I have acquired a certain credit as a lecturer; the season is almost over now, but I have saved money to support me during the summer. I intend to devote myself to study and to prepare lectures on several different subjects which I consider important. One of them is the History of Reformation in Italy. I will present it to the public in the shape of sketches concerning the lives and characters of the most prominent men and women who suffered martyrdom for that cause in Italy. At the end of May I will be over with some engagements which I have taken here in Roxbury, and then I intend to be in New York for a few days before going to the West, where I have some lectures to deliver. I long to see you, Mrs. Cheever, and all my good friends.

Pray God for me, and remember me to the members of your congregation who know me. Believe me truly devoted and affectionate to you.

S. GAJANI.

*From Mrs. C. to Mr. Washburn.*

MY DEAR MR. WASHBURN:

This is the first day of a new year, and I very much desire to send you my congratulations on your renewed good health, which is the greatest of all earthly blessings, good husbands and wives excepted. Indeed it is a question whether these are earthly blessings, being more probably angels in disguise. We have divine authority that a good wife is from the Lord, and Solomon meant a good husband too, but did not dare to say it, as his conscience would rebuke him. I don't wonder, for in looking over the record we find he had seven hundred, and his wives turned away his heart, which made him a very bad hus-

band. Now, dear Mr. Washburn, you are a happy man, following Paul, and not Solomon, "being the husband of one wife, and thoroughly furnished unto all good works." We learn that you and your wife are making all happy around you with your liberal hearts. Now we conclude you must be pretty well and rapidly gaining flesh, for Solomon, who is my authority, says: The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be also watered himself. But I can assure you of one thing: Solomon, being a great natural philosopher, was not green enough to drink green tea, and the knowing, experienced tea dealers here assure us that Japanese tea is green, and invariably binds up the system, and this is one reason which prompts me to write you and caution you against the use of it, though your good wife may think it *notional.*

*Extract of Letter from Mrs. C. to a Roman Catholic Girl, Mary.*

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

MY FRIEND MARY:

I was very glad to see you yesterday. But now, Mary, don't think from our conversation yesterday that I wanted to convert you to Protestantism. I have no desire to proselyte, but in love to win souls to Christ, the Living Head, and the only life of our souls. All true believers in Christ are the true Church, to whatever denomination they belong, and He is head over all things. Thank God we have His word to guide us, and in it He says: "Come unto me, and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He does not say, go to any other creature, man or woman, or any ceremony or church for salvation, but to Him, with the humble, contrite prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Lord, make me clean. Give me a new heart and renew a right spirit within me. Christ is the only Mediator between God and man. And oh, Mary, what a privilege that we can go to the dear, loving Saviour direct without money and without price! It is wicked presumption in any living man to pretend to the power of forgiving sin, when only God can, and we must trust in God alone. He is an all sufficient Saviour. What He requires of us is heart-worship, to love and pray to Him in sincerity; He will

accept no other form of worship, for He looks only on the heart. All forms, fastings, and ceremonies are nothing and less than nothing without it, for He looks only on the heart. May God illumine all our hearts by His Holy Spirit, and prepare us for that long eternity to which we are all fast hastening, and for happiness in those blessed mansions which He has prepared for all those who love and trust Him. Remember me to your daughter and sons, wishing for them all God's protecting care and love.

Ever your well-wisher,

E. H. C.

*From Mrs. C. to Dr. Prime.*

I have had some most interesting letters from our cousins, who are now residing at Berlin, and wish I could read them to you. They are great admirers of your paper and of your views in regard to the Papacy, in which I sympathize as heartily as they do. In a late letter from Mrs. Lee, in answer to a hope we had expressed that Prince Bismarck would never enter into diplomatic relations with the Vatican, she expresses so strongly her views of the matter, that I am tempted to give, in part, her own vigorous language as to the Papacy and its head. "With my whole heart," she says, "do I wish that the civilized world would break off all connection with that man of sin who has done, and still continues and causes to be done, such monstrous wrongs to the doctrine of Christ, and his giving absolution for sins, that make one shudder." Now some persons may regard this as extravagant, but my husband and myself are of one mind with Mrs. Lee, that these assumptions of the omnipotence and infallibility of Christ, as head over all things to the Church, and above all, the assertion of power to forgive sin, are indeed such a concentration of impiety against God, and cruelty against man, as would justify the excommunication of such a kingdom from the family of nations.

*Rev. S. Irenæus Prime to Dr. and Mrs. C.*

DEAR DR. AND MRS. CHEEVER:

Mrs. Sage and I have not ceased to feel the refreshment and enjoyment of our last Thursday's visit to your de-

lightful home. I have been waiting for a leisure hour in which to write, but no such hour will come. We, Mrs. Prime and I, are going to Saratoga on Thursday, and I am working to the top of my bent to get some writing done to leave behind me. Mrs. Sage and I had a regular outing. She never enjoyed an excursion and visit more; she was a child again. At X. A., on Saturday evening, I described to the brethren the visit, the grounds, the trees, the waters,—forgetting the bullfrogs,—and they were all greatly interested in hearing from and of you.

We reached home pleasantly before dark. Mrs. Prime was glad that we had gone, but wished she could have been with us. She gets about with difficulty. Lily is still at Atlantic City. I hope we shall meet you both at Saratoga this summer. We will be there until July, and how much longer I do not know. Next Sunday I preach my fiftieth anniversary sermon since my ordination at Ballston. With pleasant memories of a lively visit, and sending Mrs. Sage's love, as she desired me to an hour ago, I am affectionately yours,

S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

*Extract of Letter of Sympathy from Mrs. C. to Mrs. Irenæus Prime.*

I have been prevented from writing you sooner to express our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy for you in your great and sudden bereavement. It is indeed overwhelming, and we have felt it very deeply, because your beloved husband was so recently with us, apparently in excellent health and spirits, giving great pleasure, and apparently receiving the same in our deeply interested social circle.

Oh, how little we dreamed that this would be the last opportunity of such grateful intercourse with him on earth! His loss is a deep affliction to us, as to multitudes of others, and filled us with grief, and made us somewhat sensible of the bitter effect of such a vacancy in your own happy household. But oh, how much consolation God has given you in the blissful assurance that all your dear family will, in God's good time, be reunited with him in heaven, to part no more! And then to think how much good your beloved husband has accomplished in the world by his admirable writings. There is not an editor in the United States to be compared to him.

*From Mrs. C. to Miss S. Waters.*

MY DEAR SARAH:

Your kind, pleasant letter was received while I was suffering intensely from my old enemy, neuralgia in my head, so that I could not sooner write to thank you for your kind remembrance of us. The New Year makes us think of the friends that are left to us, and it is so pleasant to know that we are not forgotten. Your kindness in writing, dear Sarah, is much appreciated, and I value and enjoy your letters. I hope you all continue well. We send you our warm greetings for the New Year, and earnestly hope all will go well with you. I sometimes long to see you all, for the remembrance of past kindnesses and your pleasant, hospitable home is very delightful to us. We hope you all will come some day and enjoy with us our pleasant, rural home. I am glad your uncle Palmer is so well, and wish he could come and see us. No one would be more welcome. He must enjoy having the sweet poet Whittier for a neighbor. I wish we could have a visit from him as well. Tell your uncle to come and bring his friend with him. Our picturesque, lovely scenery would charm him, and he would find a warm sympathizer in my own poet, who can beat him all hollow in making poetry to order once a year. Quite unrivalled. You would be filled with admiration could you see it. I forgot, however, that such inspiration is impossible for old bachelors! Let them only get married, and their very prose will be poetry every day, and their wives will keep scrap-books which shall make their fame imperishable.

*Extract of Letter from Mr. Waters to Mrs. C.*

I was very glad to hear from you and the Doctor after so long an interval. No week passes but I think over the memories of the years that have gone, and few afford me more pleasure than the remembrance of the delightful visits at your home in New York. For the last two years I have had strangers for my housekeepers; so I sit alone in my library and look into my good, old-fashioned *wood* fire, and memory is busy in living over the past again.

I often think of your great kindness in these repeated and pressing invitations to visit your home at Englewood,

and I am truly grateful to you and the Doctor for this kind remembrance of your old friend. It saddens my spirits to think that most of my earlier friends have gone to their rest, and I am expecting, after a few more fleeting days, possibly it may be years, to follow them. It is a solemn matter to sit alone and contemplate our departure hence, to pass the boundaries of time into the Eternal World; but a firm trust in Christ will carry us safely through to rejoin the dear ones who have preceded us to their eternal home in heaven. Oh, what unspeakable joys are soon to open to our vision! Our adorable Redeemer said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a *place* for you." May God enable us to press on till we reach that blessed abode.

And now, respecting a visit to your lovely home, I am afraid to promise you a visit. I want to see you and the Doctor as much as you can desire to see me, but what may happen between now and May we cannot tell. If life and health should be continued to us, and a kind Providence favors, I will hope to see you again by making you a short visit. My friend Whittier will be very grateful for your renewed invitation, but his health is very feeble, and he hardly dares to leave home for a night. I enclose his poem to Dr. C. With sincere thanks for all your kindness, and love to Doctor C., I remain

Most truly yours,

RICHARD P. WATERS.

*To Dr. C. from Mr. Waters.*

I fear you don't enjoy a good appetite: and to have this, some athletic exercise, such as sawing and splitting a few logs of wood each day, or as I do, with a good, sharp ax go into my wood-lot and hew down several trees in a fine, cold morning, and return home in a couple of hours eager for a hearty lunch. Mr. Gladstone, England's great statesman, is quite an expert in hewing down trees, and keeps a large wood-lot to exercise his skill and preserve his robust health. In a conversation with Mr. John G. Adams at his own house, *forty years ago*, he told me that he for years had sawed and split all the wood for a wood fire in his own sitting-room, as he and Mrs. Adams preferred a wood fire to any other. So you see what illustrious examples I follow. How much do

you weigh? I will guess about 140 lbs. I weigh 182 lbs., and if you want to add 40 or 50 lbs. to your weight, just buy a wood-lot and fell some trees now and then, and saw and split enough to keep one good, old-fashioned wood fire a-going, and you will eat heartily by day, and sleep sweetly and soundly by night.

I have not thought much about visiting the Philadelphia Centennial, yet it is possible, the Lord permitting, that as the time draws nigh for its opening I may decide to go, and shall certainly stop at Englewood to see you. The thought often arises in my mind, Will our successors ever see the second Centennial of this Republic? I fear not. We are becoming so fearfully corrupt as a nation, government, and people, that our race will soon be run unless we return to the Lord and do that which is right in His sight. The love of gold is sinking the people to their ruin. I read everything in regard to Moody and Sankey's work which I see in the papers; and when I pray for myself, offer up the prayer that God's blessing may rest upon and abide with them.

*From Mr. Richard Palmer Waters to Dr. C.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Your letter of April 7th was duly received, and its perusal again and again has afforded me much pleasure. How wonderfully has the Lord led us during the many years of intercourse and of remarkable Christian experience. I am sometimes lost in meditation on God's unbounded care and goodness during these many years of Christian experience and conflict; and I can truly say, were I to live life over again, I would try to fight the same gigantic evils—should they exist—which you and our lamented and beloved Sumner fought with such wonderful energy and success.

I am saddened day by day as I remember how many of the faithful ones who were engaged with us in the dreadful conflict with oppression have gone to their reward. My own attachment to this world is becoming less and less, as friend after friend departs,—and this is as I would have it.

Yes, the kind-hearted Sultan, of whom you speak, passed away some ten years since. The thought is comforting, which you suggest, "Possibly to the land of blessed realities through some knowledge of a Saviour."

*From Mr. Waters to Dr. C.*

MY DEAR DR. CHEEVER:

Many thanks for yours of the 18th and the *Herald* which contained the Cooper Institute meeting. Your speech was one of the best of your life, and it will be read and strike terror to the hearts of slave-holders and Northern apologists, and strengthen and make glad the hearts of the friends of the slave. Notwithstanding the tumult, it was a glorious meeting, and great good will come of it.

Your Union meeting seems to be the subject for ridicule among all our papers this way. Charles O'Connor's speech will be a subject of ridicule for years to come. I send with this a Boston *Traveller*, containing Phillips's address last Sabbath on the Puritan Principle.

*To Dr. C. from Mr. R. P. Waters.*

MY DEAR DR. CHEEVER:

I write a hasty line to enquire respecting your plans for coming on this way. I have been expecting to hear from you for the past fortnight, but I well know that you are overtasked with cares and anxieties at the present time, which must more than consume all your time and strength. Yet the blessed Saviour is near you. He knows just what aid you need amid all your conflicts with the powers of sin, and is ever ready to do for you and yours far exceeding what we may ask, or even think. May you experience His gracious presence and aid at all times.

Your article in last week's *Independent* is excellent. I had a Baptist minister here on Saturday who spoke of that article with great delight. It is a great privilege to spread before the eyes of a hundred thousand readers such articles as you prepare for the *Independent* week after week.

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I have wanted to tell you, and now I will, in a hurried manner, how interested I have been in the perusal of the "Reply of the Church of the Puritans." It is withering, annihilating to the protest and letter of the Malcontents.

It is indeed a most triumphant reply. One that scatters to the winds all their puerile and malicious side-issues, and shows up to the world in a remarkably clear, Christian manner the true cause of their discontent. Ever after this they are as dead men wherever this "Reply" is read.

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I may tell you, my old and valued friend, that the year passed has been one of great trial. This great Kansas emigrating enterprise has taken up most of my time, thoughts, and money during the past eight months. Being one of the Board of Managers, I have felt the immense importance of Kansas being secured to freedom; and as we could not bring the community to act timely with us, a few have been obliged to stand by the cause and peril their money to secure that fair land to freedom. We trust that with God's help we shall prevent its being cursed with slavery, and if we never get our money back, it will be a sweet recollection during life that we have done what we could for liberty in Kansas at a time when it was in peril. It does seem as though both the Church and the world were willing, as a general thing, to let Kansas go by the board to the Missouri Slaveites. But this must not be, and we believe cannot be. The managers of the New England Emigrant Aid Company have faith to believe that God will bless their efforts and make Kansas free. I may tell you also that I am elected to the Mass. House of Representatives, and shall thus be in Boston this winter. I am trying to raise money for a church edifice for Lawrence, Kansas Territory. We have two thousand dollars already subscribed. Can I do anything if I come to N. Y.? It has been a dreadful year for losses in railroad stock, but while life lasts we must be doing with our might what our hands find to do.

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Yours of the 28th ult. is this moment arrived. I did not reply to your other letters, as I was waiting to learn something definite in regard to your lecturing in Salem.

Yes, Mr. Webster has left us. His death was serene; in many respects as we would wish a Christian to die. Yet after all a consistent Christian life is the best evidence of preparation for death. As to our country, God will raise up the men to guide us in the future, as he has

in the past, if we look to him. Well, we are all dying! This year has borne very many loved ones to the eternal world, and a very thin veil separates us from them. Yesterday was a dark, unpleasant day, but God's house was made cheerful and attractive by two excellent sermons from the Rev. Mr. Southgate, of Ipswich—but I must stop.

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The Free Soil movement and my own private matters occupy me so constantly that I have not a leisure moment. Oh, for the time when I may find leisure to live and love and stop at home! Write soon. Kind love to Mrs. C. Have you read Willis Hall's letter to the Clay Whigs of N. Y. City? It is excellent. What more natural, more wise—When the vessel in which I am embarked is driven upon the rocks by the winds of heaven, or by the treacherous act of the master, it is but the instinct of self-preservation to bind myself to the largest fragment of the wreck. That fragment is *Free Soil.* To that I will cling till death shall loosen my grasp! Amen and Amen.

*From Mrs. C. to a dear Friend in England, the Winter after our Return from Europe.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

I had just seated myself to write you this morning, when your dear, sweet, affectionate letter was handed to me; and I cannot express to you the relief and satisfaction I felt to know that you were happily and comfortably settled in your new abode. I have often thought of you, dear friend, and felt for you in the trial of leaving your old home and friends. I know full well what you must have suffered with your feeling, sensitive heart; but, then, I had the unspeakable consolation that our God, the dear Friend who is as changeless as Eternity, would stand by you, and could strengthen, comfort, and support you. Oh, blessed privilege, is it not? to have such a Friend, and to be allowed, in our distress and suffering, to throw ourselves into his arms, and there in his compassionating bosom hide our sorrows and griefs, knowing that we can trust him, for he loveth and careth for us! What infinite love!

I wish, dearest friend, I could see you this morning, to

talk with you on this theme, and of God's unspeakable goodness, his loving-kindnesses and tender mercies. I am feeling daily (for which I praise God) a stronger desire to live nearer to him, and to love him more, and to have others love him more. I have been much occupied through the winter, or I should have written you ere this. These are eventful times, and we have much work to do. My dear husband has been most indefatigable in his labors, and I am glad to say his efforts have not been in vain. I cannot tell you how thankful I have felt, as well as our dear church, that he was, through your kind efforts and those of other friends in England and Scotland, enabled to proclaim from his pulpit, to the vast audiences that have thronged to hear him, the messages of God in regard to our National Guilt. From our church it has spread over the land, as you have probably seen by the papers which I have occasionally sent you. His invitation to preach in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, the great crowds that gathered to hear him on the subject of Slavery, as also to the State Legislature of Pennsylvania, and of our own State, has been declared by the public journals to be one of the greatest triumphs of our day, and is, together with the President's Message to Congress to consider the subject of Emancipation, very encouraging. We begin now to feel very hopeful, and that the day is not very far distant when every yoke shall be broken and the oppressed set free. I was perfectly delighted with your photograph of Sherwood,—and how kind of you to send it!—and I shall highly prize it. My faithful husband is quite in love with it. He encloses a little note of acknowledgment of your kindness, and is thankful for the willingness of the people all to hear the truth and sustain it.

And now, will our own people sustain it, and carry it forth in the education of their children of this generation in our own country? This is the great question, on the settlement of which our future destiny depends. We have reason to fear the establishment of a Constitutional despotism against the freedom of the teaching of God's Word from childhood for our own Government, and for the millions of immigrating foreign populations from nearly all nations crowding upon our shores and permitted the privilege of voting, often without being able to read our own language, or even to spell the names of those printed upon their votes, whom they are invited to set in office over us.

*Letter to Dr. C. from Mr. Washburn.*

WORCESTER, Jan. 13, 1859.

MY VERY, VERY DEAR BROTHER:

Dear Elizabeth and myself are running over with joy and gratitude, having just read your kind note to her under date of the 11th. It is really refreshing to be advised of such a demonstration as your people have made in your behalf as the fearless advocate of a whole gospel. I am quite certain that it will not only cheer and strengthen your heart, but it will tell on the interests of the cause as nothing else could at this time, when so many throughout the land are desiring and predicting your failure to maintain the high and glorious position which you so nobly sustained in the advocacy of a free pulpit and a pure Gospel. We do, my dear brother, feel a warm sympathy with you in your trials, and rejoice exceedingly with you in these expressions of love and affection for you by your beloved people, and for their appreciation of the principles which you have made so prominent in your public ministrations. This thing was not done in a corner; thousands of hearts throughout the land, who are in sympathy with you, will rejoice and give thanks. You will, I know, dear brother, receive it as given for Christ's sake. May your dear people receive a rich spiritual blessing, as the seal of the Master's approbation. We are looking forward with much interest to the time when we are to expect you again to visit us, and rejoice much in the hope that your dear wife will be able to come with you.

Affectionately yours,

ICHABOD WASHBURN.

*G. B. C.'s Letter to Mr. Daniel Drake Smith.*

ENGLEWOOD, July 25, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. SMITH:

My wife thinks, and so do I, that we ought at once to have made an apology for the bad conduct of our cow in breaking into your garden, and to have begged an account of damages,—especially as John told us that when your gardener learned that it was our cow that had done the mischief, he generously let her off scot-free. We are quite troubled at the matter, and if there were no other way of adjustment, you might put your cow for a night or so into our garden,—only she could not do so much mischief here, and I should beg to have some one to watch her and keep her

out of Mrs. Cheever's flowers. Otherwise it would be a fair exchange, though it would do no good that I can think of. Our vegetables are not so numerous nor so rich nor so well advanced as yours; but still a good amount of desolation might be accomplished by two cows even in two hours, provided they both went at it with a good appetite. I am informed there were two, and that Dolly's accomplice (our cow's name is Dolly) was Mr. Coe's large and frisky calf. So it was Dolly & Co.,—a very respectable firm of quadrupedal burglars. Now, I know nothing about Mr. Coe's method of developing or educating calves, but I really should not wonder if there has been some great mistake or cultivation or indulgence of some vicious tendency, which the calf, becoming intimate in the same pasture, may have taught Dolly. For Dolly is not at all flighty or frisky, much less addicted to fence-breaking, and is so modest and gentle and withal retiring, that she would never intrude either on corn or clover, except through an open gate, or when she saw that the bars had been taken down, and took it as an invitation, perhaps, to a lunch-party. Some other cow must have made a breach in Mr. Coe's fences, and then Dolly followed Mr. Coe's calf through the opening, and then possibly some gate in your premises may have been left open by accident, for I cannot think that either Mr. Coe's calf or our Dolly would go so far as to make a breach for themselves, as on purpose; but if either was so vicious as that, I feel sure it was the calf that set the example, in which case Dolly is not so much to blame. It must be said, however, in apology for either or both, that Mr. Coe's pasture is very poor in grass and plentiful in white-weed, which I know to be Dolly's abomination, and I doubt if it ever grew in Eden or in Mr. Darwin's locality of primeval man. There is perhaps no way of accounting for Dolly's conduct, except we throw ourselves on Darwin's philosophy, and suppose that this extraordinary freak in her is merely a proof of the truth of his theory of evolution and natural selection. It is, in that case, evidently the recurrence or resurrection of the tastes of savage life, tendencies of a hundred thousand years ago, when men, monkeys, and cows (for the cow, being a domestic animal, was certainly contemporaneous with man, whenever his perfection as a savage came about); tendencies on Mr. Darwin's theory not yet eliminated, but ready to break out and assert their parentage, whenever external circumstances and such a

creature as Dolly came under the notice of natural selection. We ought all doubtless to be more on our guard in respect to all animals, because we know not what extravagance of antique savageness or cunning may at any time turn up in them, or turn them topsy-turvy. Dolly is doubtless descended from those primeval herds that inhabited what is now called the Isle of Man, before the British continent was broken from the mainland. When the submergence came and the emergence afterwards, by which processes there was the break up into islands, some of Dolly's ancestors swam across the Atlantic, which was then but a narrow channel. Now putting together these facts, namely, Alderney nature in the animal, a very poor pasture, a breach in the fence, a sudden revival of old savageness, or what Mr. Darwin calls *atavism*, and at the same time a gate left open in a rich neighboring garden, full of delicious beets, carrots, young corn, and so forth, and natural selection always on the watch for improvement of the species or survival of the fittest, and we have the inevitable consequence just as it turned out. Doubtless, as an enthusiastic theorist, you ought to preserve your desolated beet-beds and Dolly's history as one of the most convincing proofs of the truth of Mr. Darwin's speculations on the origin of species and of man.

Dolly proves herself an excellent scientific experimentalist concerning the value of change and variety of diet. Since her night raid into your garden our cream has been unusually rich and sweet. If your zeal for agricultural science inclines you to more experiments of this kind, we would very willingly put Dolly at your service as an expert or manipulator, who takes nothing on trust, or at second-hand, but satisfies herself by actual knowledge. Whatsoever you think best in reparation for her mischief, she or we together will most gladly accomplish.

Ever most truly your obliged friend and neighbor,

G. B. CHEEVER.

*Letter to Dr. Cheever from Mr. Danl. Drake Smith.*

MONDAY EVENING, July 27, '74.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I have carefully perused your epistle, in which you have thought to extenuate the faults of Dolly by throwing the mantle of Darwin over her; but it is too small to cover her bad deeds, and if she should be disposed to

resume her nightly walks and make us a third visitation, we shall be forced to call upon "angels and ministers of grace to defend us."

I know not whether Darwin's principle of the survival of the fittest is to be exemplified, as you think, by Dolly's career, but the experimental course that famous cow has been pursuing would, in primeval and ruder ages, have been more likely to conduct her to the "pound," or even to the shambles, than to eventuate in her producing a superior race of lacteal dispensers. The pasture in Mr. Coe's lot may, for aught I know, be inferior to that which whilom was in Eden; but I am inclined to believe that Dolly shares Adam's original sin, and indeed I am not quite sure that his repentant soul, in its metempsychosis, has not at last entered Dolly's body, and that under the temptation, as you allege, of Coe's "frisky calf," it has been repeating in my garden the sin that drove it out of Eden into Coe's poor pasture-lot. At any rate, I accept this theory as more applicable to the case than that of Darwin's; but as the old law of retaliation for sins committed is not now in vogue (or at least ought not to be), instead of leaving your garden gate open on Thursday evening next, as foolish people do, in order that *our* cow may enter, and have "a beet for a beet," et cetera, Mrs. Smith and I have concluded to call the account "square," if you and Mrs. Cheever will do us the honor to come on that evening and take tea with us, at 7 o'clock.

With much esteem and friendship,

Your neighbor,

DANL. DRAKE SMITH.

*Revd. Geo. B. Cheever, Englewood.*

*Letter from Mr. Longfellow to Dr. Cheever.*

CAMBRIDGE, March 3, 1875.

MY DEAR CHEEVER:

I am very glad to hear that you have consented to deliver the Oration on the fifteenth anniversary of our Class, particularly as I am to read a poem on the occasion.

By agreement with the Committee, it is to be a Salutatory poem, to come before the Oration. In this sense I have written it, and I hope the arrangement will be agreeable to you.

I shall not be long,—not more than fifteen or twenty minutes,—and you shall have the honors of the Valedictory.

How glad I shall be to see your face once more, after so long a separation; and how glad I am already that we are to be brought together in this pleasant way!

With affectionate remembrance, yours always,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

*Letter to an early Classmate on the Death of Longfellow.*

MY DEAR FRIEND AND CLASSMATE:

I ought to have thanked you earlier for your kind attention in sending me the account of the Portland celebration of our dear Longfellow's birth-day. Mrs. Cheever as well as myself was deeply interested in it, and greatly obliged to you for it; but now how sad and painful the intelligence of his death!

It will bring a flood of tender associations and memories of scenes, conversations, studies, walks, friendships, to mind; and the circle so long ago, of which he was quite the central spirit and attraction — so gentle, genial, refined, and in the youthful budding of that great poetical genius, which since then, for more than fifty years, has been gradually blossoming to perfection, till its flowers and fragrance, its tenderness and beauty, are filling the world.

His death seems to us sudden, and fills us with sadness and grief; but how wonderfully ripe and perfect, and abundant in beautiful and precious fruits, the volumes of his genius, through so many years of rich and varied study and culture, travel and leisure, teaching and learning, with lessons of wisdom and love, out of the heart, for all races and households.

Well, our dear and admired and universally honored and beloved youthful classmate can no more speak to us on earth! May we be permitted, through God's infinite mercy and grace in Christ Jesus, to meet him in heaven, and with him sing the song of Moses and the Lamb! We talked at our fiftieth anniversary celebration of the goodness of God in sparing so many of the Class so long, and of the uncertainty of longer life to any of the number then greeting each other; and now the loveliest reigning star in that sacred meeting is gone from our sight, in the light of eternity. Methinks the melody and tender pathos of his MORITURI poem, at our semi-centennial gathering, comes back to us now, as from a golden harp on the other side, and tells us every one, "Be ye ready for your

setting and your rising again in eternal glory, in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life." God grant that we may indeed be ready. And do we not feel more deeply, now that Longfellow is gone, that every new day of our own life, is an infinitely precious added gift from God for prayer and praise, and the Life Everlasting? It is indeed so, and makes us mindful again of the Poet's early lesson :

" Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us better than to-day !"

Who can do that but by Grace Divine, which may God in tender mercy grant us every day !

With kindest regards to you all, most affectionately your friend and classmate,

G. B. C.

*Extract from a letter received from Rev. Elias Bond, Missionary for many years, of the American Board, in the Sandwich Islands.**

The book of your brother I prize very highly, as affording me another glimpse of its author at his best. Age does not seem to tell on him. The old fire and the old power have in no wise abated. I have just been reading the volume, and have received great benefit therefrom. Forty years ago I read Gaussen's Theopneusty, and thought the theory of Verbal Inspiration was safe and sure. Of late years, however, so many of our leading men have apparently yielded that ground, or at least held it in uncertainty, that my thoughts as to inspiration have been in a most unpleasant state of doubt—unrest. Now, thank God, I find myself back again on the old ground, securely anchored, I think, forever. If we can't make a stand on the ground of Verbal Inspiration, I despair of finding any rest for the sole of my foot in anything.

If the Sacred Scriptures are full of blemishes, alas for us poor, forlorn children ! We are of all men most miser-

* This letter was written in behalf of the book entitled " God's Time Piece for Man's Eternity," a most gratifying proof of the need of such a volume.

able. With most affectionate regards from your loving Brother in Christ,

ELIAS BOND.

*Extract of Letter from Mrs. Cheever to Dr. Cheever.*

I hope your message to the *Ninevites* will do good, and cause them to cry mightily unto God, for who can tell if 'He will repent, and turn away His fierce anger, and the country perish not"? "God is a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness."

*Letter to Dr. Cheever, from Mr. Neil Smith, of Aberdeen.*

ABERDEEN, Sept. 10, 1862.

MY DEAR DR. CHEEVER:

I cannot tell you how often I have thought of dropping you a line, and as often that thief Procrastination, coupled with a morbid aversion to writing, has prevailed to put it off for a day or two. And now I can hardly think of the time that has elapsed since you left us, without shame at my long delay. I assure you, however, very truly, that we have not forgotten you and your excellent partner, but often think and speak of you; and all the more, considering the fearful times your country has been passing through since you left us. Would to God your people had listened to your honest and faithful counsel! Had they done so, and flung from them the guilt and degradation of slavery, I do not at all doubt very much if the misery would have been averted; and even after the great secession, had the North taken up the high and only safe ground of Abolition at all hazards, I believe matters would have been very different to-day. Had your wise counsel been followed, the North would have had the voice and sympathies of Europe, and very emphatically, of Britain. But when the friends of the North are met (as they always are) by the reply, that the negro, or taint of negro blood, is as much a degraded thing in the eyes of the North as of the South, it is difficult to reply, because facts show that this is really too much the case. The declaration of the President to the Free Blacks, the other day, we fear speaks the *prevailing* sentiments of the North. Since you left us, we have had some liberated (or rather runaway) slaves here, whom I was very glad to meet, and was happy to welcome to my table and such support as I could afford. One of them, in particular, was a man

whom any family might have been glad to see; they were welcomed by many, and in associating with them I presume no one dreamt that he was doing a condescending act, or exhibiting an act of humility. Now, we cannot understand how it should be different with you, and even with Christian men among you. We know well that all are not of the same mind, and that you have a few like-minded with yourself. But, alas! I fear they are but a few against many. The feeling in your country against *us* seems to be very strong, the aversion very deep; but I hope not very general. I do trust there are not very many Cassius Clays among you, more for their own sake than for ours. At all events, many prayers, both in public and private, ascend up from Britain, that our good and gracious Father may soon send you peace. We do couple with this, prayer for the abolition of Slavery, that root of bitterness which has been the source of trouble to your land. And all the more are we led thus to pray, because we firmly believe that unless slavery fall, though you had peace to-morrow, it would be only adjourning the evil day, and that the evil would be only adjourned, not averted.

Well, you and those who have fought with you have strong consolation, None of the guilt lies with you, and none of the blood is upon you. And, thank God, you are fighting a battle which is sure to win. You are on the Lord's side, and He will bring forth your righteousness as the light and your judgment as the noon-day.

Mrs. Smith has received Mrs. Cheever's letter, and will soon reply. We both would be very glad indeed to see you both again.

Believe me, my dear friend, very truly yours,

NEIL SMITH.

*Letter from Mr. Spaulding to Dr. Cheever.*

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER CHEEVER:

My hand was hardly cool from your warm grasp on Saturday evening, when Dr. Booth invited me to take a "Voyage to the Celestial Country." My traps were soon on board, and we were booming down the bay for the open sea, under the command of G. B. C. Not, however, without some misgivings. Can a splendid commander of land forces successfully control the forces of the sea? Does he practically know the differ-

ence between a marlinespike and a handspike, bobstays and stays-tackle, a weather-bit and a weather-board? Can he box the compass, box the helmsman who fails to make a straight wake, and box the most savage cyclone that ever swept the decks of a sea clipper;—can he? My fears rose with the rising wind.

Father Eastburn, on the quarter-deck of his Mariner's Craft in Philadelphia, had once failed. Exhorting all hands to come to Christ, he said, "Come forward, my lads, and splice the main-brace" (*take a glass of grog*). A man in a pea-jacket, on board a steamer going out of New York, begging money of the passengers, failed. He was handed over to my generosity. How long have you been a sailor? "Mor'n than 20 years?" Been all over the world? "Mor'n that." Ever wrecked? "Five times, zur, and e'en a'most drowned too." Where is the main-top-sail in a full-rigged ship? "The main-top-sail, zur?" Yes, *the main-top-sail.* "Why, zur, any fool knows that—at the top of the main-mast, sure." Fellow-passengers, under this pea-jacket is a *fraud:* no sailor there. He don't know that the first above the main-sail is the main-top-sail, the next the main-top-gallant sail and the next the sky-sail. He is bogus, and deserves a bastinado. Real sailors seldom beg. And then I once failed myself, anchoring a ship 'mid ocean! And why should not Commander G. B. C. fail? We had scarcely run three knots when he ordered on the top-gallant-royals and sky-sails, got out the studding-sails, and put the good ship in the best trim for ploughing the deep. My fears vanished like the morning fog before the rising sun: in a moment I was as much assured as Daniel, stroking the beards and combing the locks of the lions in the den. And then, owing to some mistake in the reckoning, getting out of a terrible storm, up the river of the land of Self-conceit, and back safely to sea again; after having given, through those accomplished sailors Peter and John, the ballooning sky-flyers such a terrible fore-and-aft raking, why should I not feel the utmost confidence in the skill of my Commander, and bespeak a safe and charming "Voyage to the Celestial Country"?

I pause to shake out the white signal of good-bye and hearty thanks; and with best hopes of a spanking breeze, no more misgivings, no sea-sickness, and to return with the ship laden with gratitude to the gunwale for the good accomplished.

To the esteemed Commander, and his no less esteemed

wife, my good wife joins me in a hearty New-Year's blessing.

Ever cordially yours, J. SPAULDING.

*Letter from Dr. Cheever to Mr. Spaulding.*

MY DEAR BROTHER SPAULDING:

If I'm not a sailor, I'm sure you are one;
A pair of such sea-legs don't drop from the sun:
From keelson to topmast, aloft or alow,
Like a squirrel or cat in the rigging you'd go;
And without any rigging, or rope-yarn at all,
You'd hold by the life-lines, whatever the squall.
Your brogue of the ocean, as salt as the spray,
A son of old Neptune at once would betray,
Through the days of your years, more than five and four score,
You have stuck to your text, like Jonah of yore;
When even a whale thought the prophet a bore,
And was glad to deliver him safe on the shore.
The cause of your Master in earnest pursuit,
The compass you'd box, and the helmsman to boot;
And be ready a mutinous crew so to shoot.
You know all that's down in the bills of your lading,
What's good for domestic or wild foreign trading;
And all things for getting your ship under weigh,
And when to haul taut and how to belay;
For you know all the odds twixt the anchor and cable,
You know all that I do, and very much more;
All the signs of a calm or a hurricane roar;
And could whistle a gale, if the winds were unable,
To keep you from running upon a lee shore!

*Letter from Mr. Longfellow to Dr. Cheever.*

CAMB., Feb. 7, 1876.

MY DEAR CHEEVER: I ought to have answered your letter sooner, and should have done so but for a thousand and one things that have prevented. I spare you the catalogue of them. You must know from your own experience what they are. Your photograph, the front face, is excellent. I like it extremely, and have had it lying on my desk ever since it came, looking at it at intervals, and studying its expression. It not only resembles you, but two other persons whom one may not be ashamed to resemble, namely, Dr. Channing and Mr. Ruskin. The same outline of face; the same expression.

I hope you may be as well satisfied with the enclosed. My supply falling short, I was obliged to send to England, which will account for this long delay. Is Sawtelle your neighbor? He also lives at Englewood; and when you meet him please say that I have received his letter and will reply soon.

With kind regards to Mrs. Cheever, and thanks for her cordial invitation,

Always affectionately yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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*Dr. Cheever's Humorous and Satirical Poem entitled "The Horse-Gospel of Evolution."*

PROEM.

O what a world by Evolution wrought!
Man from the monkey to the Angel brought!
The mighty power of vast unthinking thought.
Eternal force of nothing! Throne sublime;
The infinite environment of Time:
Each moment but the music and the rhyme
To keep the waltzers of the midnight dance
Whirled on the skirts of Everlasting Chance!
Keep then what your surroundings all command,
And you are safe from harm at Nature's hand.
All you have been is Nature's, not your own;
All you might be, beyond your reach was thrown.
And you, the growth of Nature's laws, your birth unknown,
With dreams of Paradise shall sleep, unconscious and alone.
Annihilation, from Existence free,
Solves the dark riddle of Eternity.
But if your Consciousness should still abide,
You may to heaven on the HORSE-GOSPEL Ride.

## THE HORSE-GOSPEL OF EVOLUTION.

NIGHT is the prophecy of Morn,
The Evening Star predicts the Dawn;
The longest night but goes before,
And Darkness is of Light the door.
When evening into darkness dies,
Then from the tomb new days arise;
But at the glory of the Day
The morning stars shall fade away.

Here, then, we have, as clear as mud,
How Light from earth, like Topsy, "grow'd;"
Motion came first, the steed bestowed,
And then the Light on Motion rode;
The slave of Force being thus set free,
Would ride to all eternity;
Being never more and never less,
But always Nature's first Express,
To tell the scientific wittiest
Her Law, Survival of the Fittest.

But when our Scientists are ask'd,
Motion of what, that goes so fast,
Or what existed to be moved,
By which such motion could be proved,
Your antique Lecturer has forgot
At the beginning he was not;
Yet now, with Modern Science bright,
Knows all the causes of the Light,
Which every Scientist can utter,
And make it plain as Bread and Butter.
For when from Milk the Cream is brought,
Then Butter from the Cream is wrought,
By being stirred within a churn,
Which any girl of twelve can learn.
And then you have your nice white bread,
Or brown, just as you please, and spread
Over the same a sheet of gold,
Of nutty flavor, sweet and cold;
And by such steps at length you know
The final causes of the Cow.

By the same steps you know, of course,
The final causes of the Horse.
O list, while I relate the story
In all its scientific glory.

At first he had a single hoof,
But afterward the engraven proof,
Of three or other separate toes,
As Evolution doth disclose,
Of horses' patterns, such as camels,
Amid the necessary trammels
For sandy wildernesses reared,
And o'er salt deserts to be steered,
And saddles to be safely rode;
So Nature's Mother-care bestowed,
A Horse-existence like the fairies,

For Indians of our Western Prairies.
But as these Centaurs did die out,
The Hippo species put about,
Returning to the old Medallion
Of Nature in the primal stallion.

Since no succeeding fossil shows
Existence of the Horse with toes,
Why should this path of Evolution
Stop with a half-way revolution?
Our specimens for ages seen,
Are few, and very far between;
But which came first, as Nature grows,
The single hoof, or hoof with toes?
Doubtless, Professor Huxley knows,
How out of natural force it rose.

And thus our Western Science, rich
With spoils redeemed from Nature's ditch,
Of bones in antique deserts tethered,
And now in Colorado gathered,
To Huxley and his second fiddle
Must leave the solving of this riddle;
And, though it were as dark as night,
Till Marsh's fossils hove in sight,
At evening-tide there shall be light.

Those once beguiled by Moses' word,
To our Yale Museum now referred,
Our British Commentator shows
How the Creation's forms arose,
Beyond the reach of Moses' lore,
At the beginning and before,
And under lock and key laid up,
Divine Shechinah of our hope,
Excluding faith, rejecting prayer,
We learn what saves us from despair;
And this Horse-Gospel doth declare,
Survival of the fittest there,
Where all that err to pasture pass,
As Babel's monarch went to grass.
A winged and five-fingered steed
For every halting Jacob's need
Natural Selection will provide
Whenever serves both time and tide,
Careering through Celestial spheres,
For those who are the natural heirs,
By force from gelatine set free,
Of Life and Immortality.

The atavistic Centaurs, then,
Evolved from plain pedestrian men,
As Eden's owners will be seen,
With rainbows crowned, and regal mien,
And, ere the Hippo cycle tires,
Rapt in supreme angelic fires.

Throw, then, your Bibles to the wind,
And never fear for having sinned ;
But thrust in Nature as the Spring
That doth immortal glory bring,
And her Selecting Force admire
That saves you from Gehenna's fire !

*Letter from Mrs. Charles Smith to the Publishers, received as the Volume was going to Press.*

40 WEST TWELFTH STREET,
NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1890.

DEAR SIRS: I have seen it announced that the "Memorabilia" of Dr. George B. Cheever will soon be published by you. There is one interesting incident of his life that impressed me very strongly in my early childhood, and possibly it may not have been known to the compiler of those reminiscences.

When Mr. Cheever (he can hardly then have been D.D.) was sentenced to thirty days in the Salem jail for writing the article entitled "Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery," my father was the sheriff of Essex County, and from that time dates a much-valued acquaintance. A carpet for the cell-floor and books were sent to Mr. Cheever by my mother, and my father obtained permission for him to chop wood in the passage-way, that his health might not suffer from the confinement and lack of exercise. So many friends called to see him that he was obliged to name reception-hours. At the expiration of the thirty days, wishing to avoid a scene, my father went down at midnight to release the man who had become a personal friend.

It was a bright, clear night, and as Mr. Cheever came out and looked up at the stars, his heart glowed within

him and he requested to be allowed to go back to his cell and spend one more hour there in quiet communion with God. Of course the desire was granted, my father waiting for him outside.

The next evening he preached to a crowded house, but made no allusion to his imprisonment. He afterwards said of it that he felt as if the Lord had hidden him in His pavilion.

Many years after, he, with his wife, visited at my father's. Before leaving the carriage, they requested my father to join them and escort them to the cell in the jail where that memorable month was passed. I have sometimes wondered whether his later interest in Bunyan might not be in part due to sympathy with one, like himself, a prisoner for conscience' sake.

Very truly yours,

CAROLINE L. SMITH.

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